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SIAM

SIAM.

ON THE MEINAM

FROM

THE GULF TO AYUTHIA

TOGETHER WITH

THREE ROMANCES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SIAMESE LIFE AND CUSTOMS

BY

MAXWELL SOMMERVILLE

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

On arriving in Bangkok and demanding a book on Siam, the general reply was, "What you require does not exist. If you will prepare a popular notice of our country, we shall be pleased to have it at our disposal."

Destiny led me to the jungle of Ayuthia. On retracing my steps from that unique journey I wrote the following sketches on my personal experiences in that country, and created the incidents in the story of "Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua," the sketch of "The Fruit-Growers of Muang Pimai," and "The Fable of the Crippled Hare," as an original means of illustrating phases in Siamese life and customs, combined with the history of the river Meinam and of the people of the northern provinces, which these romances are intended to portray.

MAXWELL SOMMERVILLE.

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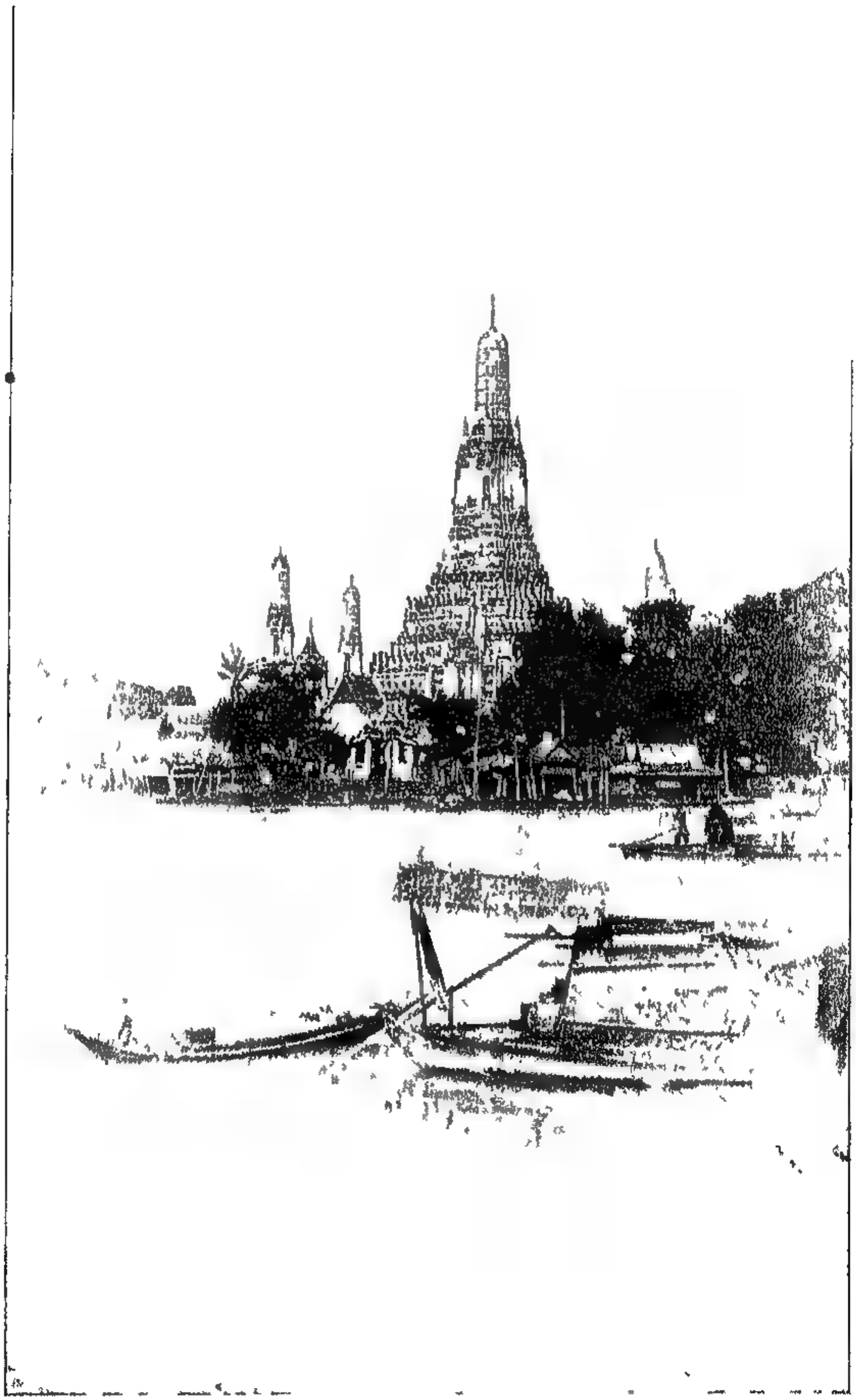

WAT CHENG, BANGKOK, FROM THE RIVER

SIAM

CHAPTER I

SINGAPORE TO BANGKOK

When at Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, many travellers on a long voyage, such as that around the world, will not undertake the journey to Siam. Either their time is limited, or they have already been satiated with the sights they have enjoyed in Ceylon, India, and Burmah, or the prospect of an extra sea-voyage, with inferior steamship accommodation, influences them to abandon the visit to unique Siam, and to take the shorter, direct route to Hong-Kong, China.

In Singapore one meets types of most of the Mongolian race; not only are all the Oriental nations represented, but many strange-looking people are there from the sectional tribes of the surrounding islands and countries. Among them (not mentioning Europeans) are Chinese, Klings, Malays, Bengalese, Burmese, Siamese, Javanese, Sumatrans, Arabs, Africans from Abyssinia, Somali, and Zanzibar, besides the Eurasians, who are the descendants of mixed marriages between natives and English, Hollanders and Portuguese, etc.

To leave Siam in a parenthesis, to fail to see and to study that interesting people and their country, is like visiting Italy, as many do, without seeing Bologna; or as great an omission as a collection of precious stones without a jacinth. Our first discomfort presented itself when, on the day of sailing, having sent our *risseaus* (bedding) and large luggage aboard, we repaired to the landing stage and took a small boat, on which we were tossed over a chopping sea for fully two miles. On arriving alongside the "Gorgon," by watching our opportunities, we managed, one at a time, to get a footing on the companion-way, and to mount safely, though not comfortably, aboard. Our cabin was almost on the pinnacle of the little steamship, the "Gorgon," for only that part of the mainmast which did not pass through our sleeping-room was above us and nearer the sky,—that sky in which nightly, so earnestly and sometimes so successfully, we sought the constellation, the "Southern Cross." For an hour or two, as the mountains of Sumatra and the city of Singapore faded from our view, the churning motion of the sea seemed inclined to mar our pleasure. However, we had been shaken and tossed on so many seas that we managed at seven P.M. to descend into a dining-saloon in the depths of the region of the rudder. We were about eight human beings in that steam-box, and long before our repast was served our souls were boiled, as we sat patiently about the unmovitiness box!

With the dawn of the second day, while we inhaled our repast of early morning air, our vessel passed very near two mountainous islands: at eight A.M., Pemangil; an hour later, Tioman, both occupied by fishermen; the shores skirted by their villages; their boats newly returned from the night's fishing; their nets extended upon the strand, the undulating heights richly mantled with shrubbery of variegated colors.

Just north of Tioman within a hundred yards, rises a precipitous rock which, from a short distance, has the appearance of a military outpost.

* * * * * * *

During the two or three succeeding days the usual monotony of an ocean voyage was each evening relieved by observing the stars and constellations which are so brilliant in this part of the globe

By day we were entertained by the occasional flight of strange birds; one, about the size of a pheasant, in color brown and gray of several shades, hovered over and about the rigging for some hours, until at dusk it settled on the beam of the lower mizzenmast; there it remained, making the journey with us, until the following day at nine A.M., when it recommenced its flight. Frequent sights of flying-fish and many wonderful fish stories from the captain relieved the tedium of the voyage.

To be interviewed by emissaries of journalists had been our fate in many ports; here, on this Gulf of Siam, our interviewer, the deck steward (a really

charming Chinese boy), came frequently to claim the privilege of an hour's conversation with us. The captain's merry yarns have been crowded out of mind by the marvellous tales of many other shipmates on many seas, but the sweet simplicity and refinement of that Mongolian cabin-boy rest pleasurably in our memory. Yet, as with much that is agreeable in the life of a cosmopolitan, comes the regret of separation; so would we willingly sit down again on those water-casks and listen to the simple, touching stories of that migratory Chinese boy.

He had, with mariners, seen three-quarters of the globe. He informed us that different voyages had convinced him that there was no use trying to preserve his individuality; sometimes he was called "John," sometimes "John Chinaman," again "Lame John." He added, with a smile, "In England they called me 'Villie'" His English was not Websterian in pronunciation, for he asked us several times, "How you likee your lice?" On not receiving a prompt reply, he put the question in a more direct form "You likee hard lice o you likee soft lice?" We ascertained at last that the dear boy intended to serve us his national dish, rice; few Chinamen being able to pronounce an r, they generally give it as l.

We were also occasionally diverted by observing the Siamese, Chinese, and other Mongolian women attending to their toilet. They had taken quarter-deck accommodations, and each woman had her allotted

space, on which was spread her mat. There they sat by day, surrounded by their toilet arrangements, cosmetics, and boxes of confetti. Costume forms but a small part of the luggage of such travellers. They soon formed themselves into little coteries, and for hours together played their peculiar dominos and the game of pachisi. At intervals they would cease playing, get out their toilet articles again, and touch up their lips, cheeks, eyebrows, and long finger-nails.

On a Scotch plaid, spread out on that same deck at the stern, among those Mongolians, was a young Englishman on his way through Siam to China; he was an enthusiastic bicyclist, and seemed to regret that he could not ride his cycle around the limited space occupied by his plaid; for on that ship every inch of space was paid for and in demand. He said one morning, as we were observing a school of flying-fish, "Oh, that I too had wings! I would mount my cycle and fly away to Bangkok."

At sunrise on the morning of the fourth day, the tide favoring us, we passed safely over the bar in the estuary. Standing by our deck cabin, we commanded a view of every point of interest as we proceeded to enter the Meinam River.

On an island to the west we soon descried the forts, the governor's residence, the other houses of Paknam, and the sloping grass banks or battlements of the fortifications. The effect was beautiful, as those palaces of destruction lay peacefully on the bosom

of the inner bay, basking in the sunshine of that early Oriental morning. This feature of the picture was heightened by the almost rank, luxurious tropical vegetation of the peninsula lying behind it, where grow many samay-trees; their wood has the peculiar quality that, when once ignited, it will burn until the whole tree is consumed. The characteristic topes and innumerable spiral summits of Buddhist pagodas rising from the groves of verdant and golden trees beyond complete this unique frontispiece of the kingdom of Siam, the Piræus of the passage-way to Bangkok.

The Siamese seem satisfied with these defensive works. Modern strategy and the floating armaments of to-day could soon master them, yet it is to be hoped that the course of aggrandizement of European nations may be checked ere all the ancient civilizations be engulfed in modern conquest. Siam, from a Malay word, is the name given by Europeans; the natives know their country among themselves as Monang-Thai,—"the realm of the free."

The Siamese seem to be a happy, contented people; they are so simple in their tastes and their wants are so moderate that no great resources are required from which to draw a supply equal to their every want.

Their country is one of the few which have to some degree preserved the costume of earlier centuries, and the functions of whose religion remain unchanged by foreign intervention

The religious services in their temples are performed

in the same primitive, impressive manner as they were three centuries ago, when the Greek colonists fraternized with them, modestly contributing beauty to their architecture at Ayuthia,* yet respecting and not interfering with their system or forms of religion.

The remains of some of the Siamese kings repose in a pagoda which came into view as we passed another island, and whose pyramidal spire added to the many reflections on the beautiful Meinam (the mother of waters) that was bearing us to Bangkok.

Glimpses of little settlements with picturesque bamboo houses appear at intervals, partially hidden by the groves of trees in which they are nestled. Paklat Beeloo is perhaps the most commercial of these smaller settlements; there the scene is enlivened by groups of coolies and other longshoremen, women, and often girls loading or unloading wood, pottery, rice, dried fish, fruits, and other commodities from junks of considerable draught which lie at the banks, the river being of such great depth near the shore that the shipping can lie close to, so near that the overhanging branches of trees frequently may be seen peeping out beyond the rigging of the ships when taking on or discharging cargo at these villages. Although the water is deep in the main stream, the route to Bangkok may be shortened about twenty-eight Siamese miles by taking the canal from here—Paklat Beeloo—direct to a point on the Meinam near the city.

* Pronounced Ah-yow-tee ya accent on third syllable

This important stream, the chief thoroughfare of Siam, resembles the great river of Egypt, for the Meinam inundates its borders annually from June until September, so that in the month of August the lands from Ayuthia nearly to Bangkok are enriched by plenteous alluvial deposits. In the southern section of the river, near Bangkok, the increased mass of water, unfortunately, becomes very salt by mingling with the tide from the sea. This great tide and powerful stream render the city very healthy, as all sewage from it is quickly and constantly carried out to sea.

Another inconvenience of the alluvial and sand deposits is the impediment to navigation in the upper waters beyond Ayuthia. Centuries ago, shipping could ascend the Meinam two hundred miles farther to the north.

At last we slowed up amidst the rattle of the anchor-chains and the cries of boatmen and fakirs; enclosed within a forest of masts, we had our first glimpse of the peculiar city of Bangkok.

Among many others, a white boat appeared, bearing a red flag with the effigy of the sacred white elephant in its centre; it soon drew up alongside of our ship, and some eight or ten Siamese officials walked our decks, modestly taking our measures; one of them—the port physician—was an American.

The raiment of the custom-house men was about as slight as was the attention paid to the examination of

our effects. These public officials seemed to be aware that they had a sinecure, and wisely did not weary themselves by examining the luggage of Americans who had called to see their unique country, and who were prepared to contribute to its support by their liberal expenditures within their realm.

A small steam-launch flying the ensign of the Oriental Hotel now came out to meet us at the steamer's side; to this launch we were transferred, and when quantities of boxes, bedding, valises, etc, had been packed around us, leaving scarcely sufficient space for our heads to revolve upon their natural pivots, the shrill steam-whistle shrieked so unmercifully that the efforts of the officers and the port physician to give us a good send-off were almost defeated, and a steam veil robbed us of a last look upon those who had contributed so much to gladden that, to us, memorable voyage of the "Gorgon."

However, this noisy power, which is soon to give way to electricity, had a reasonably good effect on this occasion, for all the little craft looking for passengers or freight from our steamer being informed that we, having no more room for cargo, were about to move, answered the screaming warning and opened a way for us.

Our helmsman now proceeded to guide our bake-oven of humanity and baggage through the maze of all kinds of boats surrounding us. It was a peculiarly interesting sight as we wended our tortuous way through the daily flotilla of the Meinam.

It was amusing to watch the management of the numerous sampans, propelled in many instances by women and even girls. Their skill in manœuvring their little craft is astonishing; they are more agile than the gondoliers of Venice; they display wonderful powers as they contend with the rapid volume of rough water. Every moment unveiled some new sight in the crowded condition of the river Meinam, whose every wave bore aloft some evidence of its commercial importance. It has yet to be understood in this country that Siam, although only one of five sources, supplies millions of hectolitres of rice for nearly as many millions of the human race, who, nourished almost solely by this simple cereal, are healthy and muscular.

At moments the barrier presented by boats of every size and description seemed almost impenetrable; one by one they vanished; at last, upon the standard floating in the morning air, we could read the name of the inn where we intended to lodge, and our launch was made fast to a floating dock. The compliment we must here pay to the nation whose acquaintance we were now entering upon should be a lesson to us all. We, in our peculiar Western costume, were not stared at, nor were we incommoded in any way. Indeed, we were impressed with the courtesy of the Siamese from the moment we stepped on shore, which was on a beautiful terrace, shaded by a grove of luxuriant trees, through which sanded paths led to the Oriental Hotel.

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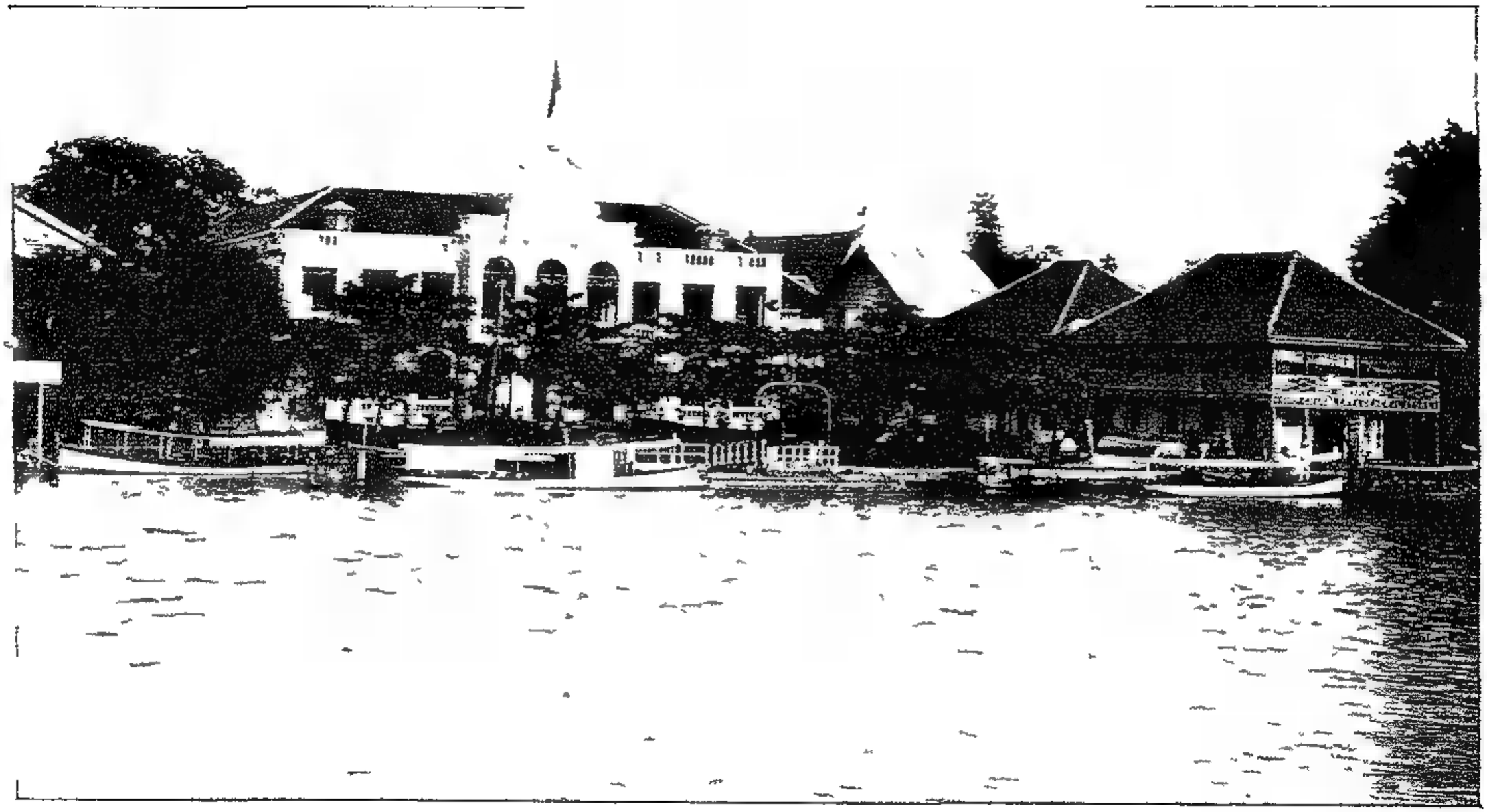

ORIENTAL HOTEL, BANGKOK

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CHAPTER II

THE HOTEL AT BANGKOK

A HOTEL is a very necessary, though commonplace, feature in any city. Such mansions are usually only mentioned in advertisements. Yet, in a glimpse at Bangkok, the Oriental Hotel may as well have a place. The reader, who is possibly on his way to Siam, may esteem himself fortunate should the manager be able to accommodate him, for Siam is not a land of hotels.

A few years ago no such convenience was known in the realm. The people seemed to think that they did not need visitors from without, and that those who did venture to interview them might hang themselves up or lie down within the bazaars, as traders from Ban Lao, Muang Ayuthia, or Koh Yai were accustomed to do. It may be well here to glance at the different hostelries which Siam has afforded for the entertainment of man in the past century.

Many whole families in the villages and small towns, with their neighbors, form parties of fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty devout pilgrims, and make several days' journey to pray at the wats at Bangkok; to visit the great sleeping Buddha and all the interesting shrines within the wat enclosures. Society in Siam is not composed of many classes or grades; the nobility of the realm, or those who are attached to the court, form the

limited *élite*. Next in rank are the advocates and physicians; then the merchants, the traders, the itinerant dealers; and, lastly, the indolent. These pilgrims are the country traders; they cannot be lodged with friends in Bangkok, for the average accommodation afforded in a native house consists of two rooms and a veranda.

In past centuries the municipalities of different cities constructed in the vicinity of the temples what were called *salas*, or rest-houses, which stand in good condition to this day. Many of them have been built by well-to-do Buddhists as merit-makers. This term in that country is applied to those who have performed good works for the benefit of their souls. They have erected religious tenements, looking for their reward in Nirvana, the resting place of the meritorious.

> "And meritorious shall that hand be called
> Canonized and worshipped as a saint"

In these open pavilions strangers from all over the land may be seen resting, when they are not at their devotions. It is a species of camping out. These salas are usually near a pool or stream, where the faithful can perform their ablutions, and a wood or garden with banyan and other Oriental trees. The native bonzes designate the wide-spreading banyan-tree as an offshoot of the sacred Bôdhi-tree at Gaya. On being pressed for the authenticity of its derivation, they will probably state that it has grown from a shoot brought by a father of the church, who had visited

the parent tree at Gaya. These bonzes praise its miraculous powers, and one should not smile or allow them to perceive his incredulity, as they are easily offended by such want of courtesy. Costume is everywhere so simple in Siam that not much is to be expected there, but many among these pilgrims bring quaint cloths in various colors; *na-pungs* (jackets trimmed with colored braids and loads of little pearl buttons), ornamental baskets, glazed pots, smoking utensils, etc.

With the march of improvement, especial buildings were created and kept for the entertainment of strangers, who of course were expected to bring their bedding with them. The people in charge were hospitable; at such houses the diet, being peculiar to the people of the country, was not palatable to European travellers. Broths, fish, meat, sweets, fruits, and rice were to be had on demand. To help this down, or to aid in digesting it, *nam-phrik*, a spicy sauce, consisting of bamboo, fruits, and many condiments, was plentifully served and employed. The present chutney of India has now supplanted the native Siamese production. Coarse, tough bread, with sliced, hard-boiled eggs, was part of the menu. These eggs were salted and prepared by coating them with lime and ashes. Thus treated, they were in condition for the table after the lye had penetrated sufficiently. A native traveller and guest would be offered a repast of more than forty dishes, of none of which any of our race would care to partake. Noah's Ark was once

needed; in time it was constructed; sacred history has bequeathed us the register of the famous hostelry; but we know not how its table was spread. In Siam, with the age of progress, the necessity of a modern hotel was realized, and it came. When a European colonist had the courage to build this, the first great hotel, all classes of Siamese opened wider their eyes with wonder Somebody was fashioning an ark in their midst. As they gazed on its enormous proportions, many said, with mouths charged with betel-nut, "*Tam chi, tam chi*" ("Please yourself, please yourself"); the inference was that, should the travellers arrive, they would never be willing to climb all those steps and be lodged up in the air, as until then they knew only one-story habitations. So for months other voluntary Siamese inspectors, throwing their heads and their hands in the air, cried, "*Tam chi, tam chi.*" The enterprising host took that advice, and in pleasing himself has pleased all those who wish to see the "City of the Invincible, Beautiful, Royal Archangel!" This is the significant name of the city of Bangkok.

Friendly arms and kind hands of native employees of the Oriental aided us to step safely from the unsteady boat; others of the hotel retinue, gathering up our hand luggage bedding, and tiffin basket, accompanied us ashore. The deep shade as we walked under the terrace trees was very grateful to us. The manager, an Englishman, proceeded to give us some idea of the arrangement of the house.

The first entrance was into a one-story garden portal, with six arches built of stuccoed brick, the interior with floor of sand, furnished with hot-weather arm-chairs and round tables, plentifully supplied with English journals of Bangkok and from the Straits Settlements. In the wall of the main building are apertures (always open) known in Siam as windows; such windows as light our houses do not abound in that country.

Through open archways we passed into the principal hall, about seventy feet broad by thirty feet deep, serving at the same time as reception-room, library, office, general thoroughfare, billiard-room, and buffet. This buffet is a long piece of furniture known in many countries as a bar. It is attended by several Siamese, under the supervision of two moonshees. These moonshees are generally good accountants, and are almost invariably Chinese or of Chinese descent. They can work so rapidly and with such precision by the aid of their wire and ball calculator, the *swan-pan*, or abacus, that every English bank throughout the East, and even in Japan, is compelled to employ them. From this buffet is dispensed all imaginable cooling and heating draughts to the thirsty people of this torrid country, and throughout all their waking hours.

Two arches at either end of the buffet open into the court of the hotel, a garden perennially verdant and ever in bloom, whose plants and whose blossoms and

flowers are constantly refreshed by the spray from five fountains.

From this garden court an easy, broad stairway, serving to the right and left, leads to the upper floor and sleeping accommodations. Once you have chosen your room, you are simply known by its number, if it has one, or by its letter, if it happens to be so marked. We, fortunately, were able to occupy Number One (1), so we were known as Number One (no egotism intended), and all the effervescing drinks with which we sought to quench a Siamese thirst were written down by the moonshee to Number One. It was the last apartment at the manager's disposal, in fact, in the hotel. It consisted of three pieces: a double-bedded sleeping-room, a parlor, and beyond that a commodious veranda, well defended from the sunlight by large split bamboo screens. Beautiful sunlight! yet with a power so intense and so dangerous that we never dared to allow its treacherous rays to shine directly on us for a single instant. We found out that this was the best apartment, for, on investigation, we saw that we were exceptionally well off; there were two sheets on our bed, which was a luxury we often were denied in India and Burmah. Though we carried a moderate stock of them with us for use on such occasions, at times when we needed them badly to separate us from the flying insects, our "boy" had deposited them at the station, leaving us a prey to whatever pervaded the air. Besides the welcome sheets there was a peace-maker; that article of bed furniture

puzzled us for awhile after we left Panang in the Straits Settlements.

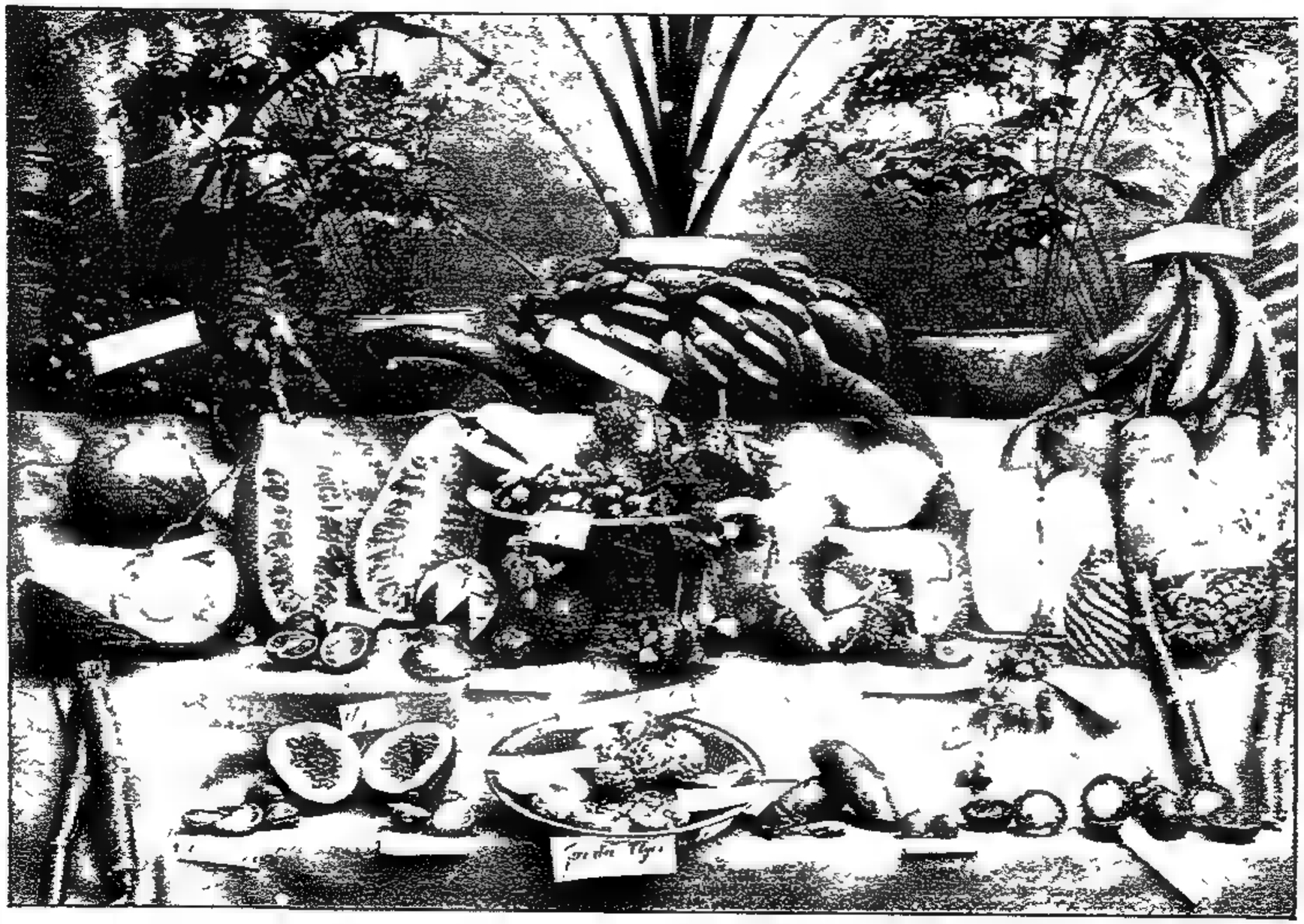
A peace-maker is a long, narrow bolster covered with white linen and filled with horse-hair; it is placed on the centre of the mattress, from head to foot, and is an important feature on a double bed on a Bangkok night. With all these conveniences we had a superfluity of mosquitoes; so vigorous were these troublesome insects that at any moment of the night, by quickly closing the hands over the forehead, on an average, eight or ten of these musical creatures would remain helpless on the palms of the hands. We thought it not prudent to speak of these executions to the Siamese room-boys, as they, being Buddhists, would not only lose respect for us, but would regard us as guilty sinners. On the deck coming from Singapore there were roaches as large as humming-birds; we called one of the deck-hands to rid us of them; instead of killing them, he took them up one by one, and most tenderly spreading their large, translucent wings, gave them liberty and life. The furniture in our veranda room was all of rattan and cane, seemingly for an indolent class of people, deep reclining-chairs and lounges with tables attached. No matter how much we would try to barricade the flimsy, short jalousies at the points of ingress and egress to our apartment, one or other of our native servant boys would find his way into our presence. No matter how we were clad or how we were employed, he felt he must begin our day by serving the inevitable

chota hazri,—the early bite,—a cup of tea, toast, and two plantains. These people are so accustomed to see thousands around them without any costume, or with almost no raiment, that they have not the slightest curiosity to see how travellers are made up; nor are they indiscreet.

In almost all other matters this Siamese hotel is not very unlike what one generally finds in the East. Turn your kodak on the dining-room three times a day, and you will see an efficient corps of Mongolian servants, who in the morning at breakfast, or at noon at tiffin, or in the evening at dinner, are serving mangosteens, bread-fruit, oranges, custard-apples, the health-giving papaya, pineapples, mangoes, and bananas. In the hottest of the hot times of the year, when the griffins * are not there, the durion is cut out of doors, and after its unpleasant odor has in a measure passed off, it is served on the table; then it is delicious. After the constant occupation during the heat of the day, we were always glad to avail ourselves of whatever entertainment presented itself. Besides the horde of merchants offering their curious wares, the front court or hall of the hotel was quite a rendezvous for intelligent American, English, and Siamese residents.

The present generation of Siamese has produced men of intellectual power. Through the courtesy of Mr. E. Vernon Kellett, Vice-Consul-General of

* Griffins [redacted] those not yet acclimated.



FRUITS OF SIAM (PLATE I)

the United States of America, a number of scientists attached to the court, being interested in the branch of science pursued by the author, called on him at the Oriental Hotel of evenings. Among them was the Minister of Public Instruction, whose card bears the following inscription:

Chow Phya Phaskarawongse G.C.C.C.,
G.C.W.E., G.C.C.S. Minister of Public Instructions

Bangkok

It was surprising how cultivated he was, and with what interest and intelligence he looked over a series of five hundred prints of glyptic specimens. That he understood the subject was assured by the pertinent questions which he constantly asked. The interest which he manifested in the subject was the more remarkable when we recognized the fact that the engravers of Siam have contributed almost nothing to the glyptic art, their work of this kind being principally the decoration of nacre and gold plate for the temples.

CHAPTER III

THE CITY—SANON MAI—THE BAZAARS

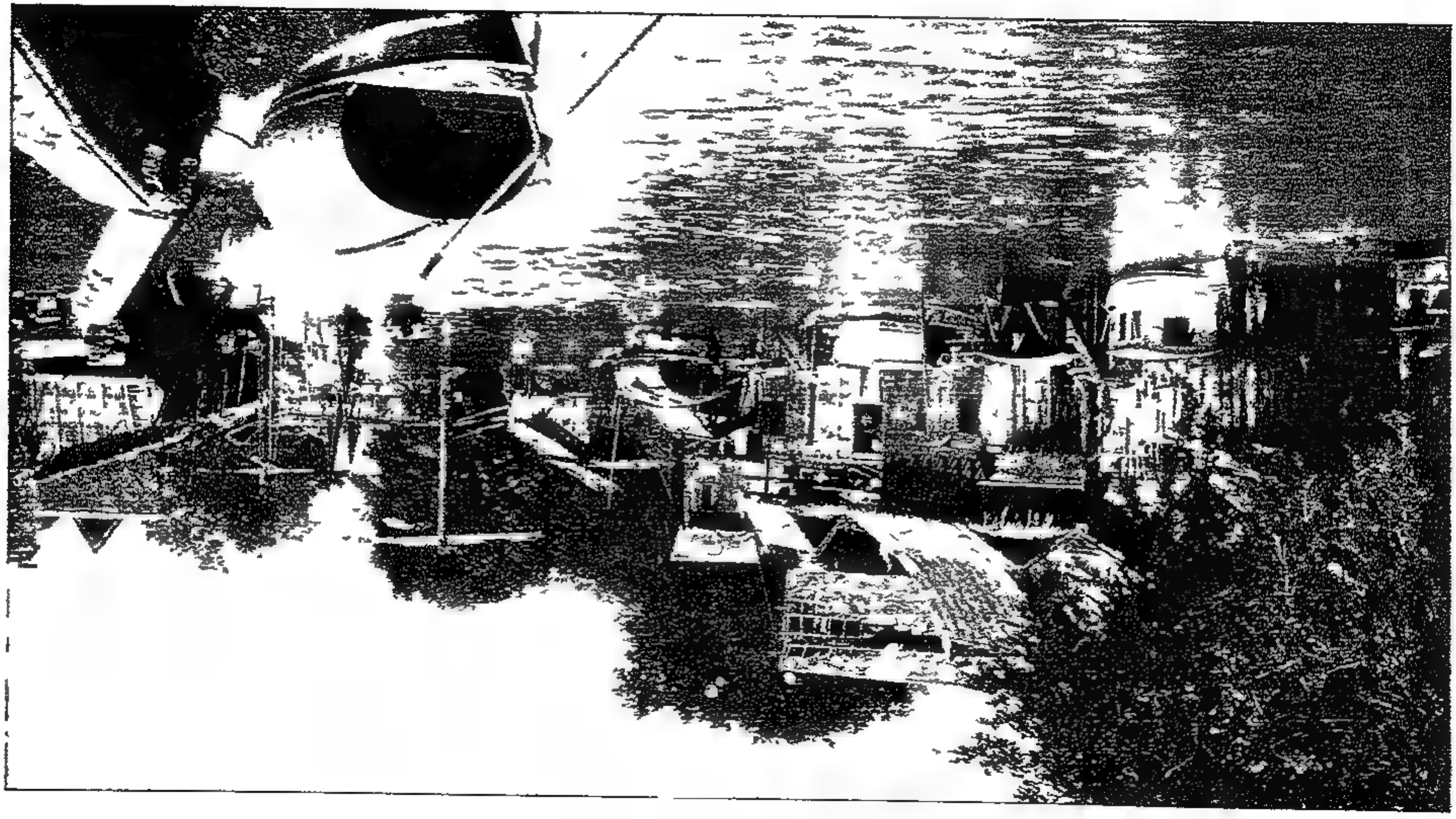
THE CITY

THE climate is trying, the temperature being excessive at all seasons of the year; in midwinter often at 90°, 94°, and 96° Fahrenheit. Few colonists or visitors can walk far in the scorching sunshine. During the last thirty years the colonists, with mercantile enterprise, have established important *godowns* (warehouses), shipping offices, and wharves at the southern section of the city.

Financiers have organized credit and exchange banks two or three miles to the north, always by the river bank, for the convenience of those who transact much of their business by boat. They are also situated nearer to the central city proper, the palace, the prisons, the wats, and the bazaars

Formerly the principal vehicle for transport was the jinrickishaw, but the merchants of to-day have found the distances, like the heat, too great; so that now, from many stables, vehicles may be hired by the hour. These wagons are called *garries;* they are light, with four iron rods supporting a canvas roof, which is draped by a long fringe. They are drawn by a race of small horses, brought down from China on the northeast.

KLONG SAN



SANON MAI

At about three hundred metres back of the Oriental Hotel, and east of the river by a direct street, skirted by shade-trees, one enters, about midway, an avenue known as the *Sanon Mai.* Over this road one can now drive to points which formerly only could be reached by canals. As the way now passes over high bridges, one has constant views of long stretches of the famous canals *Klong Noi, Klong San, Klong Tapan Han,* and *Klong K'ut-Mai,* which formerly could only be visited by circuitous tours on sampans. When this new road was originally projected there was serious difficulty in making its course direct, on account of intervening groves of trees, the cutting down of which Buddhists consider a sacrilege. The engineers had difficulty whenever they attempted to accomplish that work in the suburbs of Bangkok. To obtain men willing to do such work, they were compelled to employ gangs of the lowest criminals, and even then, certain especially holy trees had to be left standing. The Sanon Mai leads by a circuitous route from the shipping quarter at the south to the financial institutions at the north, and thence over high bridges, crossing the canals, to the palatial and more interesting quarter of the city. Naturally we meet Siamese, but among the throng are Chinese, Cambodians, and people of Laos, also Hindus and Mohammedans of India and of the Straits Settle-

ments. It will be observed that the Chinese are placed after the Siamese and before all other nationalities, for their number is legion in Siam. They are everywhere, even in America. A certain class of merchants have taken advantage of the fact that it is on the Sanon Mai thousands hourly pass from the two extremities of the city. Tradesmen have occupied every available position with the hope of gaining some ticals, for a Siamese motto is, "Stand by the *fuangs* [seven and one-half cents], hold on to the *salungs* [fifteen cents], and the *ticals* [sixty cents] will roll in themselves."

Alas! the predominating business in this section (Champaun) is that of the pawnbrokers, whose institutions do accommodate those in adverse circumstances, yet whose proprietors rapidly become rich by their usurious exactions. Their markets, or shops, are pretty much all in one locality; this is a sensible arrangement for all concerned. The victims can go from one Shylock to another, until they procure the largest allowance on their pledgings; it is equally advantageous to purchasers. When a man in Bangkok has followed the loan-shop business during a number of years, his establishment becomes a curiosity or bric-a-brac shop. To those who delight in such places Bangkok is, in this respect, a haven in which they may revel. A tourist starting out for the first time on a stroll through this city would naturally expect to find in the bazaars a variety of Siamese materials, costumes, etc. It will be found, however, that the

actual character of the shops is not pronouncedly Siamese, nor is this surprising; a nation wearing so little raiment has no need of emporiums laden with many tissues and garments. Only since 1860 has there been a demand on the part of the richer classes for more elaborate costume; even more recently has the taste been formed for partial European dress. Therefore, the supplies of attractive materials and costume, such as are seen in India, are not to be expected, nor is there to be seen any considerable amount really manufactured by the Siamese.

In the vicinity of the pawnshops are grocers, dealers in iron implements, and here and there shops fitted with pigeon-holes, in which are folded *pa-nungs* in every variety of design and color. They are striped or figured cloths one yard broad by three yards in length. Some few are of silk, but most are of cotton, and are worn wrapped around the waist and descending to below the knees. These serve for both sexes, and form the important portion of their attire, the women adding a light open jacket (*yang-nai*).

The only good specimens of actual old Siamese manufacture are some silk *sarongs* or *pa-nungs* of the middle part of the eighteenth and the early years of this century. Although they are all faded, their coarse texture still shows that the centres were made in changeable colors, and with intricate and handsome designs at the ends. These were all made in handlooms by women in private houses, some of them

having been compelled to part with their handiwork to the pawnshops when they were reduced in circumstances, caused by the political complications in the year 1781.

In that year the king, Phya Tansing, being furious over the results of a difficulty with Cambodia, even people in opulence were reduced to penury, he having put thousands to death and levied exorbitant taxes. Though he was finally arrested in his mad career, it was not until many of the best families had been brought to grief, and had been compelled to dispose of their silk raiment,—that is, these pa-nungs that are now to be found in the pawnshops which are in the district known as Champaün.

Adjoining are other pawnshops, and beyond them we pass rickety shops, booths, and stands, where indolent dealers are prepared to supply all the wants of the passers-by, provided it does not cause them too much exertion. Fortunately, oil will flow from the large casks of the dealers and the paste on the kites will dry easily in the atmosphere, for the traders do not look as though they were inclined to take much more trouble than that of receiving the price of their wares.

The crowd is now largely augmented by the hundreds of bonzes, or priests, passing from house to house begging, though by the church it is considered that they are giving the people the privilege of thus contributing something for the sustenance of the cult.

They are in the habit of extending this privilege to the people every morning. This is one of the institutions, not only of the church, but a custom universally recognized and approved by the people. These bonzes, wrapped in their yellow cotton garments, stand in coteries of two, three, and four, in front of each house, saying not a word, but holding out their bronze bowls for rice and their netted bags for contributions of fruit.

The bonzes then return to their temples, eat heartily, and it is said—mind you, it is said—that they never take a solid repast after mid-day. The people contribute this food as a matter of conscience; the older women especially make it the first duty of life to prepare nourishment for their spiritual guides early each morning.

There once was an elephant that ladled out rice to every bonze who passed one of the gates of the Wat P'hra Keau. There is nothing very astonishing in such a sagacious animal recognizing a Buddhist priest, their peculiar yellow garments, or wrappings, giving them a marked appearance unlike other men.

The city of Bangkok is situated on both sides of the river Meinam, so that river may be termed the principal avenue of the city. The lesser thoroughfares are those canals extending through the principal portion on the east side. Transit for centuries has been principally practicable by the various sampans and canoes dexterously propelled by Siamese men, boys, women,

and girls. In the last twenty years English, French, and German commercial colonists have added to the service of jinrickishaws the convenience of garries, the light wagons already referred to.

Naturally a large proportion of the houses, particularly those on the land (house-boats will be noticed in their proper place), are built to suit the climate of the country and the purses of the people. They are constructed of large bamboo frames and light wood, filled in with split rattan, covered, lined, and thatched with atap- and palm-leaves. The poorer houses are furnished only with rush and palm mats; a very low table or two of reeds and bamboo sometimes find a place there, with such ordinary vessels as one sees in the commonest shops of the bazaars. Rattan baskets, split rattan sieves, bronze and terra-cotta pots and pans, the culinary necessaries, and also several sizes of bronze or brass jugs, such as every Buddhist carries, and in drinking out of which he or she does not even touch to the mouth. The draught of water is transferred to the mouth by means of a curled palm-leaf.

These rickety tenements are met with at intervals, adding interest to the contour of the highway. A large proportion of the people we meet on this road or highway, both men and women, in the sunlight, seem to have no use for hats, their thick, window-brush crops of hair being the only protection between the sun's rays and their brains. Some of the men do wear a very stiff, wide-spreading hat, which serves

rather as a hod on which to carry heavy packages than as a fender from the sun.

Where this Sanon Mai, the highway, crosses the canals, the ascent and descent to and from the bridges are very steep. More places of business are scattered here and there; again, a mile east of the royal section of the city, all heads are turned and all feet are hastening into the bazaars, which there extend on either side of a macadamized street for two or three miles.

THE BAZAARS

We enter with the throng, and after some hours of weary trudging, ascertain pretty clearly the sources from which most of the demands of these people are supplied. There are shops with dried fish; the smoked roes of fishes; dealers in rude wooden-ware,—scoops, bowls, plates, spoons, etc.; oil dealers, their casks in rows set into the earthen walls, traders in brass bowls, vases, and basins, also cylindric spittoons, and boxes for the areca, or betel-nut.

Mercenary sellers of Buddhas of all dimensions, even smaller than an almond; also covered cups in which to offer tea to Buddha. Weavers' shops with primitive, diminutive looms; women at work, slowly, patiently passing the shuttles back and forth, stopping every moment to avoid either knot or blemish. Sarongs of two and a half metres in length; some with intricate designs throughout the centre in several colors, others with a plain centre of one and a half

metres, and at either end ornamented stripes fifty centimetres in breadth, in red, yellow, green, and blue. Many shops where men are engraving wooden stamps, not only for the uneducated, but for the indolent native merchants, either with which to sign their names or for printing various notices always necessary to attract attention to their little supplies of merchandise. The mottoes are often such as, "Only Look," "Here is your Opportunity," "Must be Sacrificed," and this paradoxical one, "Free Admission." Makers of red, blue, and green morocco shoes and slippers; candy, confections, mostly fruit pastes or sweetened gums, pink, white, red, pale green, etc.; itinerant pedlers of sweets suspended in front of them on a tray, carrying a sun-umbrella with bells on its tips to attract attention; others striking a drum held aloft. Flag-makers, the favorite design being the symbolic flag of Siam, with red field, and bearing the white elephant in its centre; some carefully woven in silk, many only printed on fine muslin. Kite-makers, with a score of boy customers on any day; the making of kites their only means of subsistence.

Barbers installed in shops, their customers sitting on high stools and having their heads shaved and their beards pulled out, a hair at a time, by broad tweezers. Itinerant barbers carrying their outfit with them, chair included, on their backs. Vegetable and rice shops; roots of the arborescent grass bamboo; the higher-priced soft and succulent younger shoots of the bam-

boo for sale, either raw, boiled, preserved in sugar, or pickled; also chillies and nam-phrik sauce.

High temperature plenty; fan manufacturers plenty. Tailors sitting cross-legged, as in other countries; but so economical are the people that the merchant tailor's principal revenue is derived from selling the implements of his trade needles and thread—to his customers, to do their own work. Here we find the curlycue cake-shop, for safety, under an arch of stone; a furnace with a number of large square griddles gives employment to several bakers; a terra-cotta vase or bottle with a small hole in the bottom is filled with batter, so that when it is held horizontally no batter can escape. When the griddles are hot, each baker places, for a moment, a finger of his left hand over the hole in the bottom of his vase; when all is ready, holding the vase vertically in his right hand, he removes his finger and passes the vase rapidly over the griddle with a motion that causes the batter to pour out and form curlycue cakes shaped like the figure 8. As soon as all the space is covered, the baker merely turns the vase on its side, when again no batter can spill out.

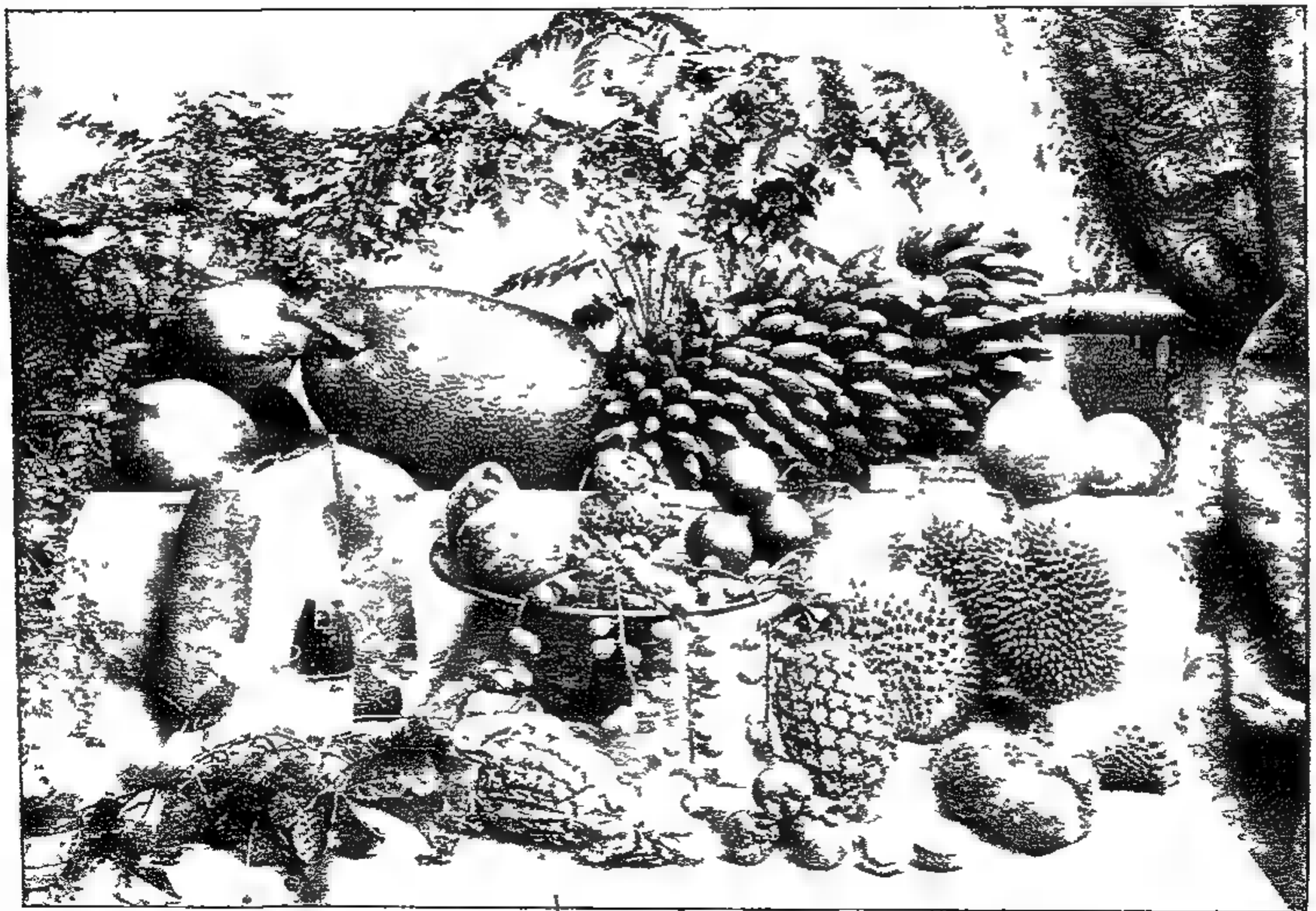
Adjoining this is a shop where superstitious people make scores of customers for dealers in natural charms (amulets) and prepared talismans. These charlatans prosper. Here is an industry which, through the love of the people for *fêtes* at night, gives constant employment to many artists. One in the foreground sketches

the design on a paper lantern and hands it over to his *comrade*, who puts on the broad washes of color and passes it on to a third, who draws in the forms in color; then a fourth paints in the details and finishes the lantern.

Next door is a "guessing" shop. The proprietor stands behind a high table, on which are a lot of melons of various sizes; the whole company makes up a pool, and a wager is made with the proprietor as to the number of seeds within the lobes of each melon. Twenty-five per cent. goes to the proprietor, the rest to the successful "guesser," or gambler.

We will refresh our eyes by looking in upon one of nature's tradesmen, a dealer in pineapples, mangoes, papayas, custard-apples, mangosteens, bread-fruit, oranges, bananas, cocoanuts, tamarinds, and, on a tray by themselves, that their odor may not pollute the more delicate fruits, is a good stock of durions, for they are favorites with the masses.

The most frequent or common occupation is the business of preparing the betel-nut for chewers; every little distance one goes through the bazaar,—in fact, throughout the city,—petty merchants who support themselves by pandering to that pernicious habit may be seen preparing the betel-nut for the ordinary people. They stand or sit cross-legged before little counters and trays, for which location they have paid other tradesmen a moderate rental. Before every colonial or grocery shop you will find one installed.



FRUITS OF SIAM (PLATE II)

IMPL.
LIBRARY

The leaves in which the prepared mixture is wrapped are from a vine known as the *chavica betel*. The nut is from the areca or betel palm, which reaches a height of about sixty feet, whose branches bear several large bunches of nuts, which harden and redden as they ripen, and which resemble somewhat the bunches of fruit on the date-bearing palm. The dealers cut up their green leaves into the proper triangular form, crack the nuts, and with wooden spatulas work the turmeric-stained lime into a paste. It is amusing to see how skilfully they form the pieces of green leaf into pointed, cone-shaped cups, into each one of which they place a portion of the ingredients.

They are diligent, and need to be; for although there are so many occupied in the trade, the masticators are still more numerous. An evidence of the demand is the fact that few of these betel merchants are ever seen idle throughout the day, the constant sales keeping them busy to supply their customers.

As each customer secures his package, places its contents in his mouth, and commences to chew, a smile of satisfaction lights up his otherwise phlegmatic countenance. Many who have contracted this habit prefer it to their food; they would rather eat nothing than abstain from chewing the betel-nut. Men of rank and opulence are always accompanied by a servant, who carries his master's areca or betel-nut box. These boxes contain, besides the green betel-leaf, the broken areca-nut, also the paste of lime, colored with the

aromatic juice of the plant curcuma or turmeric, a few seedless raisins, and, for those who fancy it, shreds of fine tobacco-leaves, with which some men first rub their teeth before placing the betel-nut in their mouths. The box is called *srob;* but as the English method of spelling Siamese names of places and things (as in India and Burmah) is only euphonic, it is difficult to convey a proper idea of the pronunciation of the names of unique objects and utensils. Therefore this may be called a *shrob.*

These boxes vary in value according to the position and wealth of their possessors; they are of terra-cotta, of ivory, of fine bronze, of silver, of gold, and in some instances are decorated with enamel or precious stones.

In this bazaar one can frequently purchase a variety of small boxes resembling jewel-cases. In each of these there are a pipe, a pocket-book with tobacco, a round areca box, and a cylindrical vessel either of terra-cotta, bronze, silver, or gold, adapted to the means of the purchaser, into which the man or woman may expectorate the reddened saliva when the chewer is on the white deck of a river steamboat, or perhaps in some tidy public house. The teeth are reddened and darkened by its use; in fact, often when an unexpected pleasantry makes a man laugh, though he be in the prime of life, at a short distance he appears to have no teeth. You will even find these fellows at the doors of bake shops, rattan basket shops; in fact, in front of every place of business where they

can rent the right to set up their little stock in trade.

Though we have already mentioned many of the fruits we have seen in these bazaars, here we meet some baskets full of peculiar fruit from the makok-tree. It is very sour while being eaten, and the effect of a drink of water afterwards is something like that after eating an artichoke: the water seems to be sweetened, and that taste remains in the mouth some time.

As we pass from the bazaars there is a toy shop worth a moment's attention There everything is in miniature: little colored lacquered figures sitting, standing, running, reclining; the most minute toys, reproducing the Siamese people and their avocations. One fact adds to the interest of this shop: all the wares displayed there are made by native Siamese workmen.

Throughout the crowds, wherever we go, mothers are carrying children astride their hips long after they have arrived at an age when in other countries they would be expected or forced to take care of themselves. It is pleasant to see, on every side, that the young do not forget the attentions received in childhood. They are ever ready, and repay the aged when infirmities cause them to need assistance.

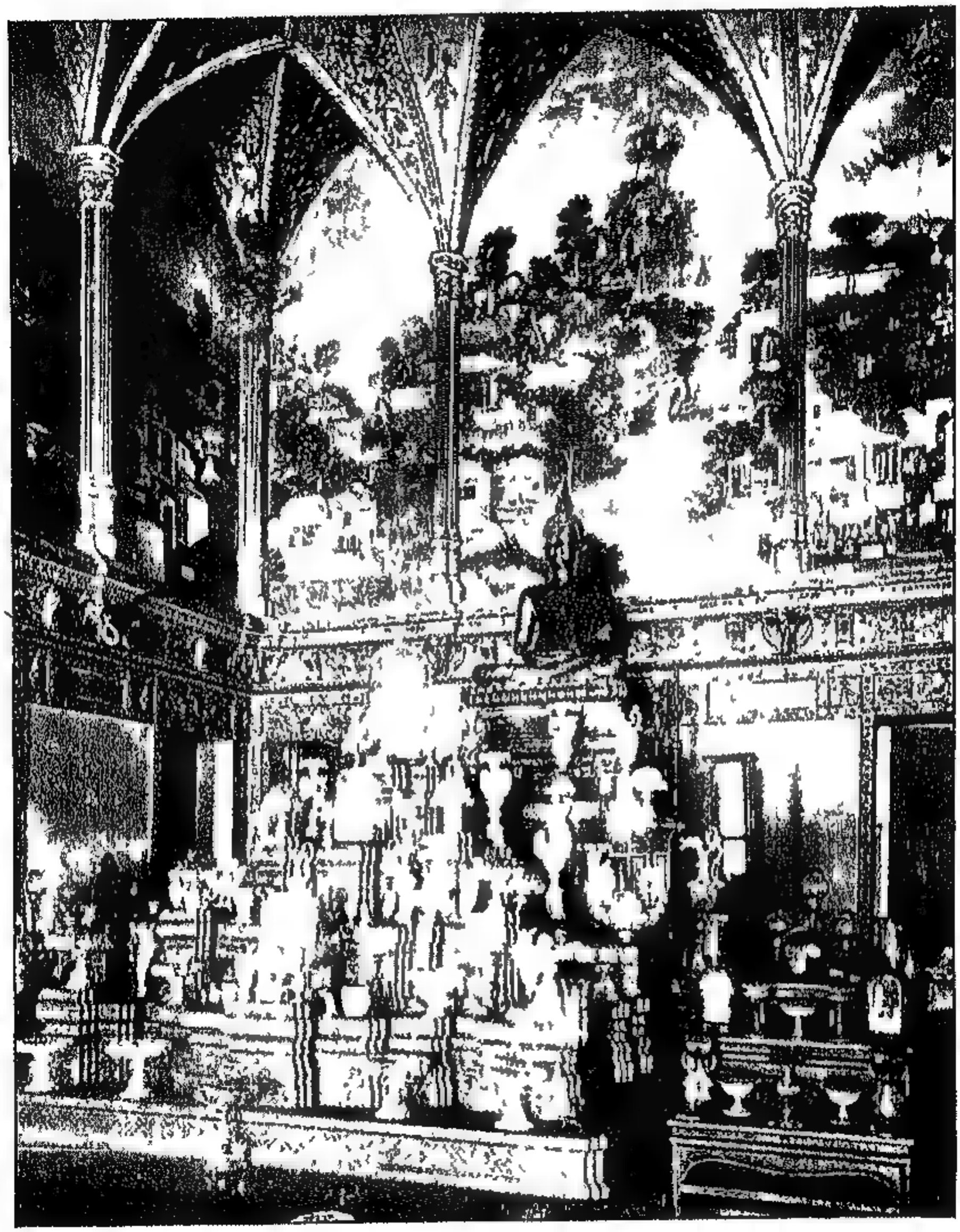
CHAPTER IV

WAT POH

THIS market, this babel of traffickers, though typical of certain phases of the life of the people, is bewildering. After all, it is only the field where sustenance is to be secured for this transitory life.

To the east and north are those fields, long since enclosed by walls, which protect and render more secluded the shrines where Buddhist throngs daily seek, and believe they obtain, sustenance for the soul. How earnestly, how devoutly, they bow in prayer! and when conscious that they are not being heard, how vigorously they pull at the knotted rope which strikes upon the gong, that they may gain the ear of their Gautama, Amida, Fugeo, or whatever patron they may be calling upon for succor or for counsel! It is a different atmosphere, quite another environment. The approaches are by wide and airy avenues.

In this section of the city—the site of temples, of the palace, of architecture, and of fine promenades—how great is the contrast with the tenements of the fishmongers and the betel merchants,—their squalor, and the vile odors of those bazaars without ventilation! Here, in the bright sunlight and open air, are a number of walled enclosures known as *wats*, each covering



INTERIOR OF A WAT, BANGKOK

several acres in extent, within which are temples and other religious buildings, both for devotion and instruction. Everywhere on the approaches to or in the vicinity of the wats dealers in gold-leaf congregate, seeking to sell little books or packages of gold-leaf to the devout who are on their way to the temple. The purchasers, on entering a shrine, remove whatever spots they may find on their favorite deities by attaching the sheets of gold; thus the images are kept richly gilt; in fact, the amount of gold laid on some of the colossal figures must be considerable. These same dealers sell little talismanic finger-rings made from the hairs of the tails and manes of the sacred horses. Candles—yes, millions of candles—are sold, also diminutive Buddhas for a journey, and, for decoration of the altars, ingeniously cut paper streamers mounted on slight bamboo stems.

Scenes of devout men and women choosing, according to their option, one among the various temples set up in honor of as many Buddhas, fervently pleading with their patron Gautama for intercession, for forgiveness, for benefits, and for eventual entry into Nirvana (heaven). The grounds beautified by the variety of pagodas, the colored tiles, the grotesque stone and colored stucco statues representing temple guardians, the perennially verdant shrubbery, plants and flowers, add much to the beauty of the scene. The growth of vegetation is so luxuriant that in places where the bonzes have neglected to prune the

trees, they really encroach upon the monuments of art and conceal them.

Everywhere groups of merry youths of both sexes, playing at hide-and-seek among and behind the statuary, give life to the picture.

The title of wat pertains not only to a temple, but to all the buildings and grounds within the walls, which generally enclose eighteen or twenty acres of land. A considerable space within such a wat is occupied by dormitories of the novitiate bonzes (those permanent students who have decided to enter the priesthood), and the temporary bonzes, who will return to the world when they have acquired sufficient knowledge to enable them to be useful in business.

All these buildings form the monastery of the wat. In that monastery there is no luxurious furniture; the students and novitiates have each a bare, separate cell, with a thin coverlid, a cushion for the head, and some indispensable protection against Siamese mosquitoes. The bonzes (those Buddhist priests who instruct the young in the temple) have special apartments. The higher officers have in recent years taken to themselves some comfortable furniture. The rules of the temple restrict the ordinary Buddhist bonze to the possession of a razor, needles and thread, a filter (lest in drinking water they should unwittingly destroy the life of animalculæ), a bowl to be filled by charity, and two changes of robes; six or seven pieces constitute each set. They are all made of yellow cotton

material. The undermost piece is a wrapping to receive the perspiration, and is girded about the loins; over that they wear, like other men, a pa-nung. This pa-nung is of cotton material, about one yard in breadth and three yards in length, of printed patterns or woven designs in brown, green, blue, yellow, and red. They wrap this garment about the waist, beginning by placing the middle of it against the small of the back, so that the left-hand end will finally come well around to the right side, to be turned in at the waist. To secure it from falling, a narrow, long band with colored border is passed around the waist and tucked in as before. Over this a broad, long, saffron-colored cloth envelops them from head to foot. There are, in addition, two other straight pieces which they wear at times.

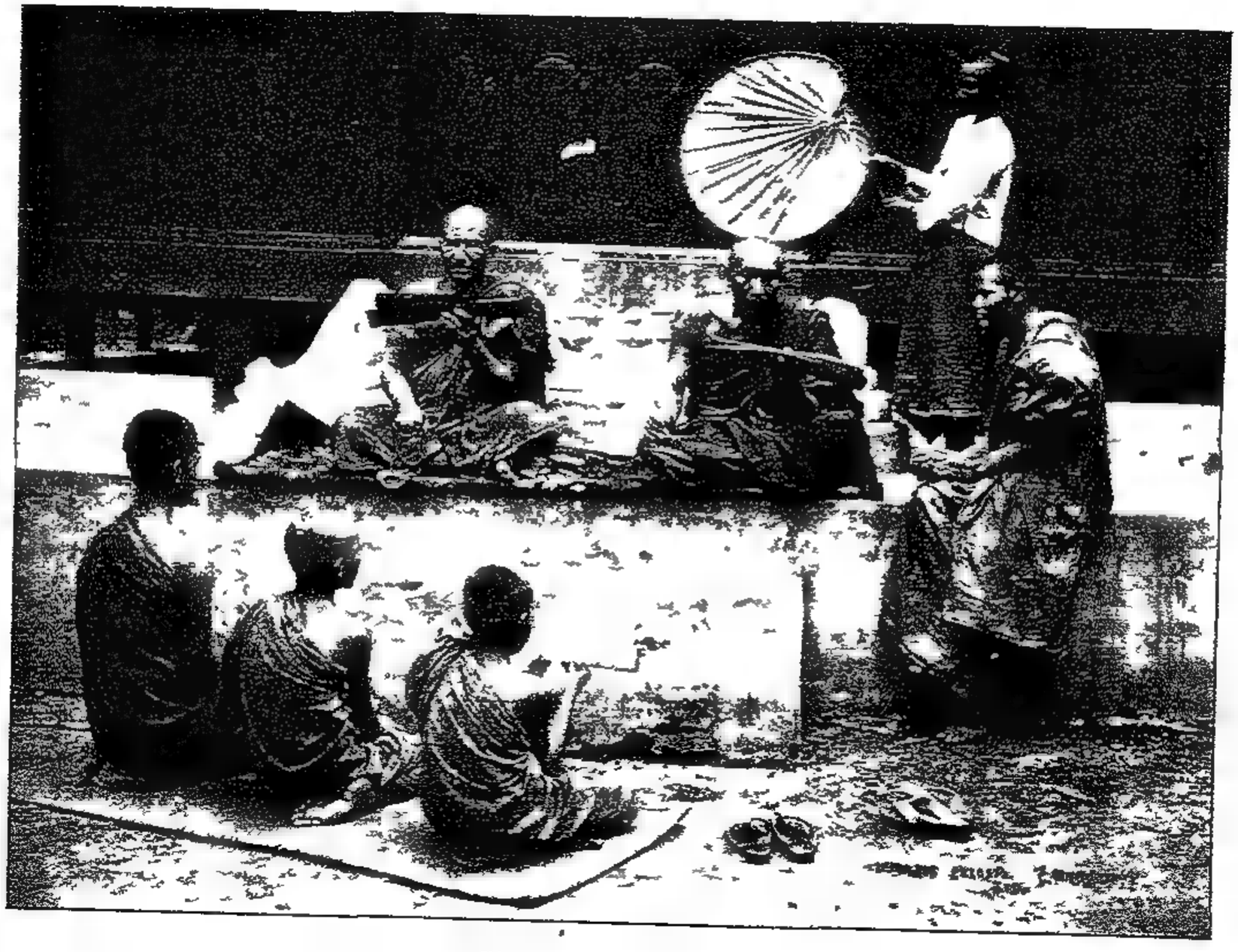
Whatever they have on, they seem always to be pulling at it and adjusting their garments. Holiness ill at ease! Those who wear sandals shuffle along with a coarse leather sole, held by a strap at the instep, that passes between the first and second toe. These are the robes prescribed by the law, as handed down from Buddha. He must have thought his religion adapted only to the climate of his country, or he would certainly have made some provision for cold weather.

To prevent the contamination of their robes, the bonzes are not permitted to die in them. The material thus continues to be of service in the temple,

and finally ekes out its sacred existence on tall, slender bamboo poles. Such is the source of many of those pieces of muslin which float in the breeze from the house-boats at Ayuthia.

The education of a majority of these bonzes is very superficial. Many of their books in Siamese are translations; others are languages such as Sanscrit or Pali transposed simply into Siamese characters. In the temple service they, in a sense, read them, and repeat long paragraphs, during fifteen or twenty minutes, without really understanding all the words. The tone in which they repeat these prayers and exhortations, without any modulation of the voice, is characteristic of the great indolence of the entire fraternity. The novitiates are, presumably, attached to the older bonzes as students, practically, many of them become their servants: they attend the bonzes in the temple and render them many services throughout the day, arranging their tobacco and betel-nut, making their purchases, and assisting them at their toilets and repasts. They accompany them in their promenades and on their visits, carrying their tea-trays (with cup and pot) and betel-nut box, and under the arm the long, narrow, sacred book.

There are so many bonzes constantly studying and reading the sacred writings that every temple requires many copies of each book. These are supplied by the voluntary labor of noble ladies, who, although they give years of time to copying the text, have almost no



BURMESE PRIESTS

knowledge of the meaning of the sentences they are writing. We here give an example of a word in Pali the meaning of which is so evident that no explanation is offered to the reader.

Yoccantasuddhabbar ananalocano.

No one can procure government employment who has not served at least a probationary term in one of these wats; therefore, almost every boy enters them. No matter what may be the position of his family, the boy must share the lot of the plebeian. A taste for idleness is created by this system; and although they must procure their food by receiving alms, and must not eat a solid repast after the sun has reached the zenith, yet too large a proportion are tempted by the indolent life, and we meet them in droves on the streets with their shaved heads and yellow robes.

One of the many buildings in Wat Poh is the temple P'hra Chu Pon, in which reclines the renowned, colossal, sleeping Buddha. It is really enormous: the top of the head, although reclining, is raised about thirty-eight feet from the plane on which the image is recumbent. Its length is fully one hundred and fifty feet; in fact, on one occasion the custodian, a bright fellow, asserted that it was fifty metres long. The enormous feet of this Buddha are inscribed with incidents in his life and representations of the various spheres through which he has passed on his migration to Nirvana. There being ten toes on the two feet, the ten nails give just the spaces desired on which to

register Buddha's attributes. Here are two of the more striking: *Lôk-havi-tho* (Acquainted with the mystery of creation). *Sassahdah* (Parent of felicity, guardian of the ways of bliss).

This sleeping Buddha certainly contributes to the bliss of the present custodian and his wife, who charge every visitor one tical to let in the light upon it. It may not be intentional, but as their patron is supposed to be sleeping, they close all the apertures through which light might enter and disturb his repose.

Although romancers have reported this immense image to be entirely covered with plate gold, a number of pieces which had fallen from the arms, the neck, and the side of the deity, and which were voluntarily presented by the custodienne to the author, certainly proved to be fragments of a fine plate of black lacquer, one-sixteenth of an inch thick, which had originally been carefully gilded, and since then continually replenished by the contributions of gold-leaf made by visiting devotees.

During entire days spent at Wat Poh, the most impressive scene was at early morning, when the laboring classes were astir. When the sun had just saluted Buddha, came the simple-hearted women of the city with their offerings of tea, boiled bamboo, etc., for their patron Gautamas at the various shrines. Before some of the interior gateways in the wat, the great stone sentinels, with glaring, prominent eyes, almost cause us to shudder until we realize how much these

effigies contribute to the unique character of this extraordinary resort; a place not only for religious devotions, but for relaxation. Among the most striking features are the athletic parties—six, eight, and ten youths together—playing the national game *raga raga*, or shuttle-ball. Gracefully the large balls of split rattan pass in vaulted curves from the foot of one agile player to another, constantly to be returned and kept in motion, the players turning with suppleness at times to receive and propel the ball with their heels, and alternately with the hollow on the inside of the right or left foot, the ankles, and the knees. Such a ball, once in motion, will often be kept following its curved courses during an hour without one of the players failing to send it unerringly along. These beautiful grounds are also the rendezvous of superannuated dogs, cats, and even swine. The aversion of Buddhists to take the life of any living creature makes every quiet nook an asylum for decrepit animals.

CHAPTER V

EVENING ON THE MEINAM

Until now we have been seeing all these interesting objects by day, in the sunlight. Although poets have classed it with the snow, and written it beautiful sunlight, it is an element of which one may be surfeited. We therefore conclude that we will change the field of observation and give rest to our vision. There is so much romance in whatever may be seen by lamplight or moonlight on the Meinam that we may as well go there to-night; as there is no moon this quarter, the artificial lights will appear brighter. Banjore has secured us a half-covered sampan, and we are soon in pandemonium. Paradoxical as it may seem, we delight in our environment. Amidst all this commotion, we also enjoy the effect of light on the moving water: Aladdin's lamp is reflected from all sides. The floating theatres add their glare and glitter; the supernumeraries stand well out on the platform, beckoning with their firebrands; others guard the lights of the many-colored paper lanterns; and here is a show where some of the actors stand without, giving tempting examples of the entertainment to be enjoyed within.

Near at hand is a broth and curry and rice shop. Two or three fellows on a float are striving with

stringed instruments to tempt some of the pleasure-seekers to enter there and amuse their stomachs. Fruit shops and toddy boats, all with gay lanterns; and beyond, on a floating platform in the subdued light, stands a screen, on which a light from within and behind casts a series of silhouettes. The performers' hands and arms are posed in such a manner as to produce representations of birds, animals, and human beings; many amusing contests between the characters and ludicrous predicaments of mirthsome Judys are thrown on the screen. The object of this amusing entertainment is not so innocent [illegible] it appears to be.

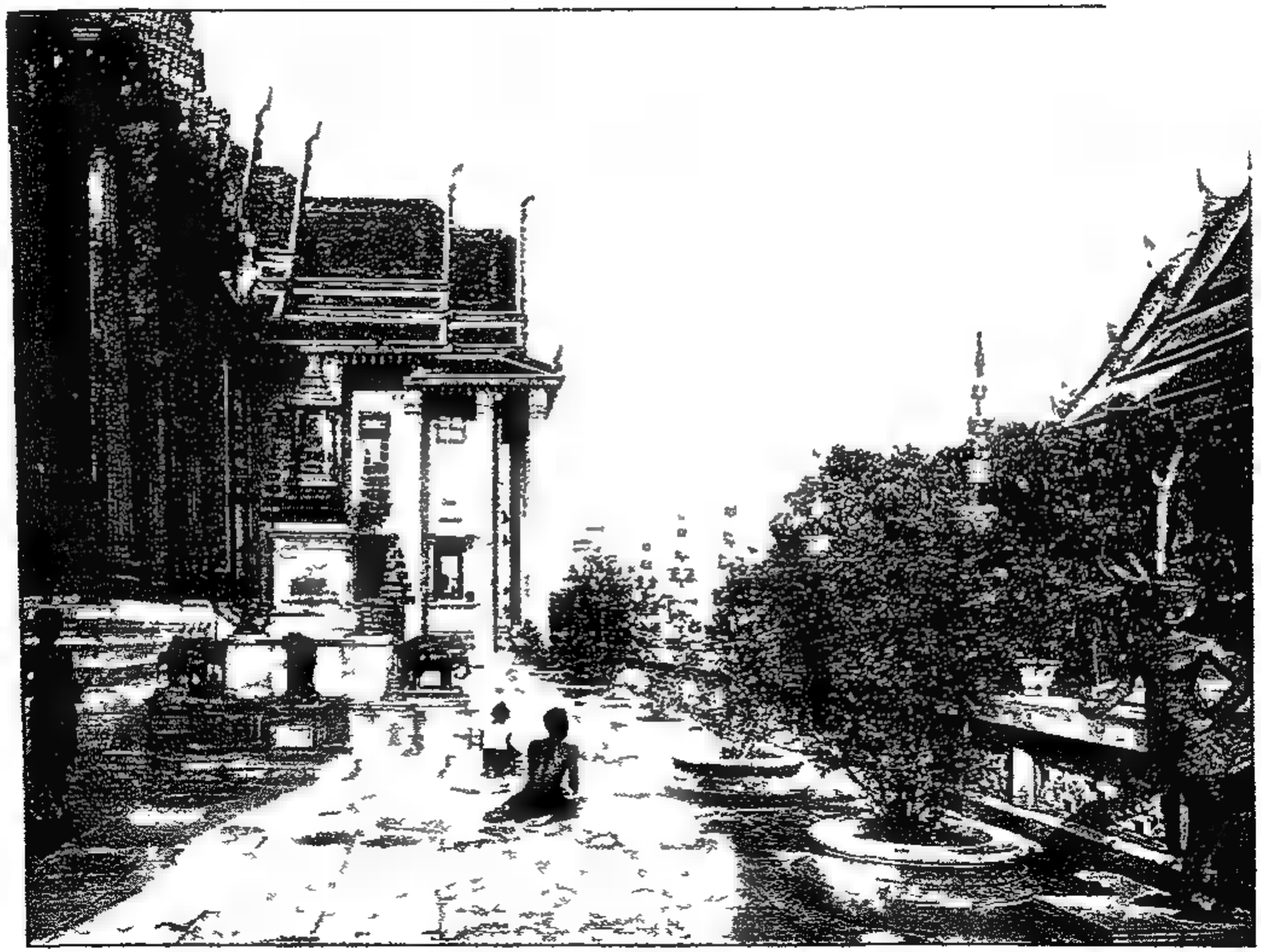
The artistic performance of the silhouette-maker is interrupted at intervals by a company of quasi-musicians who, by a terrific blast of horns and ringing of gongs, call on the innocents to try Dame Fortune. These are floating gambling shops, where, at games similar to roulette, so much coin changes hands of an evening that an implement resembling a coal-scoop is used to shovel in the money, the bankers at the same time paying the winning players with their hands, which should give all level heads an idea of the chances in the game. We have seen players try their fortune for a while and lose; then, without any expression of disappointment or change of countenance, retire to a back room, kneel down before a wooden Dia-Coco,* and pray for better luck; then return to the

* Dia-Coco [illegible] the Japanese [illegible] of the money-god

table and play more heavily. We will not remain to see whether Dia-Coco heard them and granted their plea.

Wherever we cosmopolitans pass the night, there is our home; on our way there now, noise and music come from the other side of the river. Even at this distance, in the bright light, we can see many colors and tinsel moving on the outer stage of the Lakons' theatre. These girls are entertaining and cheering the weary laborers, bringing a veil of mirth between their audience and the troubles of the day. This evening excursion on the river and the grand canal of Bangkok completes another day of wonders. Returning through the encumbered water-way, we land on the terrace of our good Oriental Hotel. Our moonshee tells us that in two days a steam-wheeler will start up the river. The following morning we proceed to the steamboat office, and are most courteously received, under the shady trees at the river side, by Mr. Brookmann, of Windsor & Co., the agents of the Meinam River boats. Captain J. Thomsen, whom we know, is there, and, as the accommodations for first-class passengers are limited, we arrange for our voyage to Ayuthia by securing the captain's cabin on the "Chow Phya," the most commodious of the line.

Mr. Brookmann introduced us to his partner, Mr. Arthur Frege. Many hours were often cheered by profitable conversation with Mr. Frege. Mr. Brookmann kindly made known to us his interesting numis-



EXTERIOR OF WAT PHRA KEAU

matic collection, principally of the silver coins: examples of Siamese money, in tumble-bug shape, that were coined during the last two hundred years in that country. It was a very unique collection.

After another morning in the Champaun, among the Shylocks and in other shops, the heat becomes so intense that we feel like supplying ourselves liberally from a neighboring fan shop.

WAT PHRA KEAU

Out into broad, beautiful avenues, we pause for a moment to enjoy the outside view of Wat P'hra Keau (The Wat of the Palace).

The long line of high walls that surround this royal wat is not one monotonous enclosure. They average sixteen feet in height, and have notched parapets ten or twelve feet thick. The stiffness of these walls is relieved at intervals by occasional projecting points of observation; again, there are buildings for guards; spiral-tipped ornamental gate-ways at convenient distances apart; at every corner are pentagonal casemated defences, two stories in height, the smaller upper part, or lantern, adding to the architectural beauty.

From this distance we can really enjoy the exterior view of the entire Wat P'hra Keau: the pagodas, the topes, the tapering spiral roofs of towers, the lofty narrow domes with movable gilded vanes, throwing back the glistening rays of the tropical sun.

Profiting by the shade from the branches of frequent trees, we pass from our garry to the guarded portal of the enclosure of the palace grounds. The entrance appears to be well fortified. The elements of modern defence warn us that to enter there unwarranted will be at our peril. The Vice-Consul-General of the United States to the Court of Siam, E Vernon Kellett, has secured for us a letter of invitation from the court officials, and through the imposing gate-way and three walls of defence we pass. Once within,—those walls behind us,—we are surrounded by a guard, to one of whom we present our card, and are joined by two gentlemen of the court, who have been detailed to receive us. We are asked what we would specially prefer to see; we reply that their judgment and knowledge of the premises will shape our course.

In the year 1868, as soon as the new king, Somdetch Phra Paramindr Maha Chulalonkorn Phra Chula Chom Klao, was fully assured of his royal power, he occupied himself with the interests of his people, who had so long been neglected. He addressed them, proclaiming vital truths. He begged of them to occupy their minds with the question of fealty to the unseen Supreme power, and to be convinced in their choice of religion.

Liberty of conscience was for the first time established in Siam. The king has proved himself a brave man, for this and other important acts were promul-

gated contrary to the wishes and judgment of powerful noblemen and princes at his court.

In keeping with the progress of the last fifty years throughout the world, His Majesty Chulalonkorn has broken down many of the barriers of prejudice in his realm. By reason of his refinement—his erudition—he has inaugurated an epoch destined to enrich Siam with all the blessings of modern science. By his recognition of the importance of hospitals equipped with many of the modern appliances, and by his learned contributions to literature, he has proved himself in every sense the patron of the advancing era.

When we were in Bangkok, his Minister of Public Instruction informed us that His Majesty would send one of his works to our University of Pennsylvania. The king *did* present the University with a beautiful copy in thirty-nine volumes, the reading of which I have just completed.

On account of the indisposition of the king, who was ill of malarial fever, the apartments occupied by him in the palace of Wat P'hra Keau were not accessible. Fortunately, we were enabled to inspect the more important premises occupied by the buildings devoted to religious purposes, and the national institutions of the enclosure, of which we are able to give some account.

We saw the source from whence silver ticals, fuangs, and chuangs are supplied to those to whom they are due. This is the mint (the money-mill), and these ticals are the most peculiar coins issued by any coun-

tay. They are formed in rounded oval chunks, like a scarabæus doubled up at each end, which naturally leaves two spaces or holes on the under side.

Each coin has two royal stamped marks. It was long ago discovered that these coins made very convenient buttons, so that a fair proportion of the community wear them on their jackets, and travellers carry away quantities of them for souvenirs.

The value of the principal silver coins of Siam is,—

The cattie (eighty ticals) is equal to	$48 00
The tamlung (four ticals) is equal to	2 40
The tical is equal to	60
The salung is equal to . .	15
The fuang is equal to	07½

The tical is the unit or dollar of Siam. The weight of the tical being fifteen grammes, it can be used to ascertain a slight overweight in tobacco, postal matter, etc. There are smaller coins, several of them in copper, and cowries, or shell money, were formerly in general use. To facilitate the counting of cash at all the banks and large mercantile establishments, the number of the great quantities of silver coin is quickly reckoned by throwing them on wooden trays, in which are twenty rows of five depressions or cells each, that will exactly accommodate the denomination being counted. The surplus is brushed off, and an account is kept of the number of trays thus filled. Here again we meet the inevitable Chinese moonshee;

WAT PHRA KEAU

for where money is measured, paid out, or received, there that reliable functionary is ever busy shoving balls up and down his mysterious swan-pan, and verifying the calculations of cashiers and paying tellers.

A preliminary promenade about the grounds of the palace enclosure in Wat P'hra Keau affords a general idea of the natural beauties of the royal domain: the peculiar statuary which is supposed to ornament its avenues and paved courts, the many sacred edifices and numerous shrines, where are domiciled an infinite number of deities, each one of which receives a share of the devotion and adoration of the regal family and their *entourage*.

Among the many suggestive decorations none are more unique than those attached to the eaves of the pagodas. They are fringed with rows of hanging bells; from the clapper of each is suspended a broad, gilded bronze leaf, so deftly poised that the gentlest breeze causes it to oscillate, and thus hundreds of bells of different tones ring out a reminder that nature bids man come to his devotions.

In this strictly Siamese domain the architecture is unique—it is Siamese; the general form of all the buildings is different from that of the almost adjacent countries. The cone-shaped spires are Siamese; the applied flat and convex tiles ornamenting the walls are also peculiar to that country. Although so little has been borrowed, a number of wealthy Chinese have settled in Bangkok; and at Ban-pa-hin one of

them has erected a magnificent house with a superb portal, after a design from his native country.

The national love of foliage—of shrubbery, of trees, that have been cared for and trained about many of the temples, combining nature with art in embellishment—reflects credit on a people who unquestionably have not had as great educational advantages as those of other Oriental countries.

Many of these trees are considered sacred; all are respected. It is very curious to observe some of the trees nearest to a temple; the branches within reach are hung with pieces of wood, stone, faïence, porcelain, etc.; these are all votive offerings, placed there by people intending to erect a house, or by newly married people about establishing their home.

They at least deserve credit for not borrowing styles from other nations. The modern dwelling-house proper of the king, in the palace, is said to have a tinge of Chinese character in some of its decorations. It is true that nearly three centuries ago, at Ayuthia, the Greeks who colonized and fraternized with them, under Phra Chaó Song thăm, did erect a number of square stuccoed brick pilasters near the great bronze Buddha in that ancient city. Their sojourn was temporary, and the suggestions that they practically offered were not adopted elsewhere by the people. The wats of the last and even those of this century are purely Siamese.

Their religion is strictly Buddhist; yet in their

literature they show that they have inherited something from India. Their favorite mythological themes are undoubtedly of Hindu origin; they know Rama and his brother Barata intimately.

Their climate deprives them of the pleasures of the fireside; yet when they meet, of evenings, and smoke in little coteries, they have what may be considered intellectual pleasures, for in those hours of repose they find a share of their entertainment in the recital of the myths of the Ramayana.

Elaborate and striking decorations embellish the interiors of many of their temples. A frieze, for example, ornamented by double dragons turning to the right and to the left from a central vase, which on a single stem bears a large acorn; on either side brackets in the form of embossed dolphins; again, on either side, to complete this artistic design, are gilt bronze heads of elephants, their tusks thrown up, in fine lines of beauty, upon the forehead.

Panels above and behind a pyramidal altar, highly wrought in wood partially lacquered, represent scenes in the life of Gautama and suggestions of the appearance of a Nirvanal host. Pillars, pilasters, and arches with inlaid nacre are the settings in which this peculiar art is framed. These landscapes—their rivers, lakes, wooded islands, meadows, and gardens—represent the imaginations of the Buddhist priests, and exemplify their dreams of that estate awaiting the faithful in the domains of Gautama.*

One great advantage to visitors to these temples in Siam is the constantly changing scenes. We now quit for a little while the beauties of the interior of this temple for the innumerable attractions on the outside. Throughout the gardens, on the verandas, in the paved courts, more gigantic and more grotesque become the stone sentinels that only guard the way, as might be expected of lifeless mentors; deities that appeal only to the religious sentiments of an ignorant, superstitious people, trained by priestly teachers (bonzes), who, like themselves, have learned to look with fear and hope upon stock and stone. One among many we meet on our way through the maze of pagodas,—a colossal deity in stone, with large wings upon his hips, one hand resting upon the left pinion, his countenance suggesting no beatitude; he stands with his right hand extended, as if in the act of blessing all who walk, as we do, upon the terrace that conducts to the *bibliothèque*. Our direct way is intercepted by an important religious monument of marble, surmounted by an open shrine with spiral roof. A gilded Buddha looks tenderly down upon the passers-by. About its base, on protruding pedestals with inscriptions, are six bronze elephants. Kneeling upon the *dalles* of the terrace pavement, their cropped heads bending forward, resembling dark window-brushes, are men and women at their devotions, the men really having a hope of bettering themselves in a future state In this country the popu-

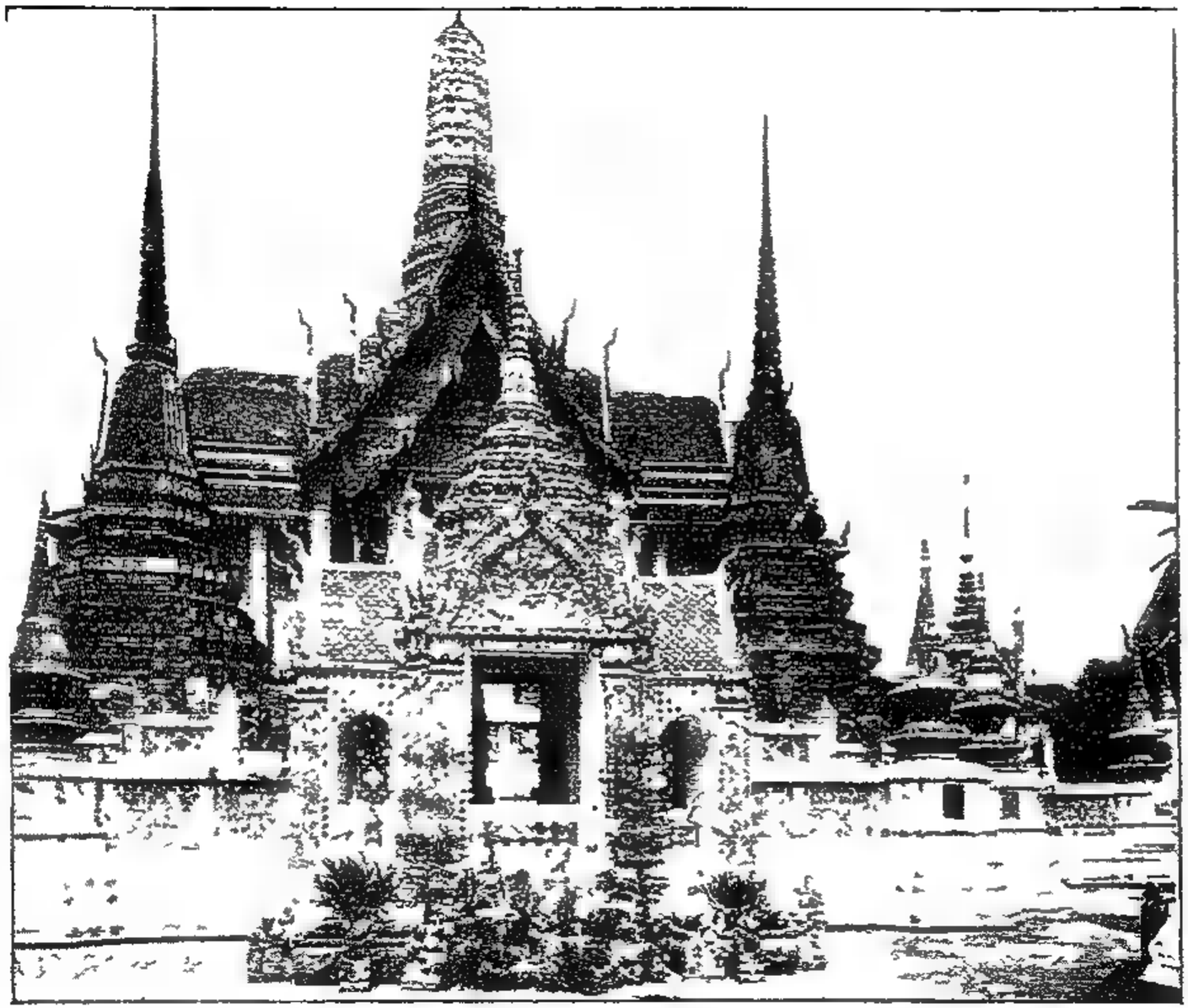
lar estimate of women is not very flattering; it is a maxim that the burthen of a woman's prayer is, that in future transmigration she may not be—a woman. There they bow, unmindful of the torrid heat; their raiment barely sufficient to justify us in giving it the name of costume. The men in cotton *pa-nungs* (waist-cloths), the women in thin open jackets and longer *pa-nungs*. Are not all nations clothed according to the exigencies of their climate? Even the nobler, courtly classes are glad to lay aside garments which they are obliged to wear on official or state occasions, so great is the heat.

CHAPTER VI

THE LIBRARY

BEHIND a fountain ornamented with chiselled stones, grotesque figures, distorted animals, dwarf trees, the *Isonandra gutta*, or gutta-percha, and other tropical plants, we enter the *bibliothèque*, the most delicately adorned of all the temple structures. In the centre of the principal apartment, which is vaulted, is an octagon-shaped *tinze*, or revolving library, containing the precious sacred books of the Palace Wat. It is a cabinet piece of fine art, being of ebony, skilfully carved, and inlaid with ivory, silver, and nacre. The entire design of this apartment and its furniture corresponds with the architecture of the exterior, to which more attention has been given than to any other structure within the enclosure, the marble in many places being cut *à jour*, almost resembling lace-work in stone.

The gentlemen in attendance are profusely generous, presenting to the author, for his Buddhistic temple, entire boxes of altar candles, in yellow wax and of fragrant wood; also paper offerings for the altars. As we pass to the outer door, a group of the royal princes and princesses, children of the king, accompanied by ladies of the court and attended by



BIBLIOTHÈQUE, WAT PHRA KEAU, BANGKOK

their slaves, are sitting on the stone floor of the portico; we glance furtively at their royal highnesses and their retenue, only to discover that they are equally interested in our appearance. We go through pleasant avenues, again skirted here and there by other mythical stone figures; there are monkeys and griffins and baby elephants in bronze amidst a quintessence of tropical luxuriance. In this garden of the king's palace, to shade our eyes, we, stand beneath a clump of odoriferous *agila*, or eagle-wood trees (*Aquilaria agallocha*). We encounter two colossal, grotesque stone custodians, their hands meeting in front of them; each holding an enormous mace (an ornamented club), whose heavy end rests between the feet. They suggest demons who, were they not stone, would be very dangerous beings to encounter. But, harmless myths as they are, they contribute form, color, and novelty to the strange scene. At many points in P'hra Keau one raises the eyes to behold a forest of spires, towers, and cone-shaped topes. Among the nearest of these are the projections of the principal temple, the tinkling bells on whose eaves welcome us as we approach. Naturally the royal family of Siam has sought through many generations to install the finest temple of their country within the P'hra Keau, the Palace Wat

We enter that important edifice almost satiated by the many phases of architecture and worship that have arrested our attention in the numerous shrines

within this royal group of monuments to the Buddhistic faith. So great is the work, that we admire with renewed interest the grandeur of the exterior, and are enchanted with the excellence of the interior form and decoration. The royal desire has been gratified. At the command of a line of kings, the highest order of work has been bestowed on this renowned temple. The walls, the floor, the ceiling, every atom, has been enriched by art labor. Even the portals are artistically finished without and within; the walls strengthened and decorated by pilasters, and the protruding friezes supported by octagonal pillars. The walls at some points are embossed and gilded in lozenge-shaped panels, which recede from the pilasters, and, with the carved and sculptured and arabesque work on the facades, add to the beauty of the holy place. The windows are Gothic; the inner side of the roof or ceiling is carved with panels and richly gilded lotus-flowers.

The well-executed paintings are traditional records of national fables, and to many pious souls afford foretastes and blissful ideas of the future rest promised by Gautama. These pictures are both sermons and history; in fact, the annals of Siam are made up of traditions and legends. The reign can be traced five centuries before the Christian era (B.C. 527). Observe the fabulous scenes side by side with many actual records of historic events. Meaningless to the casual observer, they prove on closer acquaintance to be

STONE GUARDIANS AT THE ENTRANCE OF ONE OF THE TEMPLES IN WAT PHRA KEAU

moral lessons. They are allegories created long ago by religious enthusiasts among the priesthood to impress on their adherents the fundamental doctrine of Buddhism: that, by virtue and complete subjugation of the passions, man can advance to holiness and to the companionship of Buddha.

One thing is certain, that these holy books, when they are literal reproductions of the ancient Sanscrit text, should be corrected, or certain statements examined and made to agree with the facts which science has revealed. They at present contain so many astronomical and geographical errors that some chapters of these writings are absurd.

Like the Parsees, by constant vigilance the bonzes have kept the sacred fire burning continuously for more than two hundred years. Of all that is beautifully symbolic in religion, nothing is more suggestive than this never-faltering flame.

On the bright bronze floor groups of young bonzes are reclining in the position of Correggio's "Magdalene," studying the sacred books under the instruction of the older bonzes. These peculiar books are made of strips of palm, the characters marked on them with a graver, after which a black obtained from burning the leaves is rubbed into them. The writing is principally in Pali or Sanscrit. The leaves are then bound in long, narrow boards, which are stained, ornamented, and gilded.

The education these youths receive and the informa-

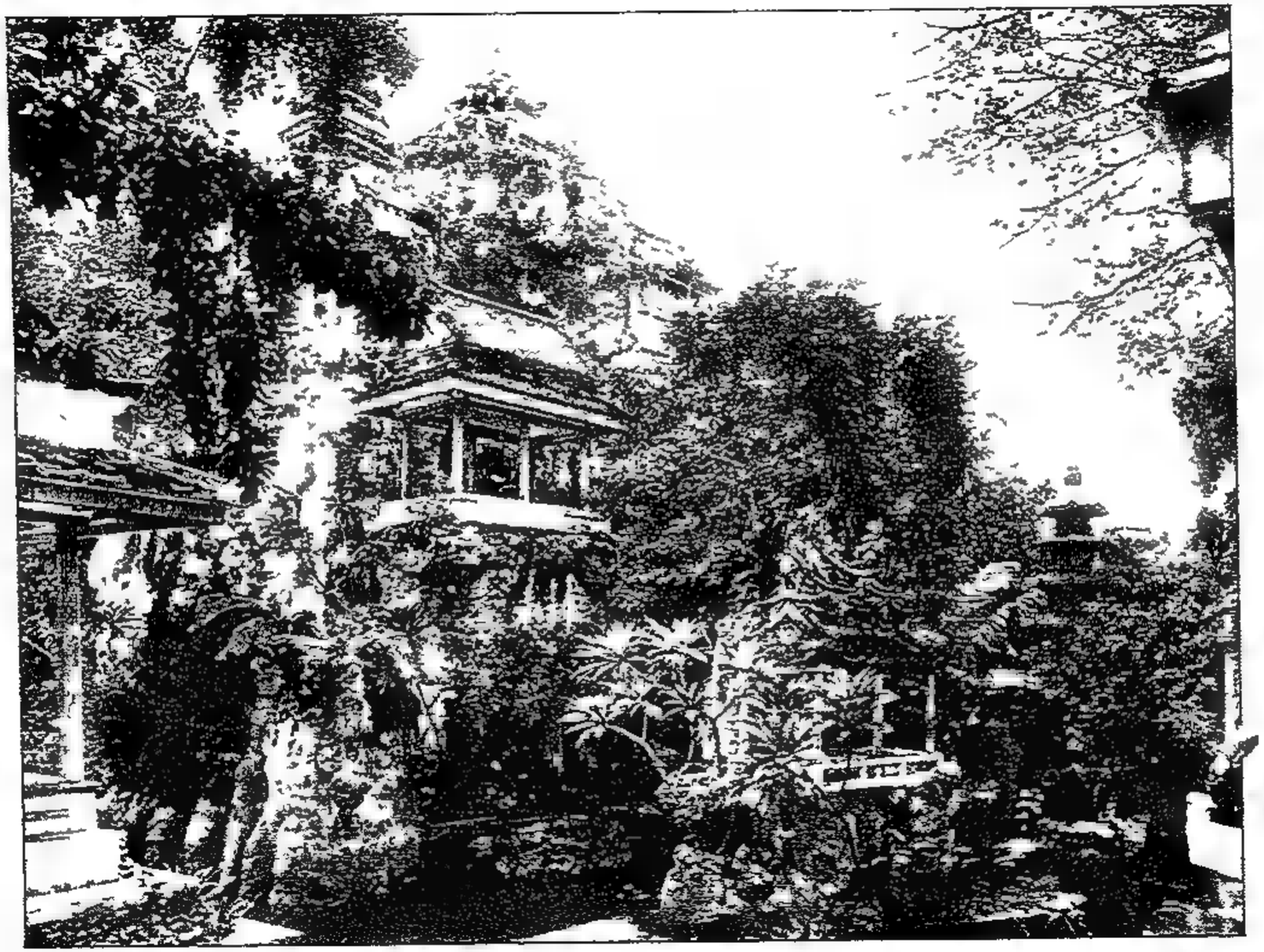
tion they gain is not of much account; yet, like sheep, they follow one another to browse in that field of religion and learning.

During ages it has been the custom for every Siamese boy, as soon as his tuft or crop of hair is ready to be shaved off, to take his turn in the temple. To remain always is not compulsory. A novice must serve at least three months in a monastery of one of the temples, where he is supposed to learn something for the benefit of his soul; and in case he decides to return to the world and its ways when he has learned to write and to cipher, he lays aside his yellow garment, eats at any hour of the day when he can obtain a repast, and does once more pretty much as he likes. Formerly Buddhism did not allow any abandonment of the vows; but recently men who, having served a year or two, desire to marry are permitted to retire.

When these novitiates have gone, you may count the trees and the birds, and lo! they are not so numerous as are the multitude of bonzes that remain to live in indolence, and who seeme their food with less effort than the humming-birds, which also abound in the vicinity of the Meinam.

By the gate called beautiful, on marble tables with heavy carved legs, good specimens of marquetry, possibly of native production, stand Roman St. Peter in marble and fair pagan Ceres, as if surprised at meeting us in this sacred place.

We approach the chancel and fix our eyes upon the



ROYAL GARDEN, BANGKOK

chief effort of the sanctuary,—the altar of the emerald deity. As elsewhere, quantities of flowers are daily spread at its base by the devout; the atmosphere is charged with the fragrance of myrtle, lilies, orange-blossoms, verbenas, etc. This altar is pyramidal in form, and is covered from base to apex with smaller deities from many ancient sources. Jewelled boxes, chalices, enamelled vases, incrusted urns containing relics, gilded and lacquered tablets, memorials of the saintly dead, and withal the inevitable fantastic figures find a place on the lower plane among those sacred objects. When one frequently observes these deities (call them images, if you will) he must discover something in that serene expression which inspires the disciples of Buddha to help all men as their neighbors and to love all men as themselves. Throughout the arrangement of the altar at many points rise long staffs, each bearing five circular gilded *parapluies;* these are placed over the Buddhas of lesser estate, the future Buddhas. These circular shades indicate the quality of the deities over which they are placed

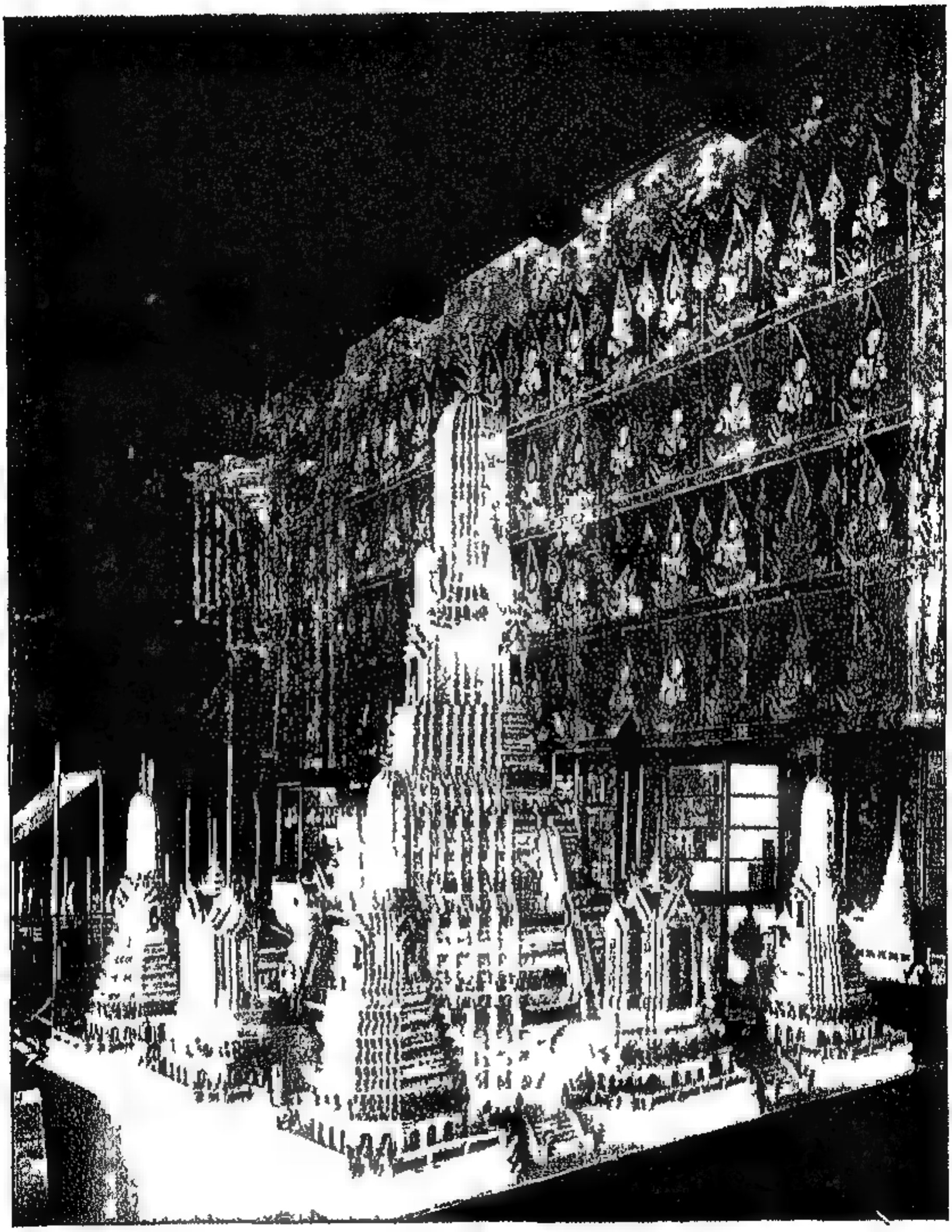
On the apex of the pyramid, about fifty-eight feet from the base, in an arched shrine, rests the renowned emerald deity, the most imposing attraction of this royal pagoda. It is twelve inches in height, four or five inches broad at the shoulders, and at the base twelve inches. Fine gold tresses adorn the head, and a band or necklace is charged with diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and semi-precious stones. The question

presents itself why that so-called emerald should be placed on the pinnacle of the pyramidal altar, where it is almost out of sight. However, even were it on the line of vision below, we would not decide it to be an emerald without being able, at least, to ascertain its hardness.

The legend is, that this emerald deity is the emanation of a convulsion of nature, on the occasion of a sudden visit of Buddha. Passage-ways to the right and to the left conduct to the treasure-house of the temple, behind the altar. It is in itself a museum, where large plate-glass cases contain images of Buddha in many precious metals and stones: virgin plate gold, chalcedony, sapphire, and sand,—the precious legacies of the devout, who have slept, and are now with Buddha.

In glass cases is a handsome collection of sacred books, the pages about three inches in depth from top to bottom and from twelve to fourteen inches in breadth. They are inscribed in Sanscrit, Pali, and Siamese; their edges gilded, and bound in costly bevelled boards, decorated with designs in colors, lacquered in rack juice, black and gold; each book is secured by a long, flat, woven silk band, which is wrapped around it. The leaves of these books are palm; those of historical and secular books are written on a stiff paper made from vegetable pulp.

The value and quality of modern Buddhist books used in the temples have suffered from translation.



MODELS OF WATS ROYAL MUSEUM BANGKOK

Such is almost universally the case with secular books which are invariably impaired by translation into other languages. None of these sacred books were written by Buddha. He did not write anything himself; his earliest disciples, who were gathered from every class and condition of men, recorded his sayings and precepts, and from them they have descended to posterity

The decoration of this temple is unique; it is Siamese, and is in a measure the inheritance of ancestral times. Nothing that was conceived by the early fathers has disappeared. Little that was beautiful has been lost or even impaired. Lacquered art work is enduring, and they that produced it centuries ago not only intended to enrich the wat of their day, but purposely bequeathed these embellishments, which still promise to endure and delight future generations.

With our own Holy Book in mind, we here see an exemplification of the church being the bride; for these nuggets, small bars of gold and silver, vases, bowls, cups, boxes in fine gold, chased, enamelled, and set with precious stones,—all are from bridegrooms who, when on earth, in celibacy, loved the bride (the temple), and in view of death made these gifts. These sacred premises are perfumed by the daily contributions of devout women. blossoms of jasmine, azaleas, and small white flowers with golden stamens, whose odors emanating from their fragrant corollas permeate the shrine.

It is well, after a thorough visit to these important

buildings, to walk awhile through the gardens, where curious shrubbery and cooling fountains always change the scene. We will make a cursory visit to the armory; it is interesting only on account of the queer, almost ancient, character of its guns; some of them nearly three centuries old, as can be seen by the inscriptions on them. The national sentiment has long been that the great sand-bar at the entrance to the Meinam, from the Gulf of Siam, is the silent weapon of defence,– greater than artillery; so they have strengthened that natural obstruction by, at times, submerging there vessels laden with stone.

From hence to the Courts of Justice, ornamental only in the beautiful architecture of their roofs.

The main Hall of Justice is raised eight or ten feet above the ground; it is entirely open, and is protected from the sun by the low-pitched eaves of the showy tiled roof, from which rise the universal graceful spires and topes that beautify so many scenes in Siam. The warm climate and sanitary reasons render much furniture superfluous. The justice meted out to culprits was formerly about on a par with that of China. Criminals who reach the kneeling posture in one of these tribunals are likely to be considered guilty. They may just as well prepare themselves to wear the wooden rack about their necks, which is the common mode of punishment in these tropical countries. The judges *do*, however, try to satisfy themselves in regard to the guilt or innocence of the culprit. In ancient times, to accomplish

this, they applied tests of a very peculiar character. A prisoner was tried by ordering him, in the presence of the court, to eat charmed rice, to walk over hot sands barefoot, and to hold a stone image aloft; if he could swallow the charmed rice, emerge from the hot sands unscathed, or if he did not falter in holding the stone Buddha at arm's length, he was very justly found to be innocent. However, during the present administration, with the improvements in all departments of government, more reasonable justice is accorded to all men.

Notwithstanding the intense heat, the judges and officers of the court, being accustomed to the climate from birth, perform their duties as though the thermometer was standing at 75° F.

There are in Siam three principal avenues or tribunals where justice is administered: the higher court of the king; the *K'un San* of the princes, where the affairs of noblemen and men of dignity are settled; and the third, under the provincial governers, where robbers, defaulters, and civil cases are heard.

The styles of costume so dear to the people, and continuing unchanged through many centuries, have, through contact with merchants and emissaries from Western countries, been encroached upon, but the code of laws of their ancestors is an inheritance which the Siamese seem inclined to adhere to. We will now leave them to their old loves, and take to the garden to see something new.

Across the way from the money mill (the mint) we go in to see the *Chang-Phooak*, or White Elephant. These white elephants are now (1896) four in number, domiciled at their special house in this wat adjoining the king's palace. Each has a private apartment to himself and a valet or keeper, over whom, by appointment, are several supervising noblemen of the court. Their food consists of bunches of tender grass, bananas, herbs, sugar cane, and coarse biscuit; their beverage is the purest water, into which fragrant blossoms are often thrown. There are agents of the government always on the lookout for such pale specimens of this noble animal.

The gentlemen of the court who attended us throughout our visits in the palace enclosure assured us that they did not worship these sacred white elephants, but that, believing in the doctrine of metempsychosis (the transmigration of souls), they accept the theory that the souls of the greater, wiser, and most holy have, in their transmigrated state, passed into the bodies of several species of white animals. Certain pure white birds are believed to be the consciles of the noble saints whose bodies have been cremated, and whose spirits have returned, by this inexplicable metempsychosis, to exert a beneficial influence on those who are tarrying in this vale of shadows. They do not recognize deity in a white elephant, but have learned, simply through tradition, to regard them as the tenements of the transmigrated spirits

GRAND PALACE, BANGKOK

of their wisest and purest ancestors. Therefore they reverence and tenderly minister to all their wants. This is an evidence that superstition prejudices the sight.

Of the four elephants that the author saw in the sacred stables, not one was really white; the lightest in tone was of granite gray. In fact, some of them were really of a light pinkish-gray hue, others ashy gray; their heads and broad flapping ears appeared to have been sand-papered or rubbed with powdered pumice-stone. Their pale eyes resembled very much those of human albinos. These *soi-disant* white deities, in no-wise saintly, were chained by the feet. This seems to settle the question of sanctity. They stood at the end of their tethers, swaying backward and forward, devouring the bunches of selected grasses and bananas, and evinced timidity rather than holiness, as they trembled before the upraised goads of their custodians. These beasts were formerly waited upon by the noblest mandarins in the kingdom. The monotony of their lives within these stables is in a measure relieved by bold drawings, in color, of jungle grasses and trees, which afford some illusion to the deified prisoners.

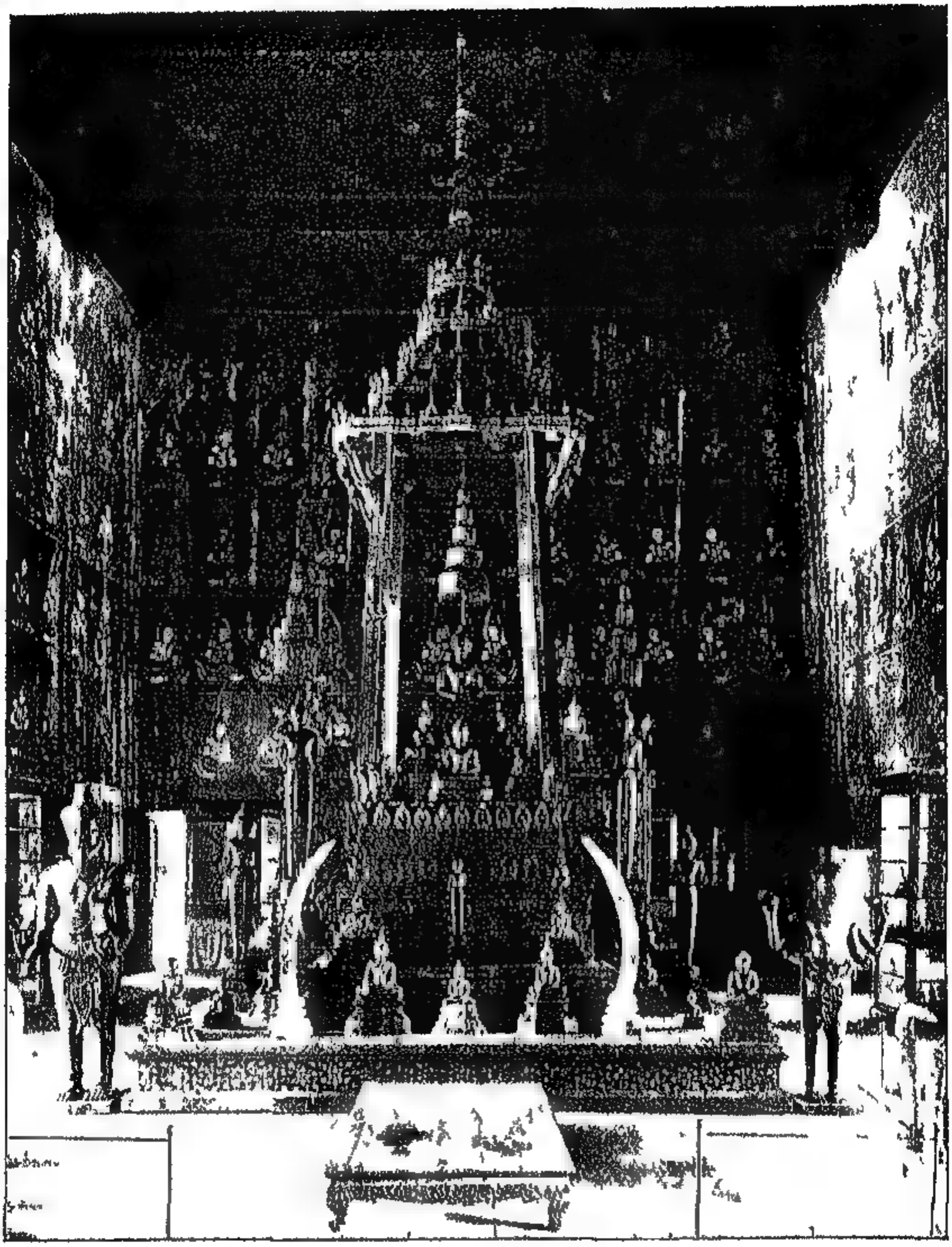
When these elephants pass on the public highways, on festive or state occasions, the people of all classes make obeisance to them.

The more enlightened Siamese,—those who have seen the world,—although not willing to renounce the religion of their birth and ancestors, will in conversation

virtually acknowledge the absurdity of certain superstitions. One of these gentlemen informed us that often the ignorant natives would secretly confide their troubles to the ear of one of these sacred white elephants, asking counsel, hoping, and often believing, that they would receive a favorable answer by a motion of the white oracle's head or trunk. This reliance on this particular animal can be understood when we realize that to all Siamese the white elephant is an incarnation of Buddha.

A great deal of labor is bestowed on the transportation of the white elephant, deemed sacred on account of the color of his skin. When one is brought into Bangkok there is much ceremony in receiving him. A stereotyped address is read before him, such a document as has served for many a huge fellow before. A blessing on the King of Siam and a prayer for the welfare of the royal animal are followed by an appeal to the elephant to forget his family, his friends, and his favorite haunts in the jungle. Finally, he is besought to be consoled by the assurance that it is adoration of his sacred beauty that causes him to be royally enthroned.

We return to the grounds on our way to other places of interest in the city. Here are ponds on whose borders flourish lilies and many other tropical aquatic plants; grottos with lace-ferns; while stone giants and strange rampant animals of inconceivable forms, modelled in cement and stucco, silently attend our exit.



ROYAL MUSEUM, BANGKOK

LIBRARY

CHAPTER VII

THE MUSEUM

We repair to the museum. It is the cabinet of antiquities of Bangkok, and differs but little from like institutions in other Oriental cities. The administration has shown good judgment in making the interior of the building severely plain; it has the meritorious feature of being representative of Siam.

The hall of models gives a comprehensive idea of the temple architecture of Siam. Many glass cases contain a variety of Buddhas and temple ornaments in wood, stone, bronze, silver, stucco, etc., from pagodas which time and the elements have reduced to ruins.

The objects of greatest intrinsic value are a collection of deities in precious and semi-precious stones. They are cut in chalcedony, agate, green jasper, sard, beryl, malachite, lapis lazuli, and jade of several colors Naturally each is some conception of Buddha It is surprising how the lapidaries have in almost every instance created and successfully delineated in such hard materials that expression of serenity, of benevolence, and of deity on the countenances of these effigies.

The remarkable sweetness of character of Buddha is wonderfully expressed by these features in hard stone. His life was without flaw; therefore the sculp-

tors have chosen stones many of which, in their limpid qualities, are emblematic of his purity and holiness.

There are other rooms whose dimensions may be estimated from the fact that in one of them the spiral crowning piece of a sacred altar, over eighty feet in height, does not reach the ceiling. Surrounding it and on every ledge are bronze Buddhas and sacred emblems. About its base are a number of exquisitely carved elephants' tusks of enormous size, and the ivory of beautiful quality. On either side are colossal standing figures with coiled arm- and ankle-bands, each with extended arms and with Buddhistic symbols in their hands.

WAT CHENG, BANGKOK

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CHAPTER VIII

WAT CHENG

We pass from these halls of art, architecture, and archæology to the grounds in which the building has been erected. The gardens are beautified by land-'scape ornamentation. The climate makes us indolent; we walk nowhere, except from each point of interest to our carriage. On the way to Wat Cheng we encountered a number of the king's elephants, out for a promenade, to which our horses tremblingly objected, notwithstanding they were accustomed to see them every day. We were forced to alight. An unfettered elephant in Bangkok has about the same monopoly as an American trolley, and he exercises the right of way about as authoritatively. When their heavy-footed highnesses had turned the corner of the fortified wall of the palace, our horses, which had watched the whole proceeding, turned their heads back to us with a look of relief, as much as to say, "Now we can go on," and we did.

Wat Cheng occupies an enclosure of more than nineteen acres in extent. It contains similar buildings to the great establishments we have already visited and described: temples; dwellings for the bonzes, novitiates, and higher clerical authorities; a *bibliothèque;* and

another great array of monsters, griffins, dwarfs, giants, and fantastic animals, standing about in groups, many of them reflected on the surface of ornamental pools of water, or guarding the portals of temples and the approaches to shady grottos.

The pagoda is one of the most imposing in Siam; its cemented exterior is covered with tiles, Chinese plates, saucers, etc., of faience and porcelain. Its bell-shaped form tapers gradually upward. At a point where it reaches an altitude of two hundred and twenty-five feet it is surmounted by a cone-shaped spire, whose sides are indented with many rows of ornamented niches, in which are attached pieces of faience, diminishing in size as they near the summit. At more than one hundred feet from the base, just under the cone-shaped spire, are groups of elephants also in faience, with seated Buddhas. The artist has skilfully curved the elephants' trunks so that the lines add to the architectural effect. A door here leads to a shrine within. There are many tiers of figures with extended arms, every statue, every gesture, appealing to man or reminding him of Gautama. This central pagoda fulfils its mission by pointing and leading the eye heavenward to Nirvana, for its interior is almost without an entrance. Its bell-shaped form tapers more gradually than does the central pagoda of Schwé Dagone at Rangoon.

Having given some money to children who brought us small specimens of tiles similar to those on the

temple, their parents (custodians) follow us into the garden, bringing a tray, on which they serve hot tea and thin biscuits. The garden and the surroundings of all these sacred buildings detain us. We linger to enjoy the shade of the luxuriant trees which add to the grandeur of the artistic monuments.

CHAPTER IX

PRISON AND SHOP

By the course we are pursuing we see great contrasts. From Wat Cheng, where the assembly think only how they may eventually get into Nirvana (the paradise of their creed), we have come to the heavily barred door of an institution where the inmates only think and pray to get out.

In this prison in Bangkok, until very recently,—at least until the accession of the present king,—a large proportion of the incarcerated were held on no personal charge. Many of them were really innocent men detained as substitutes for culpable masters, or even relations. Some women, devoted wives, were suffering there for the transgressions of unworthy husbands. Owing to the reforms introduced by the present sovereign, the rights of all men being recognized and accorded to them, only the personally guilty are now kept behind the bars.

The prison buildings and the accommodations for the detained compare unfavorably with like institutions in India, Burmah, and the Straits Settlements. Like them, they are conducted on the principle of making the criminals support the house of their incarceration. Daily, and in every direction, numbers of these

prisoners are to be seen at labor in the streets or on other public works. They are always in irons. According to the degree of the crime they have committed is the amount of extra weight with which they are encumbered. Some of the worst characters, who are constantly detained within the prison walls, are forced to wear about their necks a broad, flat, wooden collar, somewhat similar to those worn by vicious cows in Northern Europe; this punishment is very severe, as it prevents the culprit from using his hands to drive away insects that may be attacking his face or head. No statistics being given of the finances of this prison, one can judge only by comparing the workrooms, the salesrooms, and the stock offered for sale in the prison shop at Bangkok with those of the countries named above.

The authorities of this prison have to contend with the discontent of free mechanics, caused by the competition of convict labor. All power for moving machinery, pumping water, etc., is obtained by keeping a large number of convicts at the tread-wheels. These wheels are horizontal wooden cylinders, from twenty to twenty-five feet in length, supplied with narrow, longitudinal platforms, onto which the prisoners are forced to step and to continue climbing, though they never succeed in mounting, during periods limited according to the judgment of the overseer, who stands by with watch in hand, and who generally gives five minutes' rest after each twelve or fourteen minutes' work.

The shop offers a curious variety of stock. There are pretty and durable plaited colored pattens; jews-harps twenty inches long, partially of wood; and quantities of baskets of many sizes made of plaited split rattan, almost as durable as iron and really very beautiful. This shop is the principal source of the open-work split rattan balls used in the game of *sagat-sagat*, or foot shuttle-ball.

We found the men in charge of these prison wares very phlegmatic. It was difficult to arouse them. They seemed very indifferent as to whether customers bought anything or not, but did not forget to chew the betel-nut. Very little of the revenue of the jail work ever reaches the prisoner. In fact, owing to its crowded condition, many of them die there.

In the United States, within the recollection of many, the dead bodies of prisoners, unless claimed by friends or relatives, were given over to anatomical scientists, whose investigations of the human frame are believed to benefit the human race. In Bangkok, after the death of a prisoner, the authorities assure themselves of the fact by impaling the body. It is then given to the department of cremation, after having been stripped by vultures.

We find it neither agreeable nor entertaining to be shown through asylums or hospitals; a visit to a prison has also its painful phase. Yet it is interesting to see how forced labor is managed in such a country as Siam.

We could not aid these detained men; even a sympathizing look was lost on them. We purchased their handiwork, and, leaving them to their keepers, traversed the city and went among those who were evidently their own keepers.

CHAPTER X

THE THEATRES AND GAMBLING-HOUSES

Long before we reach our destination we find ourselves being carried on with the throng. Soon we stand before an establishment occupying five or six times the space required for other business,—a temple where, through Thespian sources, men are trying to obtain all the enjoyment possible in life. This is a Siamese theatre. It resembles those of Burmah in some respects. It is scarcely necessary for a visitor to go inside, for the actors are all "touters." During fifteen minutes at a time the decorated curtains are drawn up, revealing a bewildering scene of color, gilding, mirrors, and gaudy costumes; not a natural face is there. *A rampant variety show is thus given gratis,* with a view of bringing in a paying audience from the crowd assisting at the free entertainment.

In some of these houses of amusement the company is almost entirely composed of girls, who recline in rows and groups at the sides of the stage until it is their turn to dance, or their part in the *rôle* calls them to take a more prominent position in the scene. The manager, by making the rule that they pose on the stage even when not taking an active part in the dance or the play, secures their presence, which gives

continued effect. Their dancing is monotonous, yet they are only girls that dance, for it has been said that adults, looking indolently at these girls, often say, "Let them dance; they save us the fatigue."

The caterwauling music, vocal and instrumental, the deafening screams, shrieks, shouts, and groans of the actors, render passers-by of Anglo-Saxon origin glad to pass on when the curtain falls.

A number of amusing theatres float on the great water thoroughfare.

It may be interesting to note that the said Anglo-Saxons generally renew their experience at other theatres until they feel that they have seen the drama of Bangkok.

The masses revel in this turmoil; in fact, would suffer *ennui* were they forced to follow some quiet occupation in the fields. Now and then you will see certain shops with a screen in the front, on which is a painting of a man standing on sacks of rice, and bowed down with bags of gold and silver thrown over his shoulders.

If you will observe, you will see many men quietly leaving the crowd and going behind that screen. There, as a rule, they deposit their earnings, or leave them. It is true, some come away from the gambling-tables winners; could all come thus happily away, the gamblers would also make their exit, and their screens would be taken down, that a game might be played which all the world might see,—the game of industry.

One feature is curious In the gambling-houses of

this phlegmatic people neither party—the banker nor those that play—seem to care a whit whether they win or lose; only let them enjoy the excitement, and that seems to satisfy even the unfortunate.

At mid-day every one, even the gamblers, rest. The Siamese must have stolid consciences, or as a nation they must be very innocent, for they can lie down at noon, wherever they find themselves, roll over, and go placidly to sleep.

We, too, are weary; we have for the moment a surfeit of this glitter, confusion, and turmoil. While they sleep, we return to our hotel and prepare for our journey up the river.

CHAPTER XI

UP THE RIVER

A HOT early morning in the month of February finds us again on the steam-launch of the Oriental Hotel, amidst the Meinam's babél, speeding our way to the steamboat "Chow-Phya," the Siamese name for great river.

The trade of this line of up-river steamboats is a peculiar one First-class passengers are carried and occupy the best positions on the boat, but the principal accommodation is for the natives and their freight, bundles, and children; therefore the "Chow-Phya" was lying at the mouth of the Klong K'ut Mai Canal, a position more central and convenient for the trading merchants to embark.

Fortunately, we were there early, so that for about an hour we were highly entertained seeing the men and women arrive in boats, and climb and scuttle on board. Then in the most peaceable manner they would select their places and install themselves, according to their tickets, on the narrow sides of the main deck or on the more comfortable upper deck. Those passengers travelling with their family image are sure to choose a place on this deck, for it is a universal rule that an

effigy of Buddha should never be placed where any one can walk on a floor above it.

The dial of a clock in a tower at the entrance to the canal indicates seven o'clock, the hour for our departure; but more shrill than ever are the cries of a multitude pitching about in little boats, with outstretched arms, awaiting a throwing rope to bring them through the crowded stream, and thus enable them to approach the boat and come aboard. At last the captain's patience is exhausted, and the steam-whistle announces to the belated ones that they will have to try it another day; and so dilatory are many of these people that they will repeat the same performance, with a like result, on the next sailing day.

The ethnography of this people, above all, commands our attention and is worthy of consideration. Men, women, and children—their complexions, their features, their gestures, their occupations, the hum of their voices, and their music—illustrate the volume we are eagerly investigating, as its wonders one after another reveal themselves. Climate unquestionably influences the character of the costumes, and tropical heat is conducive to indolent habits. These thoughts are suggested by the variety of easy-chairs that are placed in good positions, forward, on the main and on the upper deck of the "Chow-Phya."

The native passengers are given sufficient space on deck to enable them to spread out a rug or a mat and arrange themselves according to their own notions of

comfort. If they be travelling merchants, they pay a supplementary price for space and display their wares. It is amusing to observe how some of them, having nothing else to do, will shuffle along, seated cross-legged all the time, until they gradually approach the bow of the vessel, and seem happiest when they succeed in slipping unobserved to the forward deck, in order to get the first view of the shores beyond, until an officer discovers them and drives them back.

We, too, are enjoying every instant. The ornamental roofs of the city give color to the view on the water, as their tiles reflect the tropical sunlight. The shipping is peculiarly interesting; there are vessels in port from different nations,—the out-and-out Chinese sampans, the clumsy junks of China, and the graceful crafts of Western ship-builders.

The most remarkable feature among all these vessels that go down to the sea is the representation of a human eye just under the bowsprit of every junk. The well-known legend in regard to this Cyclopean ornament is, that a Chinaman, when asked, "Why do you have that eye there?" replied, "If no have eye, how can see?"

On all sides, on the shores, are pagodas, seven, eight, nine in a group, and on the water are the dwelling-houses, extending from the shore three to five and six deep; there are now more than eighteen thousand of these floating residences.

We recognize the Chinese house-boats and shops by

the colored paper signs, said to be inscriptions calling for a blessing and prosperity on their houses and their occupations. The five felicities, as in China, are often invoked.

There exists a legend which is erroneous: it is commonly said that the number of these house-boats can be explained by the fact that, ground-rents not being exacted on the water, the people resorted to this mode of living, with the intention of escaping the taxes. The truth is that in the eighteenth century the houses were on the banks; but the crowded city suffered so much, was so ravaged by the invasions of cholera, that by royal decree the people were driven from the land and forced to build upon boats or rafts. The privilege of erecting residences along the banks of the Meinam has ever since been restricted to the richer and more influential colonial classes, which has secured a healthier condition and more important edifices and warehouses. The ordinary floating houses are generally built of light wood and bamboo; their roofs are thatched with the eaves of the atap palm; there are not often more than two rooms in a house. Most of them have the front entirely open; some of them have two verandas, —one a fixed part of the house or shop, anchored fast; the other a floating platform, a landing-place for small boats. If there be a second floor, the steps to it are always uneven in number. Siamese superstition would not permit them to be of even number. The same prejudice extends to the number of windows,

HOUSE BOATS ON THE MEINAM ABOVE BANGKOK

doors, and rooms. Windows, it must be understood, are in most cases only apertures for ventilation. No danger of the twentieth-century terror—the coming boy—breaking any panes of glass in these tenements; there being no necessity for such a superfluity, glass seldom defaces them, nor will that luxury soon be introduced there.

From the deck of the "Chow-Phya" we see several miles of floating bazaars. These shops are also anchored in their position; they are made fast to bamboo piles driven into the bed of the river. They are somewhat more commodious than the simple dwelling-house, and all attractively display their wares. This system of floating houses often proves to be very convenient. When the neighbors are disagreeable, or the neighborhood is not congenial, one has only to draw out the anchored bamboo stakes, move to another location, and begin life anew.

An amusing class among these people are those ambulatory dealers whose commercial enterprise will not permit them to remain at anchor and trade with those who come to them. These are they whose lives are in a measure nomadic; they go up the river and down the river; they cross from shore to shore, seeking where they may drive a bargain. They have to be skilful boatmen, steering hither and thither through the intricate courses of their business circuit. Their maxim is, "Guard the tiger's tail, and the ship will keep to her course."

A moment's diversion gives rest to our eyes. An intelligent Siamese rubs against us so intimate that he has something to say (the missionaries have long ago enabled him to make his way with the English language). He laconically breaks out with, "How you like him?" (meaning the voyage). "Why you no go with land? With land you see inside" (meaning we could see the interior of Siam).

We reply, "We can only pursue one route at a time, be it land or water."

The intelligent Siamese "You got right! Go by land, meet one tiger; go by water, meet one crocodile!" He is satisfied, leaves us, sits down on his mat, and continues his embroidery. He is an exceptionally industrious man, though doing a woman's work.

We now enjoy the finest view of Wat Cheng, from the river Meinam; not that distance lends enchantment, but that, as the view at this point is more open than when observed from the land, the principal pagoda can be seen from base to summit. The water with its traffic, the house-boats, the palm-trees in the foreground, the clusters of ataps, bamboos, and bamboos, the high vaulted roofs and the topes towers rising above them, render it more picturesque.

The ordinary houses, which we pass, at times, within speaking distance, afford us a great deal of amusement. Whole families are on the floating platforms before their houses: a daughter at her morning ablutions; another cleaning her teeth with the end

SIAMESE GIRL

of a fibrous stick; the father bathing, his head and shoulders out of the water; a boy scrubbing his dog on the top of a post which just reaches the surface of the water; mamma washing her feet; another boy filling a large brass jug or vase with water for their repast; and in the midst of them an old woman, probably the mother-in-law, scraping and washing roots and shoots of bamboo and other vegetables for the kitchen.

And over there come boats loaded with saffron roots and quantities of the yellow paste which is sold daily to the betel-nut merchants, who add a little of it to every portion of chewing betel. It is prepared by rubbing the yellow powder of these bulbs with quicklime, which adds to the pungency of the acrid mixture.

Mounting the stream, with the tide against us during several hours, hundreds of house-boats continue to shut out the view, crowded one against and behind another on either side of the Meinam.

The spires of wats on land, the bustling traffic in boats, pedlers, ever alert, sculling from one side of our ship to the other, seeking customers, mendicants, musicians, fishermen, priests,—all this extended scene causes us to wonder when we will ever get beyond Bangkok. Although the river is still very deep for miles above Bangkok, during the last century the inundations have formed so many sand-bars and mud-bars in the river that it has been found advisable to propel the steamboats by stern paddle-wheels. The current

of the impetuous stream impedes our course, yet the engine drives the sturdy paddle-wheel through the water, and, as we progress, on either shore nature constantly provides entertainment. Animals, birds, reptiles, insects, trees, vines, fruits, and flowers present themselves every moment. Each incident is instructive.

Captain Thomsen, at the outset of our voyage, assured us that everything in his power should be done to render it agreeable. His early Scandinavian training had developed in him that character for frankness and sincerity peculiar to his nationality. He certainly was very courteous, and at every opportunity made us acquainted with various novel scenes, and enabled us to converse with those who were either of Anglo-Saxon origin or, through education, could speak some of the modern languages.

Perhaps in no situation in life does man feel so much at leisure as when on a journey during some days or weeks upon a ship. No matter how interesting the scenery, there is that feeling of repose, freedom from care and hurry, that is so restful. The passengers mutually entertain; they relate their experiences under trials of climate, their adventures in many strange lands, and the folk lore of their native countries.

To better understand the Siamese people, we have profited by every opportunity to chat with those of the more intelligent classes whom we meet; not particularly the rich, but the well-informed and the amiable. Such

men we have often found willing to open their hearts as they lounged with us on deck. Even men in plainer walks of life have entertained us. Lome Chano, a dealer in pa-nungs, pipes, betel spittoons, etc., of an afternoon would add many a story or fable to the author's *répertoire*. Meeting Lome Chano just after coming up from tiffin, he addressed us in his own language, saying, "*Khorub chan khu* ["My lord, worthy to receive my homage"], when you want, you must have one story now." So we sat down by him, and he related to us some marvellous adventures and incidents. Among these we recall the following. Under the trees, near the steamboat landing at Bangkok, the stevedores and others noticed a Chinaman during a number of days sitting or a log in an evidently unhappy mood; his finger-nails were long and tapering,—four or five inches in length,—his countenance haggard. At last one of the employees of the steamship company asked him what was the matter, or if he was suffering. "Yes," said he; "for several days I have had nothing to eat; my only nourishment has been the smoke from my tobacco." With this he reached out a hand and, taking up his pipe, held it towards the employee. "This has kept life in me these days of abstinence, but now I must sacrifice my shoes to obtain food." He set them out on the ground some distance before him, and marked with a card, on which was written "For sale; price, one salung" (fifteen cents). The shoes remained there several days in the way of the

passers-by, both Siamese and Chinese; no one would give the price for the richly embroidered slippers. A gentleman of the company sent one of his clerks to the suffering man, offering to give him ten tcals (six dollars) immediately if he would cut off for him one of his finger-nails. The suffering man said he would reflect, and the next day he replied to the gentleman's offer, "No; I will keep my finger-nail; rather die than part with it."

Some of these men have long finger-nails, which they preserve by greasing them nightly. Naturally they are indolent, for no man could do mechanical or ordinary labor with such appendages.

The other native passengers sitting around were paying no attention to us all this while, as Lomo Chano was relating his story to us in broken English. They continued their games, some playing stones or dominos; the pieces are black, with red and white inlaid points. Often as we have regarded them, their play was inexplicable. Others were playing chanser, on a patchwork silk or muslin cross, with large white bone cubes marked with spots from one to three. Still others were playing pasada, using shell cowries, on similar cloth in the form of a cross.

At points on the river Meinam, as we ascend, the stream is so broad and rapid that, to save time, the steamer does not leave its course to stop at every station, village, or town. Passengers and luggage are embarked and disembarked by small sampans and

other boats that stand out in the channel ready to throw a rope, to be made fast alongside of the steamboat, while the passengers coming and going are transferred. Just beyond Muang Pratoomtani, we stood still in the stream to take on some native passengers and freight; some of the men had crates of roots, with dark-brown bark and yellow heart, piled up on the sides of the main deck. At this point freight was to be disembarked; these crates had to be quickly moved, and fragments of the dried roots fell in every direction on the deck. It proved to be liquorice root, which abounds in this neighborhood.

In the case of embarkment of passengers, two boatmen, bringing four or five women, would scull out in advance of the bow of our ship; then, no sooner had they made good their attachment to the side rail, than they would shove these women pell-mell onto the steamer's deck, just as chickens are turned into a crate. The women always came very good-naturedly. As regards these native travellers on the upper deck, nearly every man is, for the voyage, a tradesman. In his allotted space he displays enamels, bronzes, wooden combs, pa-nungs goat-skins, and tobacco, and they all find a means of earning fuangs, salungs, and ticals.

It is very amusing to see young boys and girls when they have on a pa-nung for the first time. They look so hampered, they are always ill at ease, and much of their time is spent in tugging at this superfluous

toggery, and as they flounder around, they amuse some and annoy many.

And now we have a man aboard who will at least divert us for a little while. He is an itinerant dealer in amulets and talismans, and is also a fortune-teller. He deals and trades on the credulity of his ignorant and superstitious fellow-passengers. However incomprehensible the statement may be, he announced that he had pieces of solid mercury which he promised his patrons would render them impregnable to evil influences and disease; as also small ivory, wooden, or metallic deities, even images in clay, which, being sent away from the patient, would be followed by whatever illness might have temporarily invaded the victim's system, and the disease would thus be spirited away.

There were gold and silver plaques inscribed by the bonzes, and curiously formed natural roots of mandragora, diminutive effigies of the human form. Whatever numbers were engraved on the tokens were supplied by the bonzes; the sale of these talismanic objects was the life-long occupation of that empiric, just as the same guild did in the temple precincts in the time of our Saviour.

Here on the eastern shore grows the sago palm; the ground being low and the soil moist, this plant requires a longer time than any other tree to produce its marketable fruit. From it is obtained the sago of commerce; it is the spongy starch which during fifteen years forms within the tube-like trunk of the tree,

This substance is reduced to a coarse powder, mixed with water, strained several times, and is then prepared into pellets of different sizes.

In a field on higher ground, away from the water, were papaya-trees, bearing a delicious fruit in the form of oval melons with a green rind. When cut, the inside resembles a pink cantaloupe. Speaking from practical experience, the fruit aids digestion. The leaves, when fresh from the trees, if wrapped about a joint of beef or mutton, will in an hour render the meat very tender. In Siam this fruit is called child of the tree; in fact, this appropriate term is applied to all fruit borne on trees.

The hum of many voices on land now attracts our attention, while the "Chow-Phya" slows up in midstream to embark and disembark passengers. Two or three hundred people from the neighboring districts are enjoying themselves at a village *fête*. They have chosen a beautiful spot; the soil on which they are gathered is carpeted with leaves which have fallen from a wide-spreading banyan-tree. The peculiar color of the leaves gives the soil a cinnamon hue. This tree is the *Ficus indica*, which occurs generally throughout India and here in Farther India. It reaches a great height and extends in every direction, often covering a large area of ground. Its leaves are heart-shaped and sharp-pointed. Each branch from the parent tree, as it increases in strength, produces again and again new roots, which at first are only slight fibres; by de-

grees these branches approach the ground, becoming more and more sturdy until their roots anchor themselves in the earth, and the same process continues. This new growth, in time, produces other branches, which continue taking root until some of these trees present the anomaly of a series of a hundred living arches. These with their verdure afford shelter during the heat of the day to hundreds—yes, thousands—of human beings and cattle who come there, especially at noon, and this is the charming place that these villagers have chosen on their reunion. We see fakirs and itinerant vendors of dates, mangoes, and candied fruits ringing their bell-mounted tambourines in air. This scene of warm colors is heightened by an intervening juicy, green cactus, almost as large as an apple-tree, loaded with chrome-yellow and red Indian figs. The younger people, boys and girls, are climbing in the branches of the banyan-trees, and chasing one another through the archways. We hear their merry cries; but our new passengers are aboard, and as the great wheel behind the "Chow-Phya" beats against the current of the Meinam with renewed force, we look ahead and beyond at new scenes continually unfolding themselves.

Among the incidents worth recording was an historical romance, suggested by a conversation with a passenger on the forward deck of the "Chow-Phya," who had benefited by missionary instruction, and could express himself tolerably well in the English language.

Such narratives contributed instruction and amusement during many hours on deck.

Over to the east is a grove of beautiful nutmeg-trees; they attract our attention because of their unique appearance; they look somewhat like plum-trees. The fruit, on first acquaintance, resembles a nectarine; on breaking it open, a beautiful wrapping of pale brownish pink is seen to conceal the hard nut known as the nutmeg. This land is a great feasting-ground for bees, yet the sweet store in their combs is not always so innocuous as is that of temperate climes. These bees seem to be invulnerable to rank poisons, for traces of the juices of many narcotic flowers are found at times in their honey.

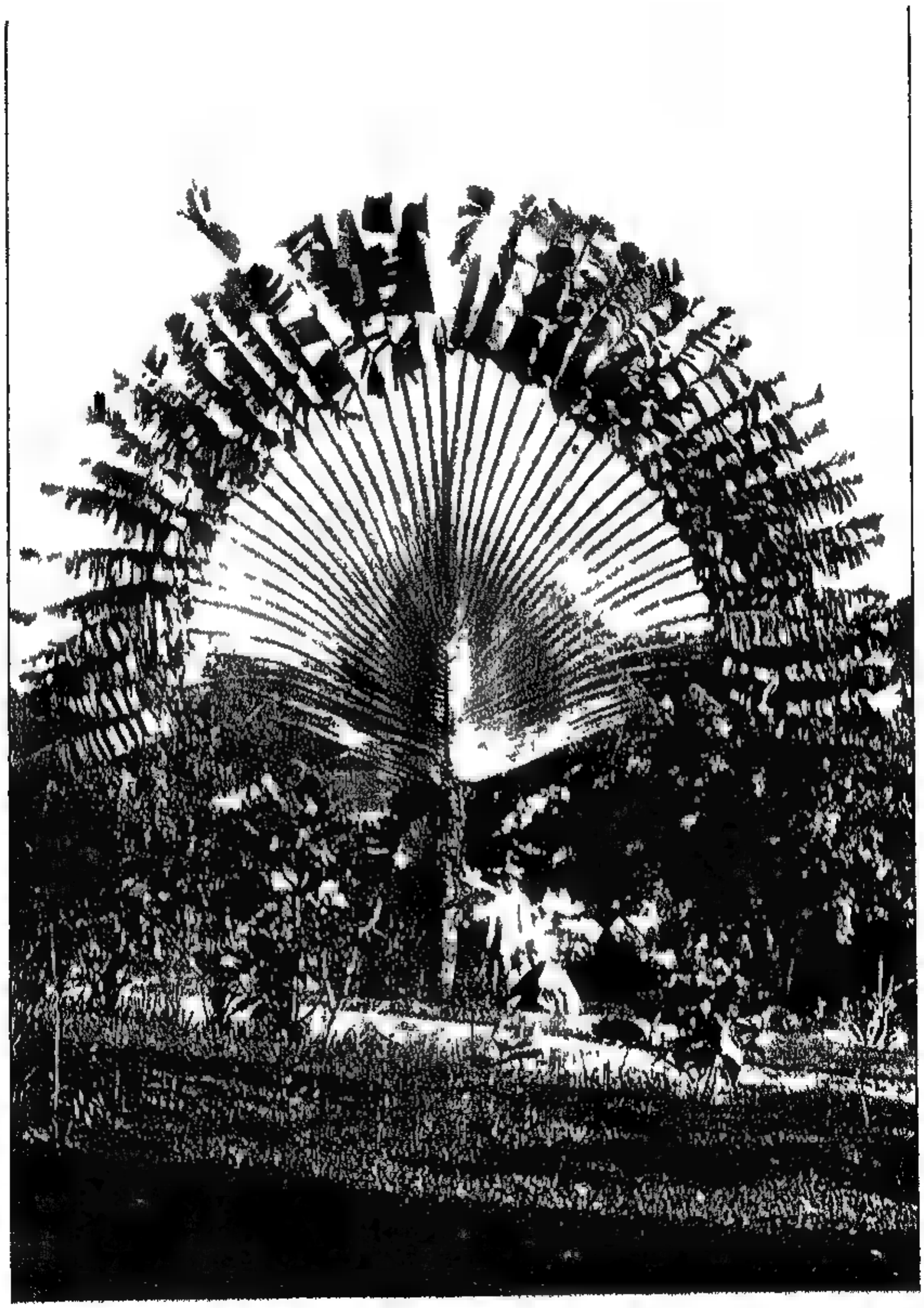
Ah Yong was another example of the superiority of a Chinese servant, so quietly and deftly did he bring on and at the proper time remove everything pertaining to the repast. No hitch was there. We are making this voyage to see everything and to learn something. Ah Yong served such beautiful rice; now was the opportunity to learn how it was prepared. Here is Ah Yong's receipt. Cleanse the rice by removing all paddy or hulls from the grains; wash it three or four times; fill the kettle with clean water; pour the rice in slowly; boil three or four minutes; pour off the water carefully; move the pot to a slower heat; the lid being on, the rice will be steamed, and when ready (in from fifteen to twenty minutes), every grain will be detached and will have its proper flavor.

It was surprising to see how daintily everything was

prepared for the meals, and this, too, on a steamboat where the cook had not the greatest facilities for accomplishing his artistic work. When the rice is served, an assistant serves a large porcelain dish with some seven or eight partitions radiating from a centre space in which is chutney, or conserve of chillies, and in the other compartments are powdered cocoanut, shreds of dried salted fish, grated almonds, chopped cucumbers, a sweet powdered cocoa-bean, and in the seventh space fine minced red peppers. We asked, "Where does all this good stuff come from?" And Ah Yong replied, "It comes from the father of the kitchen," meaning the cook.

On deck again, in our cosey chair, we finish the repast by eating a banana which Ah Yong has brought to us. It is a coincidence, for we are passing fields of wild banana-trees from five hundred to two thousand feet in extent along the river banks. On the plantations in more favorable locations a great quantity of this delicious fruit, with speckled skins, of smaller size, and more delicate flavor, is cultivated.

Among the bananas we occasionally see that species known as the rack banana. Upon an incision being made in the bark of this rack-tree, its juice or gum exudes. After being strained, it is carefully preserved in canisters placed in water. It is exported to China and Japan, where it is used as lacquer; it changes in color after exposure to the air. The beautiful black



TRAVELLER'S PALM

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on the bevelled book-covers and furniture of the temples is from the application of this liquor. The artisans who employ it do so at the peril of their sight; the organs of respiration, the complexion, and the skin of their faces are also impaired if they are not very cautious when applying it.

TREES AND PLANTS

Every little while we see palm-trees, so that in a day they comprise many varieties. The cocoanut palm is, perhaps, the most abundant. Its fruit and other products, toddy included, are similar to those of the same tree in Ceylon and the Straits Settlements. The fan palm is beautiful in appearance; its leaves are those we meet with in the sacred books of the temples. It yields an almond-shaped fruit and an intoxicating beverage, and its cane, with that of several other species, contribute their sweet sap to the sugar-mills, which occur at convenient distances from the tracts where the trees are cultivated. The traveller's palm—to us the most grateful, the most picturesque—will be noticed again. The areca, or betel palm, gives, perhaps, the most profitable crop; enough to supply all the home demands and yet yield a valuable surplus for exportation to other countries where the habit of betel-chewing is equally prevalent. Now we observe many spice-trees; among them is the *Styrax benzoin*, interesting because from it is obtained the gum benjamin, which is used by the Brahmans

throughout India in their incense-burners. Its fumes, in many temples there, have given a rich brown patina to the long, curved nose of Ganesche, whose image in many instances has stood for centuries over the fragrant smoke of the gum of the styrax.

There seems to be a little of everything on the "Chow-Phya." A barber has his ambulatory shop installed on the lower main deck aft, where men, profiting by the leisure of the voyage, have their beards plucked and the window-brush crops of hair on their heads trimmed. They are a simple-hearted people. Ten shaves can be had on the "Chow-Phya," when under way, for what one would cost in America. Yes, twenty for the price charged on a steamship between Yokohama and San Francisco. A rivulet on our right adds its tribute to the great stream, and near by, almost hidden by coarser, lower bushes, the lance-shaped leaves and brilliant scarlet flowers of the pomegranate give startling beauty to the otherwise unpretending verdure. But for these flowers and some unripe fruit, they might have remained unnoticed. These were the wild species. The fruit of the cultivated little pomegranate-trees, with double blossoms, is a boon enjoyed to slake the thirst in many tropical climes; the rind of the fruit and the bark of the tree are also valuable for their astringent medicinal properties.

Many of these trees bending towards the water are enlivened by both the beauty and the songs of the

birds that dwell in them. Parrots, which are known only as prisoners in America, fly hither and thither on the banks of the Meinam, unfettered, six, eight, and ten playing together, screaming with joy, and displaying their rich, changing colors as they sail through the air or chase one another from branch to branch.

On either shore are many contrivances for catching fish. A very original machine and process of fishing amuses us. In the water, near the bank, a frame is constructed, on which is rigged a large wheel; and ropes and pulleys are there, by which a broad suspended net can be lowered and sunk to the bottom of the river. The fishermen then, in several boats, make a long circuit in the broad, deep river, shouting, beating the water with long bamboos, and ringing gongs, so that the frightened fish are driven over and into the net, which their comrades at the rack draw up slowly out of the water. The boats then gather quickly around and load up the fish. We have seen large hauls made by means of this stratagem.

As we approach Ayuthia there are many monkeys in the trees; big and little ones come down to the water and play along the shore, among the exposed roots of trees, so quietly and so naturally that one is almost tempted to imagine them to be a diminutive hairy race of human beings. They evince their intelligence by continuing their play, though we pass very near. Our paddle-wheel does not disturb

them; they know that we admire, but will not harm them.

On an island here—Ban-pa-hin—the king has a summer palace comprising a number of villas, kiosks, gardens, naturally pagodas and a temple, and quays with floating platforms, where are moored his pleasure-boats. This retreat has a temperature in winter that would be considered charming, summer weather in the United States of America, the thermometer frequently registering 90° F. in January. As we concluded not to remain, we cannot submit a report of the temperature there in July.

How agreeably the time passes on this "Chow-Phya"! The pleasure we find in regarding the trees, plants, and flowers is interrupted occasionally by scenes on deck. The story-teller, often a nomadic charlatan, pursues his Thespian occupation here also. Confined to the ship, naturally almost every one gathers around him when he commences one of his recitals. Experience long ago proved to him that his profession was remuneratively a precarious one. He had no difficulty in commanding an audience, but when he had finished gesticulating, and the mysteries of his tale had been fully disclosed, the crowd would dissolve without recognizing any pecuniary obligation to the artist. Our romancer on the "Chow-Phya" was a man of shrewd business tact. He would never fail to gain the rapt attention of the passengers, ready to be amused; then, just at the most thrilling point of his story, at the

BAN-PA-HIN, ROYAL GARDENS

exciting instant when the hero, Phra-Nio, was leading his inamorata, Chanac-Leo, through the forest back of Koh Yai, the trunks of three wild elephants——yes,—just then the sagacious story-teller would open his own trunk, and taking out a money-bag, quickly put together a long, jointed bamboo rod and pass the bag in every direction among the audience, who, now intensely interested, would willingly contribute their copper coins, and become the possessors of the mystery of the story.

This island passed, the river widens; our channel keeps us, however, nearer to the eastern shore, where we see oleanders,—not such as we have had in our summer garden at home, but with vigorous, flourishing branches that bear bright rose-colored flowers and long pods or seed-vessels. We know that we may suffer should we handle these branches, as the stems bearing the seed-vessels contain poisonous juice of a milky appearance. Yet we welcome the beauty that these blossoms reflect on the rippling water. The blushes on the white blossoms in crowded clusters modestly contribute that feature of contrast which is the charm of the ever-changing botanical decoration of the shores of this river.

Many young women and girls came aboard as we once more slowed up out in the stream, while ten times as many crowded the shore to see them off and to admire the "Chow-Phya." We must remember that Siam is a nation of many poor people. Indolence is in

a measure conducive to fine development and beauty; there is plenty of both everywhere in Siam, and fine types of voluptuous young womanhood are there. However, a large proportion of the young girls are forced to earn their support almost from infancy. They begin as carriers. Water, rice, fruit, and sugar-cane are borne on their young heads and shoulders. They attend or serve in the bazaars. Those who have had the good fortune to be educated by American missionaries have been taught to sew, and, as a rule, work with the needle for themselves and dress more modestly than do their untutored sisters. Like all Orientals, love of color is marked by good taste and fine harmony in the arrangement of what little adorns their fair forms. Some of them will deny themselves necessary covering, and even food, that they may indulge in rings, arm-bands, and other jewelry. In Siam it is a misfortune for a girl to be plain or disfigured; the bulk of the toil devolves on such members of the family. The pretty ones—the beauties—have no time to work: they must show their fair forms to the world and supply their share of decoration to mammon. These women did not come aboard alone—it takes all sorts of people to make a world; with them came some merit-makers, men that in Siam, as in other countries, go about collecting copper money to repair a temple and silver francs to build a new one. This occupation is there known as merit-making.

The rattan now claims our attention. We see its upper stalks twining around the great trees of the forest; it rises luxuriantly from the ground, and seems to make this attachment to support its own weight. It is used in its entirety for furniture, baskets, etc., and its fibres are employed for making cordage of all thicknesses. It is usually exported in lengths of from four to ten feet, though it is obtained as long as twenty or twenty-five feet. From one of its varieties the dragon's blood is obtained.

Rattan grows hundreds of feet long, binding many trees together. A grove of trees extending along a bank fully a thousand feet sometimes appears to be bound together by the same single plant of rattan. Between us and this plant are thriving pepper-trees; the fruit is so plentiful that, like bunches of unripe currants, clusters of its pinkish pods are taken to decorate women's heads. Here and there the verdure is varied by the tapering forms of cypress-trees, with green, lustrous leaves and diminutive cones. Birds are chirping as they take resinous gum from the bark to seal their nests. The small-leaved branches of this beautiful cypress, scarcely moving in the heated air, also reach their scarlet blossoms towards the river.

During one of our visits to a neighboring village we stood in a cleared place, about fifty by seventy feet in extent, where a lot of teak-wood of considerable value had been placed in an upright position many years before. Some bonzes of another propaganda had com-

meaned to erect a Buddhist temple there. They were not able to complete their plans, and went on their way, leaving these teak-wood pillars as monuments of their good intentions. They raised sufficient money, however, to buy the timber and set up the pillars, which stood some thirty feet in the air. There were thirty-two of them; rude, undressed, but straight teak-wood of uncommon dimensions. An English engineer stated that they were worth, delivered at Bangkok, three thousand ticals (about eighteen hundred dollars), a goodly sum for a little Siamese community of peasants. The superstition and piety of the people prevented their realizing on this valuable wood. Although in straitened circumstances, they preferred to want rather than enrich themselves by the sale of the wood which had thus become sacred. This timber is of great value in all countries, and commands a higher price than other tropical woods,—mahogany, ebony, and rosewood excepted. It thrives only where moisture prevails during some months of the year, and a rainy season is actually necessary to its perfect development. Its blossoms are of a creamy whiteness, and when showing its seed-bearing pods or panicles it is really beautiful. An interesting fact is that the monsoons and heavy rains help to disseminate its seeds when the pods open, so that the offspring teak often establishes itself many miles from the parent tree. Near the eastern shore of the river, just here, a crocodile is now and then seen to lazily crawl to the surface and

SIAMESE BEAUTY

bask in the sun on a narrow island or bar of sand protruding from the river. As a general thing these creatures are dreaded by the natives. We were told that there are several men living on the river known as professional crocodile charmers. These men appear to be fearless, and it is amusing, when a crocodile has been seen, to observe the phenomenal courage of the lot of natives that are sure to accompany the charmer when he goes to capture the reptile.

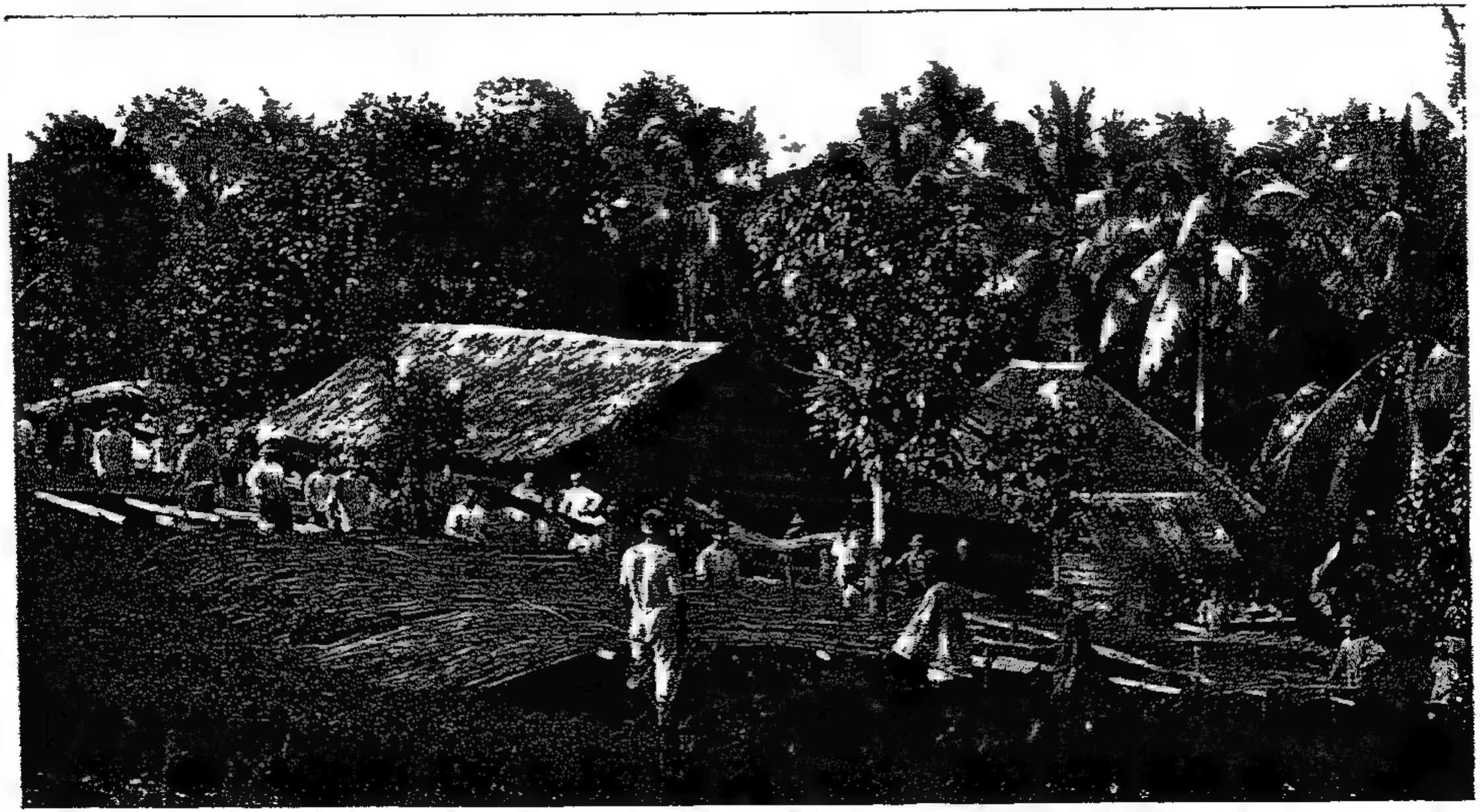
The stream here makes another curve, and the rapid water carries us near, and quickly past, some domestic scenes. These are the gardens of industrious up-river men. In parallel lines are beds of celery, onions, beans, peas, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, melons, parsley, garlic, cabbages, radishes, etc. In grass- and stubble-fields the landscape is dotted with oxen, goats, and sheep grazing.

The irrigation of these gardens and fields is accomplished in a most original, unique manner: two laborers stand facing one another ankle-deep in the margin of the river; they swing between them a matting scoop, which with the descending motion they slide into the river, and with the return motion throw the water into a reservoir on the bank, from which it is allowed to slowly supply a series of conduits, through which it is distributed to garden and plants, according to their need.

Incidents are plentiful aboard; far back on the shady side of the main deck sits a man with a bamboo frame

model, making horseshoes of braided straw. These shoes have a strong sole, and are merely tied on to the animal's feet. Another old fellow squatted amidst a quantity of printed colored cotton kerchiefs, which he had for sale to men who cared to give some protection to their heads. These were not of native manufacture, but were principally made in Java. This morning a type not uncommon in the Himalayas, and very pronounced in Siam, made our acquaintance on the gangway to the upper deck. We were told afterwards that his name was Phra-Keo-Lin. He looked into our face very modestly a number of times, and finally apologetically ventured to open the conversation by saying, "Good-by," accompanied by a grin which disclosed his masticated stock of betel-nut. "Oh, you speak English, my friend?" said we. "Not much big," said he; then he proudly surveyed the natives who had noticed our encounter. They evidently regarded Phra-Keo-Lin as a prodigy, and there is no doubt that he assured them that he spoke our language quite fluently, but that he had forgotten a great deal. How much that man resembled a Philadelphian whom we know in Geneva, who had struggled with the French language, and never got much beyond "Garçon, silver-plate!" intended for "Garçon, s'il vous plaît!"

Every time we met, Phra-Keo-Lin would indulge in a "good-by." On that voyage we discovered that he must have forgotten all the English vocabulary except "good-by," "saki," "not much big," and "good-by."



On completing an interview he sometimes employed "good-by" in its proper sense, adding one Siamese expression, "*Tyiou*" ("Continue well").

An Englishman aboard, connected with the consulate of his country, gave us several amusing examples of the peculiarity of the Siamese language, and the value of different intonations in the pronunciation of apparently the same syllable or word in Siamese. We entered them immediately in our diary, and although the following may be well known in America, we indite it as we heard it: "Khai," "Khai," "Kai," "Khai," "Na," "Khai?" "Ha," "Nie," "Khai," "Pha-Khai," "Khai." The meaning of this colloquy is, "Is nobody selling eggs in the city?" "The seller is ill." Although both question and answer are principally made up of the word "Khai," yet, by pronouncing it with the proper intonations it becomes perfectly intelligible to one acquainted with the Siamese language.

On conversing with intelligent men on the plurality of wives practised and enjoyed in Siam, they generally expressed the same sentiments of surprise and sympathy at our custom of having but one wife at a time as I have referred to in a scene in my "Engraved Gems: their Place in the History of Art."

A lady friend had lost her husband, by death, in Cairo, Egypt. She was being entertained by the wives of a rich Mussulman in that city. They asked, "How many widows has your husband left?" On

being informed, "Only one," they unitedly exclaimed, "Oh, what a pity! You have no one to share your grief!" The wives of the king as also those of some of the most exalted noblemen in Siam are so numerous that, had the same question been propounded to them, they would not have been able to reply so promptly.

As we now pass near to Koh Yai, a village of from three hundred and fifty to four hundred inhabitants, the redolent odor that pervades the air announces the cloves and allspice on the land. In our breath even we taste them intense perfume

From above the undergrowth of olive-green shrubbery rise clumps of little cardamom-trees, not more than six or seven feet in height; the pretty branches, reaching out gracefully, bear many blossoms, and some twigs more exposed to the sun are charged with the three-lobed cardamom pods whose aromatic properties are employed in our Pharmacopœia. Near and among these cardamoms rise tamarind-trees, some fifty or seventy feet higher, with their feathery foliage and orange-striped purple flowers. Some hundred feet back from the river are plants never seen in America, gamboge trees. The manner of obtaining the gum is interesting: the natives pierce the bark with sharp knives and attach bamboo tubes, into which the fluid gum flows and partially congeals. Later the bamboo is broken and the hardened gum supplied to the trade.

In the days of universal phlebotomy, gamboge was also administered in small doses, combined with other ingredients; but being found so violent a cathartic, its use has been relegated to children's paint-boxes, and to give strength and coloring to varnishes.

Notwithstanding the great average depth of the Meinam, when a steamboat passes between the islands and shore of the mainland above Koh Yai, the precaution is always taken to place two men at the bow, one on each side; there they constantly heave the lead to ascertain the depth of water over shoals. This they announce with a plaintive, melodious cry which, on account of the peculiar intonations of the Siamese language, is really very musical.

We admire the crowded groves of bamboos, their stems generally rising from twenty to thirty-five feet, though there are many groups that reach more than sixty feet in height. These trees also vary in diameter, some of great height being not larger than three, four, or five inches, while others attain a thickness of from sixteen to eighteen inches. The juicy, varied green bark seems to be an almost translucent skin; in reality the stems rise from tubular roots. The wood is employed in an infinite variety of trades by using it in entire cylinders, or by sawing, splitting, or reducing it to shreds. It provides material for house-building, shipping, matting, basket-making, buckets, cordage, conduits for water and other fluids, vases for the temples, and for ascertaining one's fortune, for musi-

cal instruments, and for other useful utensils. We have already noticed its culinary uses. The succulent shoots are boiled, pickled, preserved with sugar, and mixed with chutney. Little plates of it are daily offered before Jiso or other Gautamas in the public temples.

MODERN ATCHIA, ON THE RIVER

CHAPTER XII

AYUTHIA

BEYOND us, up the river, we now see indications of a settlement far greater than the villages and towns that have skirted the Meinam since we left Bangkok in the south. The stream flows more rapidly, and winds in its course so frequently that the captain gives closer attention to the water and to the helmsman. Soon we find on either side more and more floating houses, and the river takes a sudden double turn like the letter S. The captain has swung the boat safely around, and voices on every side assure us that we have reached our haven. We have but a glance at the numerous house-boats, their sacred banners and flags, when the captain says, "Let her go," and "Make fast there." We are at ancient Ayuthia, or, more correctly, at the port of the modern city, erected on the river site of the city that was famous in bygone centuries.

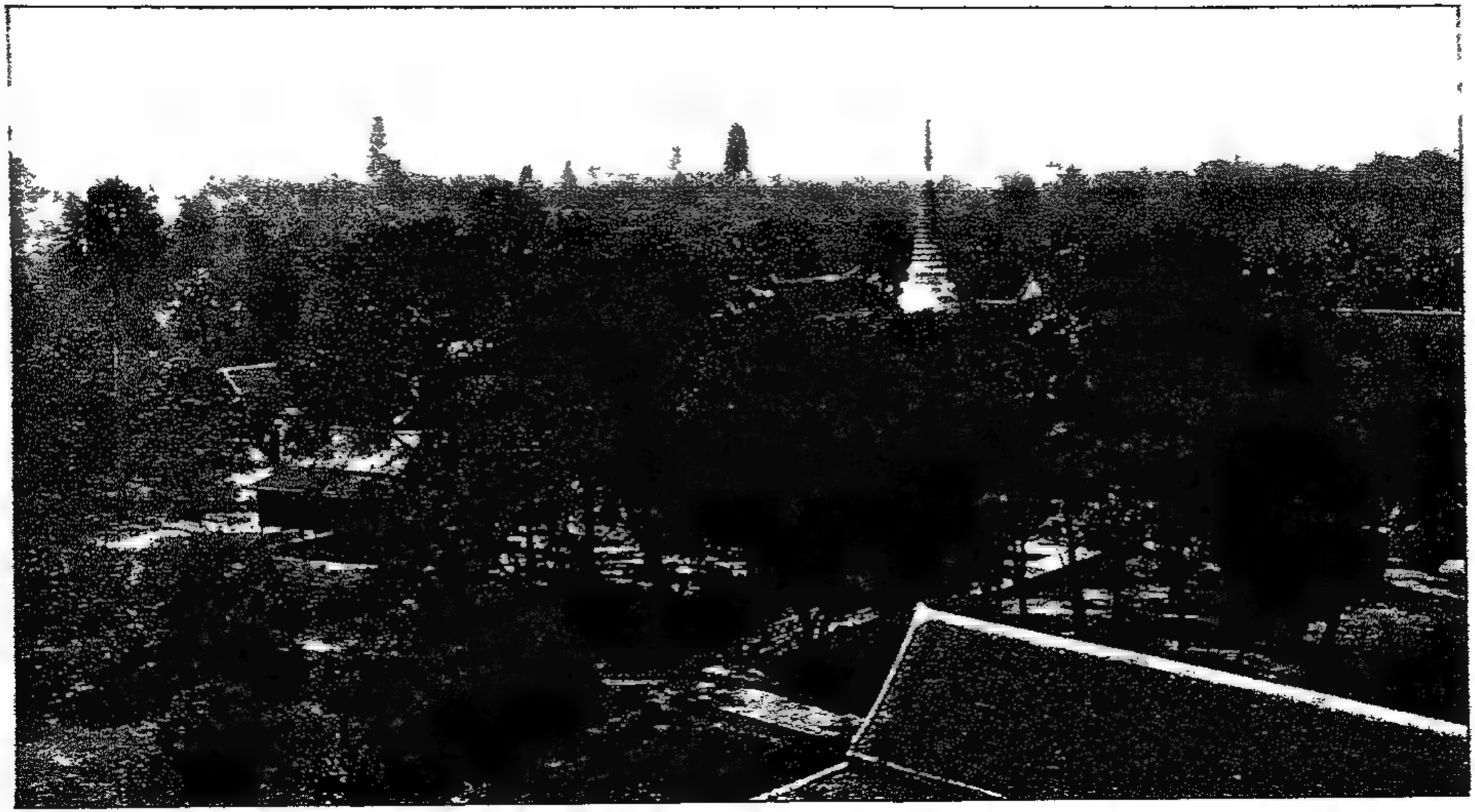
Resting in our easy cane chairs on the upper deck, we now travelled as some people do at home, with an interesting book of some strange country before them. For once in our lives there was no effort required on our part, for on this occasion the mountain came to us. At least, if the land did not move,

hundreds of people of all sizes, shapes, and complexions came to the river bank, and in gossiping groups discussed our status. The important question with them was, how could reasonable human beings cover up their beautiful God-given forms with such a lot of toggery; and when we gazed into the river to look at some fish that were sporting beneath the surface, a young man standing near, who had been educated by missionaries, took two or three looks at the water and then at us, and inquired very seriously, "You got big water America?"

We were entertained for a couple of hours by the crowd that flitted about on the old quay, from which a long flight of stone steps descend into the river. This quay with its stone steps is one of the most remarkable relics that still commemorate the importance of old Ayuthia.

At sundown our captain repeated a Siamese saying, "The sun is setting in the foundations of the heavens." With the setting sun comes almost no twilight; its golden and reddened rays, reflected on everything around, warn us that night is coming; not gradually, as in the United States, but suddenly the pall of darkness is drawn over nature. This brings Ah Yong to us again; he invites us to return to the dining cabin that we may see what he has prepared for us. We go, we see, we eat, and we are convinced that there are culinary artists in Farther India—Siam.

When the mosquitoes remain in the jungle, and the



ANCIENT AYUTHIA

larger insects—katydids and their friends—chirp and chatter, one cannot lie awake long to listen to their strains; therefore sound sleep prepares us for a visit to the land.

To-day, at the suggestion of the captain, it was decided that we should call on the governor, with a view of obtaining horses for the next day to carry us through the jungle. Upon the remark being made to the captain that, on account of the excessive heat, we none of us had collars on, "Oh," said a witty gentleman of Vienna, "he will not hesitate to receive us without his pantaloons so we need have no qualms of conscience on that score!" We walked ashore. There was no custom-house visitation, but the women and the children and the idle men inspected us. Fortunately, years of travel in Africa and the East are calculated to remove all tenderness from the skin. Stepping upon the dock, one of the glasses dropped from my spectacles, and the captain called a native, who said, "I will get it for you for a tical," and immediately dove into the river and rose with the lens between his lips.

We called at the governor's mansion and saw him. Sure enough, he was resplendent in bare legs, but he *did* wear a shirt. The lady who accompanied us proved herself a cosmopolite by accepting the state of affairs graciously, as though all the potentates of earth had received her in the same manner. The cocoanut-brown nabob received us very courteously, and with

the greatest tenderness assured us that his only sorrow on that day was, that he would not—no, he said could not—supply the horses we applied for.

From thence we entered the temple. It is very gaudily, even fantastically, decorated. The sitting Buddha is accompanied by many smaller ones that have been presented by the poor devotees, who thus thoughtfully afford company for the greater deities; they also provide for their comfort presents of food, and cloaks and etoes for the bonzes to put on the shoulders of the deities during abnormal changes of temperature.

In the bazaar at modern Ayuthia, near the governor's quarters, were displayed the usual simple cloths forming the costume of the people. Among the many fruits were diminutive oranges, tamarinds both sweet and acid, cocoanuts, mangoes, etc.; some fruit is also obtained from old trees in the jungle.

East of the shore, in the outskirts of a pygmy forest behind the village, amidst a group of buildings partially ruined during the last two centuries, stands a stone battlemented tower; it is about twenty-five feet square By a circuitous stairway one reaches an observatory platform about sixty feet in elevation, guarded by a corrugated wall, from which point one can see to the east and north many monuments of three centuries ago; topes, towers, here and there walls of old palaces, and again at various points the remains of temples, pagodas, and what were once im-

portant shrines of Gautama and other incarnations of Buddha. This building has at times also served as a hunting tower for kings and government officials, who by reason of its altitude were enabled in safety to observe and shoot wild animals in the adjacent wood as Akbar the Great did from the Hiran Minar which he erected over the graves of his favorite elephants at Fatehpur Sikri, India.

A walk among the gardens of the small landed proprietors gives us a closer view of the papaya, the mango, the durion, and other fruits on the trees, and some of their rude agricultural implements also interest us. The most curious objects are the cart-wheels, each apparently in one solid block of wood about three and a half to four feet in diameter, in the shape that two saucers form when placed face to face.

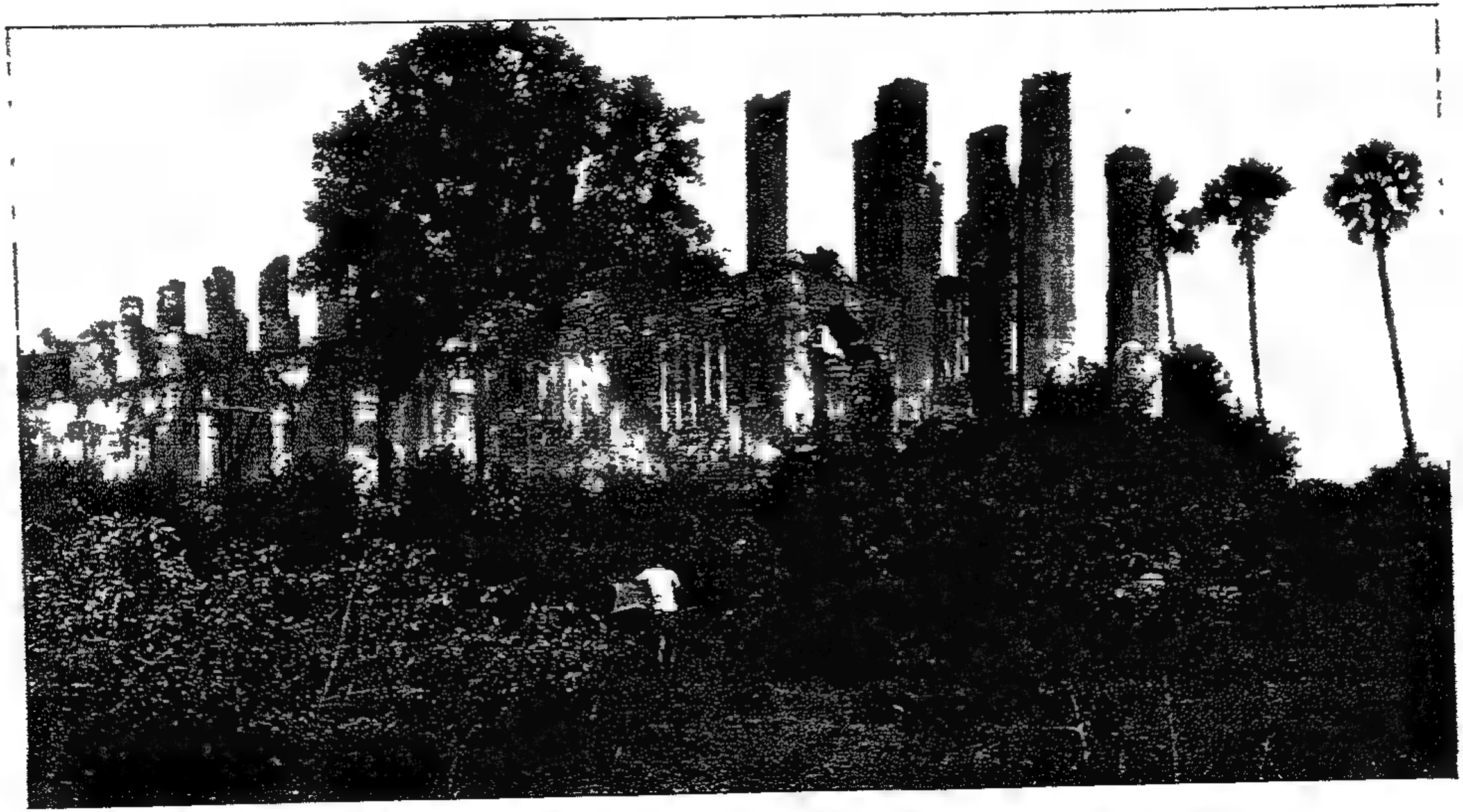
Our servant found a cosey spot under some papaya-trees, and from our rattan tiffin basket we were taking a light lunch, or tiffin, as it is called, when Banjoro insisted on opening a fresh durion which he had just taken from a neighboring tree. We do not hanker after the odor of partially cooked onions and last year's eggs, so we induced him to relegate it to the pigs.

Near by, in one of the private houses, sat an old woman, and in the next room a young girl, each of them slowly passing the shuttle in a loom, and frequently changing the color of the thread, according to the pattern they were weaving. These people were

all occupied in weaving material suited to their condition in life, the use of certain qualities of silk garments is restricted to persons of more elevated rank or positions. Under a long shed in a grove of cocoanut-trees a number of men were occupied cutting posts out of teak-wood, and ornamenting the faces of them by peculiar carved work; in an enclosed apartment others were executing finer work, such as inlaying boxes with ebony, silver, brass, and nacre or mother-of-pearl.

As the day is waning, we retrace our steps towards the river. As in all Buddhist countries, every scene in Siam, city or country, has those staffs pointing heavenward,—those tall bamboo tapering rods, on the tops of which are attached small Buddhistic flags and long religious streamers. Talismanic designs and inscriptions on colored muslin also find a place there, and superstition leaves them to flutter in the air long after they have been reduced to shreds.

We pushed our way through the curious multitude and went aboard the "Chow-Phya." That boat was our hotel while we remained at Ayuthia. In the evening we sat on deck, smoking and ruminating, while serenaded by crickets and katydids. The governor could not or would not furnish us with horses, and we could not or would not undertake our excursion to the jungle by daylight, on account of the temperature; so we decided to sleep a while and to start in the night; not that our errand was an evil one, but because by day the jungle was as hot as the abode of the



RUINS AT ANCIENT AYUTHIA

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evil one. Therefore in darkness we went to the shore, climbed the steps, and started in an easterly direction. Although the city of to-day floats on the water, there is quite a straggling village around and beyond the temple. Generous and courteous Captain Thomsen gave up his repose and stumbled along with us towards the stunted wood that lay between us and the dreary route that was to conduct us to the ruins we had seen from the tower in the modern village.

As we made our way towards the jungle we were constantly saluted by the miserable pariah dogs, which, in true Oriental style, sleep anywhere in the roads all day and all night with one eye open. Crevasses and gullies, washed out by the late retiring waters during the inundations, impeded our way, and beyond these expanses of cracked, serrated ridges of parched earth and blackened rocks had to be traversed. In the outskirts of the jungle proper the vegetation was dwarfed, thick, and scraggy; the trees low and gnarled; the underbrush tenanted by lizards, snakes, and centipedes, the latter six or eight inches long and copper-colored.

THE JUNGLE

The darkness of the jungle was relieved by the flickering lamps burning on occasional rude wooden altars elevated on posts like the dove-cots of Ahmedabad in India. Every now and then, as we strode through the narrow, tortuous way by the faint light, we could perceive that devout men and women had

deposited offerings of fruit, votives of cut colored paper, and objects in wood. Within the dense jungle, nature cheered our path by the flashing, flitting light of thousands of fire-flies. With the coming day we arrived in the heart of the ancient city, and were surrounded by ruins which demonstrated its former importance, and which convinced us that the ambition of the Buddhists of three centuries ago must have been to create a city of monasteries and temples.

Ancient ruined forums, palaces, and amphitheatres in Europe stand generally in strong contrast with the modern cities that have been created around them or in their vicinity. Here in the silence of this forest jungle, itself a ruin, the scene is weird. The brighter light now discloses more distinctly the palace walls, towers, topes, and spiral pagodas, closely overgrown by flowering plants, orchids, and numerous tropical trees. We realize that we are in the midst of relics of an Asiatic race, the remnants of whose architecture have the charm of being unlike any that we have seen in Europe, Africa, Ceylon, or India

How often, at home, have we rejoiced in the health-giving sunlight! We now pass from the shelter of the walls of a Buddhist temple of the sixteenth century into the golden, yet clouded, rays of the risen sun; and bending our heads as we traverse a natural tunnel beneath a bower of coarse, fragrant vines, we arrive before the goal of our expedition, the gray-green bronze Diabuts,—the enormous sitting Buddha, Amida. After

OLD DOOR-WAY IN THE JUNGLE AT ANCIENT AYUTHIA

patient observation and quiet contemplation, we feel already repaid for the fatigue of our journey. One would not suppose that the artist, in making so colossal a figure, would have been able to produce and preserve in it the dignity of Deity. Yet those enormous features possess an expression of benignity; the tender glance of those great eyes seems to be that of a being tarrying here to bless, yet belonging above; those placid lips mutely console those who approach believing. Time and the elements have corroded the bronze, but the serenity inspired by the sculptor still prevails in that impressive face.

There is food for thought as we stand in this wilderness, amidst underbrush, brambles, and desolation, looking up at the same image that centuries ago was the patron deity and hope of thousands in that metropolis of which naught else remains save the ruined walls that still rise in this jungle in evidence of the monuments that once graced its avenues. Portions of the walls of the temple in which this image once reigned supreme are standing on four sides, supported by dilapidated pilasters with Corinthian caps, which were placed there at the suggestion of the Greek colonists who lived and fraternized with the Ayuthians at the time of the construction of that shrine.

As we retrace our steps towards the river we meet in the early morning light many little groups of reverent worshippers (mostly women) wending their way through the jungle with baskets and trays garnished

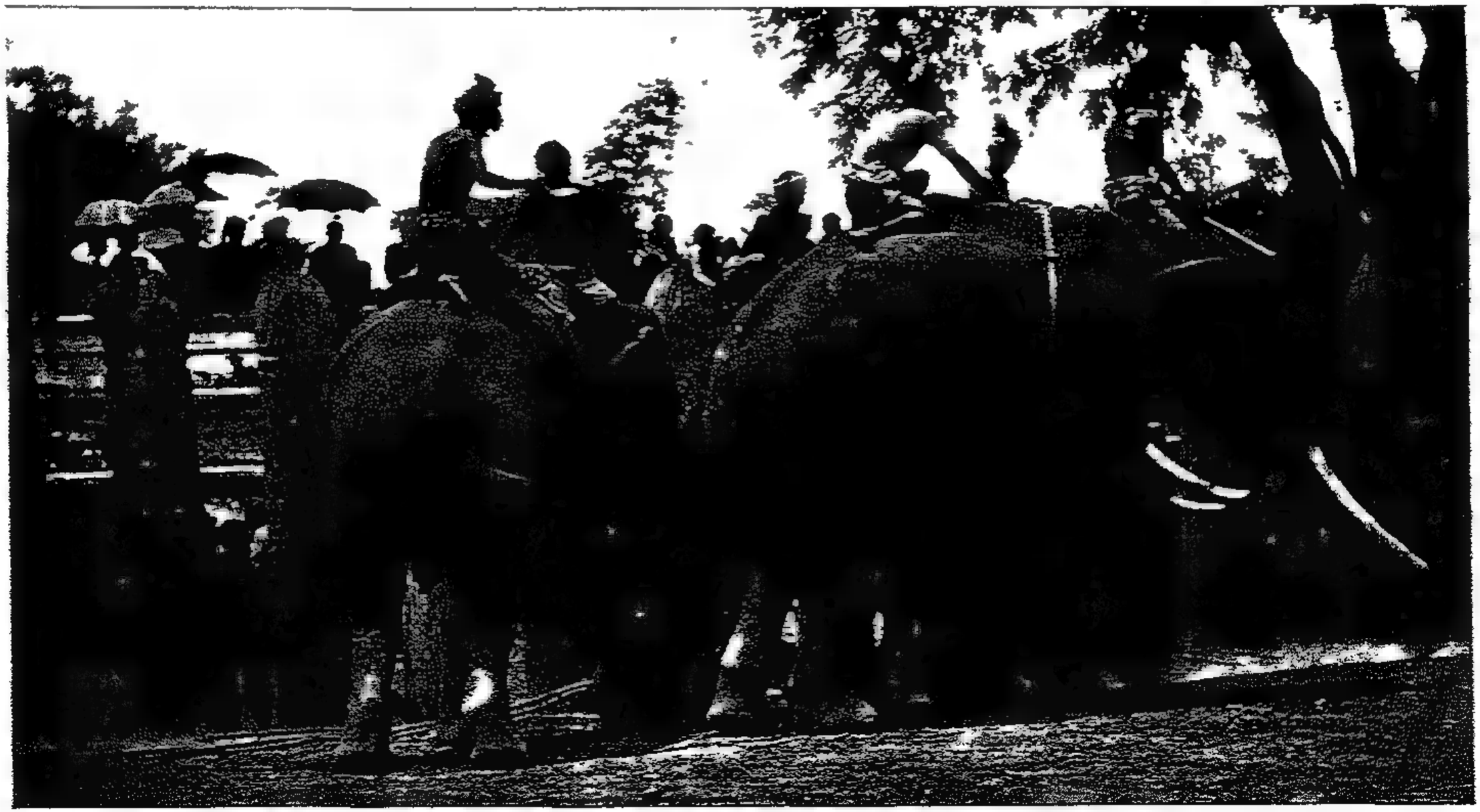
with rice, sweetmeats, cooked bamboo, and other delicacies, with which they hope to propitiate a deity to whom millions and millions of sincere disciples have looked, and have felt that they were blessed.

About nine miles distant we saw plainly in view a high pagoda of the sixteenth century, whose narrow, tapering spire glistened in the sunlight. Being assured that this was the best point from which to view it, we decided not to undergo the fatigue of approaching nearer.

Although Ayuthia declined about two centuries ago, it was not until 1769 that the seat of government was transferred to Bangkok

With great discomfort, on account of the heat, we now return to the ship. We are very glad to recline again in those easy cane chairs on its deck. It is as when we have been on a hunting expedition and have returned to the wayside inn of a modest hamlet which has sheltered us some days previously. Plain as it may be, it seems now so comfortable; it represents such great civilization in contrast with what we have experienced in the forest.

In the evening, while treating the mosquitoes to the fumes of our cigars, we enjoyed the scene on the water. Some well-to-do man was celebrating the birth of a son, as is the custom here. He had invited his friends to a public garden across the river, where he had engaged a strolling company of actors and postulants to give a "poey." All was darkness in the garden, except



KING'S ELEPHANTS KRAAL NORTH OF AYUTHIA

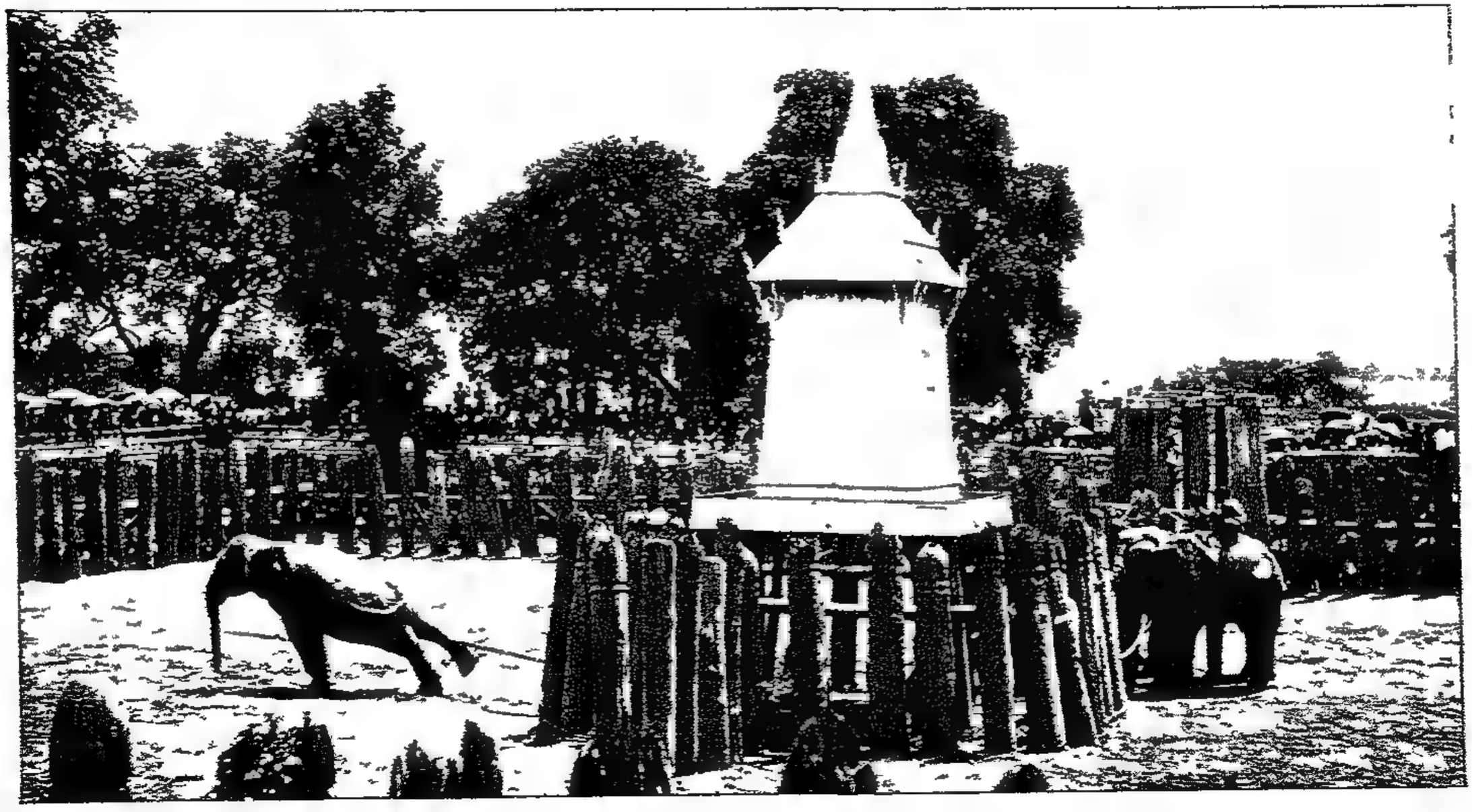
the stage, on which full light was turned. Little sampans with many-colored lanterns came and went in every direction, carrying the guests. Looking at their posturing and dancing, listening to their cat-like screeching, and satisfied with the day's pleasure and lessons, we decided to charter a steam-launch for the morrow, and hiding ourselves in our nets, where we prayed that the mosquitoes would not find us, we followed little Samuel's example and slept.

Like every day at this season, the weather was charming, particularly for salamanders. After assuring ourselves that Ah Yong had mastered the mystery of preparing one breakfast more appetizing than its predecessor, we stepped into our steam-yacht and went shopping among the house-boat bazaars. Captain Thomson accompanied us; he was our mentor; we did as he instructed us. We had thought, after several visits to Egypt, that the land of Miriam was the school of idleness *par excellence*. We acknowledge our error; this day we awarded the banner of indolence to Ayuthia.

"Don't exert yourself," said the captain; "don't stir a muscle. Just lie still where you are, and when we see an attractive shop, we'll draw up close to its platform." The captain remarked that he would press the proper button and that the tradesmen would do the rest, and they proceeded to verify his assertion. They strewed the boat with their wares, and were civil and patient. However, as we were in search of Buddhistic utensils,

tissues, temple pictures, etc., which were neither in demand nor on sale in their market, we only made sufficient purchases of coarse embroideries to repay some of the people for their trouble.

We then continued down the river, and passing by an island to the east, our anchor rope was attached to a floating quay, a crowd of curious children received us, and we visited the modern temple known as the Temple of Ayuthia. Many devotees were kneeling, clapping their hands, prostrating themselves, and touching the *stone floor frequently with their foreheads, before a* great, gilded, sitting Budd a some thirty feet in height. On the ledges (forty feet in extent) at the base of the altar, on several rows, were small images of Buddha in almost every conceivable material. One of the most effective scenes here presented itself. The rays of the sun, stealing through an archway to the south, reflected from the polished stone floor on a group of nine or ten bonzes at prayer before their Gautama, their hands pressed flatly together. One may look at them, or speak, or step over them when they are praying. They will *not be disturbed.* Although appearing to be deeply engaged in prayer, they will turn around and chat quite merrily with any passer-by of their acquaintance. In the outer court of the temple, dealers in gaudy-colored pictures of deities were carrying on a lively trade. Their manner of doing business was strictly Oriental: a demand of a tical in silver for each not being favorably considered by would-be pur-



ELEPHANTS KRAAL NORTH OF AYUTHIA (PLATE I)

chasers, "a great reduction" was announced, and any one standing by at the time (we included) could have any number of copies for a few small coppers each.

From the terrace before this temple several pagodas, with high, graceful, tapering spires, cast their shadows on the traveller's palm,—that tree from which weary men may slake their thirst. It derives its name from the fact that a wayfarer may puncture any of its branches and obtain a refreshing draught of water. That God-given fountain for man bears its beautiful form on these sacred premises, an appropriate contrast to the temple made with hands,—a fountain where benighted millions believe that they may quench their sins.

BEYOND AYUTHIA

The order is forward. We speed our way up the river, past the city again and through the narrower, shallower channel. Many paddy-fields everywhere; acres and acres of bananas; monkeys climbing on branches, young ones dropping from one twig to another, playing, pulling one another off the banks, eating peanuts, looking naively at us, and seeming almost to say, "Don't you wish you had some?" More of the larger maculated and luscious fruits such as we have seen at Ban Lao and at Koh Yai.

ELEPHANTS' KRAAL

Trees overhanging the stream on either side, their branches interlacing, protect us from the rays of the

sam. After an hour of tropical scenery under nature's umbrella, we again make fast at a floating platform, and in a few minutes arrive at the king's elephant kraal.

It is an arena several acres in extent, enclosed by driving great wooden piles into the ground, leaving enormous posts about twelve feet in height. For ornamentation, the tops of the posts are carved in the shape of a melon, with double bands. Spaces are left, so that a man can pass safely through this barricade in case he be chased or attacked by an infuriated elephant. On account of the size of the animal and the height of the posts, the arena is considered safe. Approaching the southeast corner of the kraal is an avenue of these posts, very broad at its opening, but narrowing continually until it nears the arena; at that point are two heavy timber gates that can be closed obliquely. The elephants at large are hunted in the jungle by those older and more powerful, who are trained for that purpose. There are a great number of elephants roaming about in the jungle north and east of Ayuthia. When the king desires a tournament, which is about once a year, his employees hunt and drive them into a stockade. They are chased, at times, several miles from different directions. When the herd arrives between the water and the kraal, the animals are driven into the deceiving avenue of posts. When once they pass the narrowest point, the gates are closed without any danger to the men who perform that duty.

ELEPHANTS BEING DRIVEN INTO KRAAL, NORTH OF AYUTHIA

On the side facing the north is the royal stand, where the king enjoys the sport of seeing the elephants thus entrapped and the manœuvres of lassoing and breaking them.

You may be here informed that when we sat in the royal loge it was stripped of all finery; the king, suffering from an attack of fever, was not able to be present. When he is there it is gayly festooned and furnished with rich carpets, cool matting, and comfortable chairs and divans. His attendants supply his smoking outfit, such refreshments as may be desired are furnished by his stewards, and there is no room for the author.

To Eastern minds it is very entertaining to view the entrapped elephants in the stockade. Their look of bewilderment, when they have been placed in the same relation to man as the proverbial fly in the web is to the spider, is amusing; they cease their swinging motion, raise their heads, toss their trunks in air, and utter shrill cries which the natives call trumpeting.

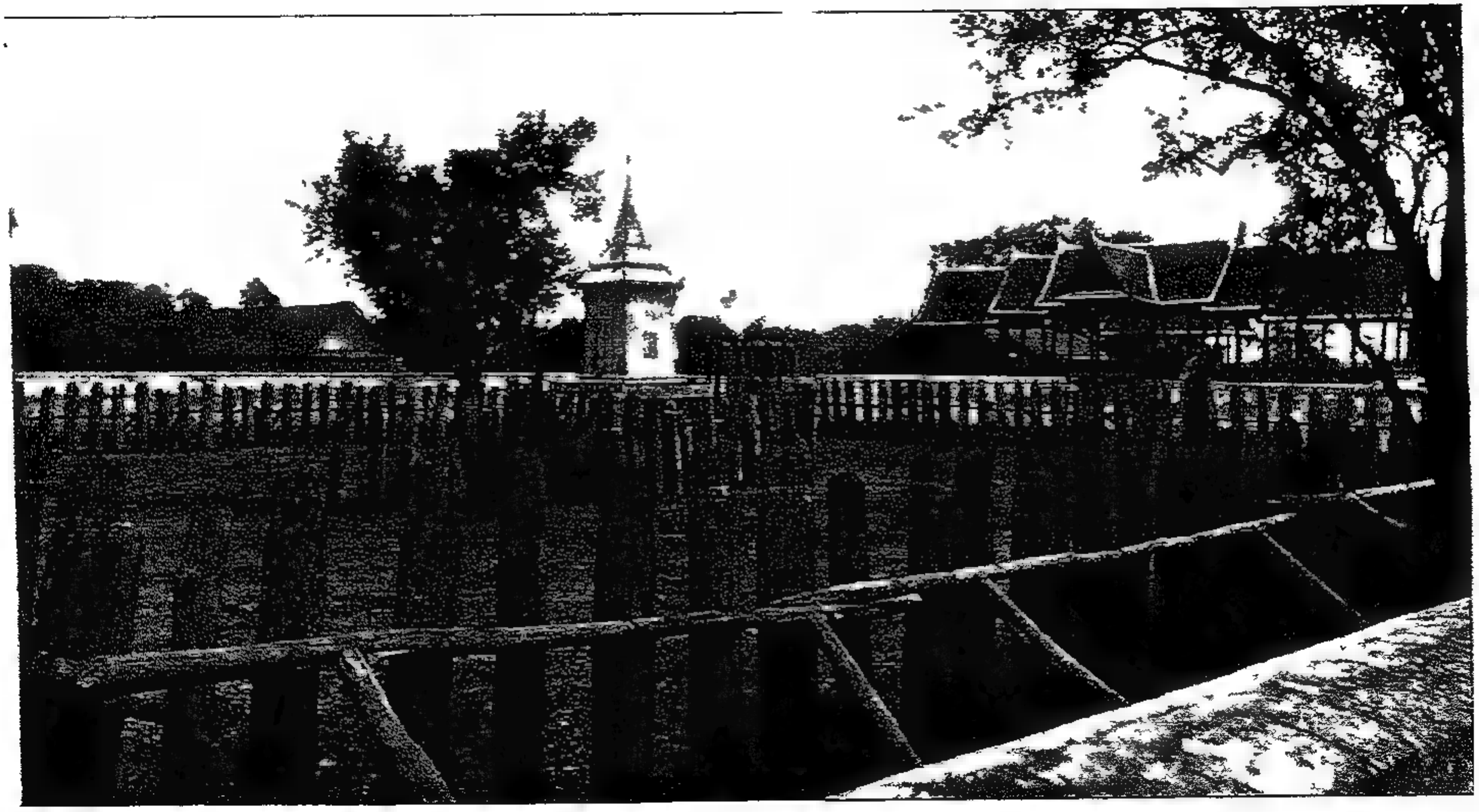
With all respect to the Siamese people, these tones are about as musical as much that we hear on the outer platforms of their theatres, which are intended to entice people to partake of a larger dose inside.

The elephants are kept moving in the stockade that the king may have a good view of them, as he is not only there on such occasions for the excitement of the scene, but also to make choice of such animals as are to enter his service at the capital.

The elephant doctors, as the keepers are termed, are in the enclosure in force. They also examine carefully the points of all the beasts, and aid the king in deciding which to take. Formerly the king chose a troop from among these elephants, to be used in the army. Modern military tactics have, however, classed the elephant among the too-slow movers.

After the king has been supplied, a proper board of national administration proceeds to select animals for general commercial purposes and for timber-work. Those seeming to be the surest-footed, and whose gait is less clumsy than the others, are taken for saddle-work. They are very desirable in crossing difficult mountain-passes, particularly in descending steep, rugged defiles. Parties of woodmen hunting new timber grounds employ the most sturdy to push their way through net-works of tangled vines, and thus traverse almost impenetrable forests where no other animal could proceed. The elephants of Siam produce a moderate supply of good ivory, but nothing in comparison with the herds of Africa. This feature—the value of the ivory—is also considered in the arena of the stockade. The crowding of the elephants excites many of them, so that they often fight one another, which makes fine sport for the people and also gives a better view of their tusks.

In training or breaking them in the elephant doctors are, at times, cruel; they employ levers and large bands, with which they raise the animals off the



ELEPHANTS' KRAAL NORTH OF AYUTHIA (PLATE II)

IMPERIAL
LIBRARY

ground, and with goads and other instruments of torture make them understand that they must obey. The lessons are such as an average elephant never forgets. When caught by the foot with the lasso or rope, in the arena, they struggle fearfully, groan, scream, and thus delight the audience. The most accomplished of these elephants are those which are utilized in the timber yards and teak forests, where their labor in lifting, pushing, and carrying large, heavy logs is very remarkable.

It is amusing to see the large, older, trained elephants outside of the stockade beyond Ayuthia, standing under the sheds out of the heat of the sun. At intervals, at the bidding of a custodian doctor, they fall into line in single file with the undomesticated ones, march with them proudly down an incline into the water, remain there until they drink and bathe, and then return them all in good order to the elephant houses.

DOWN THE RIVER

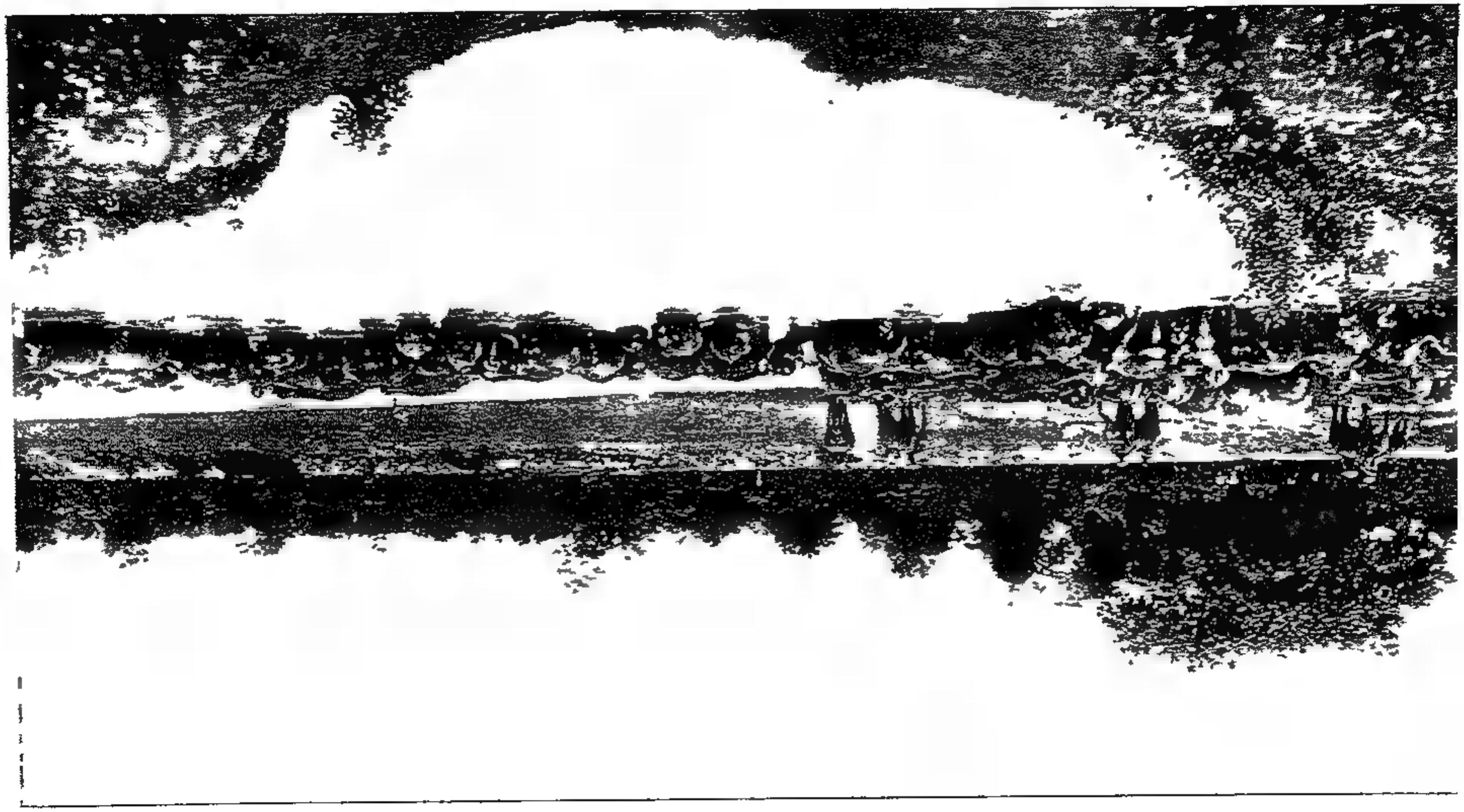
Our steam-yacht slips rapidly down the upper waters, and we bid adieu to the scenes that have so much interested us. The inquisitive crowd has long since made our acquaintance, and as we board a steamboat about to leave for down the river, many kind glances and some indications of regret from the multitude attending our departure cause us to feel that we would find pleasure in coming again to Ayuthia.

As in all other experiences in life, descending the stream, or the return from a distant voyage, is generally more rapidly accomplished. We have the current of the river with us, and the outgoing tide daily carries us towards our destination. Our acquaintance is renewed with Koh Yai and Muang Pratoomtani rests only in our recollection. Beyond Bar Lao we again disembark and embark passengers and take on cargo. As we halt in mid-stream, we are enabled to see a quantity of large, coarse-scaled, pink fish, from two feet to three feet six inches in length, and from one foot six inches to two feet from back to belly, weighing from fifteen to thirty-five pounds each. They resemble very much the red snapper found in the Gulf of Mexico. It was amusing, to see these curious and profitable fish, just from the nets, taken so skillfully and so expeditiously aboard.

The benevolent act of a rich native passenger furnished a remarkable example of the influence of the Buddhist religion on its adherents. This wealthy man, observing that one of these large fish was still alive, approached the agent who accompanied the cargo to market, bought the fish, and restored it to the river. There are two days in each month when Buddhistic public opinion forbids all fishing.

One afternoon, observing large cockroaches with translucent wings crawling on deck near us, a servant, who had been called to dispatch them, followed them quietly along the deck and picked them up gently,

ELEPHANTS BATHING IN THE RIVER NEAR THE KRAAL



almost caressingly; then giving us a look of reproof, he started away with them to find some more congenial hunting ground.

Siamese servants in English families in Siam have frequently abandoned profitable employment rather than destroy either insects, vermin, or reptiles; yet many of them are in other respects very cruel, tormenting and wounding beasts of burthen. They will make great self-sacrifice to save the lives of serpents. gardeners will quit work rather than kill them. Every Buddhist priest is expected to carry a filter, or water-strainer, lest in drinking the ordinary water of the river he might inadvertently destroy animalcular or, to express it more modernly, microbular life.

Scenes of agricultural and botanic interest again engage our attention, and after passing Muang Nonta, the boat residences begin to present themselves so numerously as to make us aware that we are approaching the far outlying suburbs of the great city. The native passengers, one after another, and in groups of two, three, and five, call to sampans standing ready in the stream and quickly disembark in them; so that when we are ready to go ashore the ship is pretty well deserted.

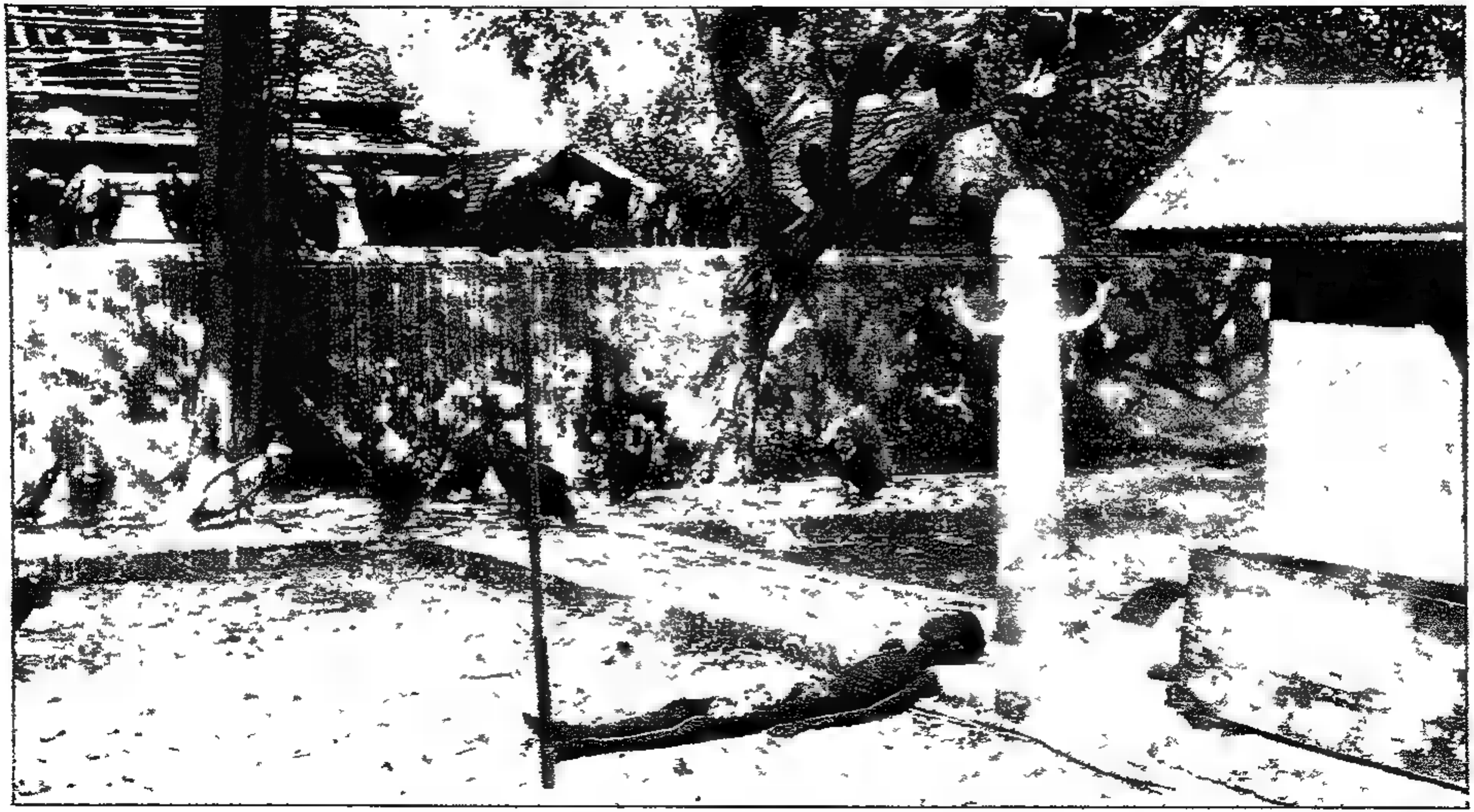
BANGKOK

Bangkok, with its unique people and attractions, including the palace enclosure, to which we had access, tempted us to prolong our visit.

WAT SAH KÂTE AND BURNING GHAT

The following day our Madrassie guide, Banjore, conducted us, by a long avenue, to the Wat Sekat or Sah Kâte. Like all of these enclosures, it has many buildings, among which are two or three temples, each containing an enormous gilded sitting Buddha.

The principal pagoda is constructed on an abrupt hill, and stands at an elevation of about two hundred feet above the avenue that leads to it. For some eighty feet there is a thick grove of trees on the hill-side, with an occasional rest pavilion. Throughout the interior of this hill, which serves as a pedestal for the superstructure, are a number of circuitous stair-cases. After mounting the exterior by one of the massive stone stairways, comprising one hundred and forty steps, we observe diverging passage-ways winding around and up to the summit space, which has a breadth of about fifty feet. This terrace is so high that the municipality has rigged up a mast and yard-arms, and employs it as a signal station. From it again rises the upper bell-shaped pagoda, which, with its narrow, tapering spire, reaches an additional altitude of about seventy feet. On its altar is a bronze Buddha and other decorations. This point commands an extended view. We also look down from here on one of the most offensive and horrible sights of Bangkok: it is the most grewsome public institution in all this land,—yes, in the world. Its records are frag-



WAT SAH KÂTE DEAD BODY [redacted] EATEN BY VULTURES (PLATE I)

ments of bones, heaps of ashes, beasts and birds that gloat over the victims who daily become part of the dire history of the Burning Ghat which we are about to visit.

On coming down, we at once entered the Burning Ghat of Bangkok by a dilapidated gate-way and through an old stone building within a long wall, which here extends on the southern side of the avenue. As we turned our eyes from the skulls and bones which hung upon the wall, we were still in view of the lofty pagoda crowning the golden hill from which we had just descended. It was altogether a very dreadful sight; no matter how carefully we walked, we stood upon the ashes of human remains. Most of the flesh had been consumed, and dogs were there to gnaw their share from scattered bones,—fragments left on the joints by the rapacious birds. Fire had reduced the bones to splinters and to powder; as in Holy Writ it was prophesied, "Him that dieth of Jeroboam in the city shall the dogs eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat." In this enclosure, on account of the infrequency of winds, the cinders lie undisturbed; all else of mortality has been devoured by the vultures, the burning pyres, the dogs, and (by night) the stealthy rodents.

The disposition of the remains of the dead depends almost entirely on the amount of money the family or friends of the deceased are able to expend. If they can afford thorough cremation, a large pyre is con-

structed and the defunct is rapidly disposed of in that manner. Where any pretence at mourning is made by a family, they wrap themselves in white cotton cloth. The bodies of the poorer classes, the penniless, and particularly culprits, are subjected to the more revolting fate of destruction of the flesh, fibre, and tissues by the voracious birds of prey that congregate in the trees about the funereal pile.

In Philadelphia, dissection is recognized and legalized by an act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania. An anatomical board has been created, to which is consigned all the available anatomical material, and by this board it is distributed among the various institutions that teach anatomy, in proportion to the number of their students. The bodies of unclaimed vagrants, paupers, and convicts are thus disposed of.

In Siam, science has made no claim on the bodies of the dead, and material is destroyed that might contribute largely to anatomical study. Their system of surgery came with them from Ayuthia.

Copies of the principal Pharmacopœia of Siam are in the possession of the bonzes in the temples. It comprises several volumes, and is considered sacred by them. It is said to have been compiled by the Æsculapius of the Buddhist sect in their country. In his youth he was their god of convalescence, their Telesphorus. He lived in the time of Buddha, and was adored by his disciples. His work has always been revered by his co-religionists. To him were made

known all the medical properties of plants, bones and tissues of animals, reptiles, etc. The legend records that the information came to him in a miraculous way: he having understood the language of plants, they made known to him their errand in this world.

There are different theories of medical treatment in Siam, as in countries of greater civilization. There are practitioners of different schools: those doctors whose methods have been derived from Chinese sources; those, again, whose ancestors have bequeathed them the principles inculcated during many centuries in India; and *soi-disant* doctors of Siamese descent, who find plenty of dupes among the superstitious masses, who credulously take whatever these charlatans prescribe. The nostrums administered by these adventurers, both externally and internally, are composed of such ingredients as powdered ravens' bones, goose bones, rhinoceros horn, spice-wood, and the powdered teeth of wild animals,—tigers, bears, crocodiles, etc.

During the last decade, through frequent intercourse with the ministers of nations represented at his court, the king has, with well-known liberality, encouraged certain modifications in medical treatment, and a Siamese nobleman having generously established a hospital at Bangkok, many of the intelligent educated class are partaking of its benefits and giving it their co-operation. Yet the majority of the people adhere to the old methods of medical treatment, and the rapacious birds and relentless fire still dispose of the

remains of the dead. It is said that even the living who have incurred royal displeasure, or who have opposed measures in which high functionaries of the court were interested, have been consigned to the conscienceless birds of prey and the pitiless flames.

The principal cluster of tall silk-cotton-trees, on which more than a hundred vultures were resting, has evidently been injured by the grip of the birds' claws and scorched by the hot cinders that rise from the public cremations. The floss of these trees is used for filling in mattresses, the fibre being too brittle for weaving into textures. The birds perched upon the trees are the reserve guard only; the more voracious vultures stand on the ground beneath the trees and near the funeral pyres, lazily swaying to and fro, waiting for the next cadaverous feast to commence.

The vultures first assert their right, and it is recognized by the appointed custodians, who often serve the more audacious birds with morsels of flesh from the newly arrived subject. The vultures are allowed to attack the bodies of the penniless and friendless, as they lie exposed on inexpensive pyres built of sun-baked cow-dung.

When friends of the deceased attend who are in moderate circumstances, they add fatty matters—oils, coconuts, and other substances—to hasten combustion.

The vultures are often called off from one victim

by the arrival of a fresh subject, so that there is always a joint here and there for the dogs. The quick, penetrating eyes of these birds sometimes espy a dog with too large a portion, in which case they pounce upon him and tear away his prize. So eager are they for their prey that the attendants have difficulty, at times, in keeping them at bay until they can prepare and place the body on the pyre.

When we were about satiated with this terrible though interesting place, and had said to Banjore, "Let us leave this. What shall we see next?" he replied, "Oh, no; let us wait. The best part of it is coming now," and he pointed to two men who had just raised from the ground an ordinary wooden bier, —simply a long box with two shafts or bars at either end and straps to pass over the shoulders of the carriers. Just then one of them smilingly threw a red bunting cloth over the box and away they went, laughing and chatting, to the municipal prison near by, the chief custodian of the ghat had been notified that a prisoner had just died in that jail.

Our guide urged us to remain, as we would then have an opportunity of witnessing the whole ceremony; but having seen so many cremations at Poonah, Bombay, Benares, and Calcutta in India, we declined. Before leaving, however, we again looked at several burning pyres, noticing particularly the hungry vultures, which were now flapping their wings and coming nearer and nearer to us under the trees,

they having observed the two employees start for the prison. The men soon returned, and one of the custodians quickly raised the body of the prisoner up in the box and with a sharp knife cut a number of strips of flesh from the arms and thighs and carelessly throw piece after piece to the more greedy birds, who flow eagerly crowded around; thus heartlessly did this custodian dispense portions of that deserted human tenement whose life had flown within the hour. He did it with a malicious satisfaction which seemed to imply that in his wretched occupation he had formed attachments for certain vultures, and therefore favored them with choice morsels in advance of the others. This revolting scene would not have been recorded, but for the fact that it is a deeply interesting feature in this picture of a country of which we know so little.

Our wonder that such a disposition of human remains should be so universally resorted to was explained by Banjore's statement,—the legend of the people.

In Siam all classes of society are subjected to servitude. The national superstition is that, by exposing the remains to annihilation by fire, they render the subject free from servitude in a transmigrated state. Even members of the royal family are not excepted, for are not all potentates the servants of the people?

The custodians seemed actually to enjoy showing us those examples of their daily occupation; so much

so that we had to tear ourselves away from the painful scene.

Another week found us, with regret, sailing away on the Gulf of Siam, and we bade adieu to the climate, flora, fauna, peculiar institutions, interesting people, and courteous men of letters of that country.

After a day's anchorage at the island of Koh Kram, we are at length sitting comfortably on the veranda at Raffles Hotel, Singapore, where, while enjoying the afternoon sea-breeze, we muse and jot down our reflections in the form of this glance at the religion of these people,—Buddhism.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RELIGION OF THE COUNTRY

BUDDHISM teaches that, to be happy hereafter, one must prefer meditation before every other good thing on *this earth, and so live that, being found worthy,* he may hear Buddha say, finally, "Thy soul is fitted to be transmigrated into Nirvana." It is a religion of inward conviction. The essential principle of fitting the soul for eternal bliss is the trying of it by several phases of metempsychosis. Not that Buddhists hope for rest only in Nirvana; they fear detention in Ohat Nah, the next state of existence.

Buddhists dread transmigration, for they never know in what form they may be sent back to this sphere of probation. The story could be told clearly in a few pages, but it has never been lucidly done. All the books we consult only render the subject more abstruse.

We will now describe their manner of worship, a knowledge of the form of which is so little known in America.

The worship actually begins before the people enter the temple. When possible, the sanctuary is placed in a position to reach which involves the fatigue of mounting a long series of stone steps, sometimes as

many as three or four hundred. Or when the temple is situated in a level country, as in Southern Siam, it is generally placed at a distance from the centre of the city, and often an artificial elevation is created. A number of lesser houses of prayer and groups of colossal stone images intercept the way, so that by the time the devotees have arrived at the main temple, they have done considerable penance.

A beautiful feature in their form of service is now observed. Every one goes to the water-vat or cistern, where, for a small fee, attendants hand them wooden dippers, with which they take water and wash their hands and rinse their mouths. Racks on either side are plentifully supplied with towels that hang within reach of all, and which are much used and strangely decorated. They are contributed by pious people, and often by business-men, merit-makers desiring to benefit their trade.

Then, and not until then, do they proceed into the inner shrine. No one dares to kneel in prayer before Buddha until he has thus symbolized the purity of the tongue with which he is about to address the throne. They are equally careful, on entering, to contribute a small coin, which is thrown into or at a large money-box, placed in the middle of the floor before the chancel. Pieces of money which fall on the floor are sure to lie there in safety until the authorized bonze gathers them into the temple treasury.

There seems to be a psychological understanding

between the worshippers and the deity they are addressing; for when, at prayer, there are moments when they realize that they are not being heard or heeded, they rise to their feet, go to the gong rope or to the enormous bronze bell, and bang away a few times to call Buddha's attention. Often, when they resume their attitude of prayer, they renew their supplications with countenances brightened by the hope or assurance of success.

Their prayers ended, they go to the secretariat in the front of the temple and make whatever contribution they can afford, for which they receive a picture (*kakemono*[4]) or a little image, in value proportionate to the amount they have offered for the maintenance or repairs of the sacred edifice.

Those having pain in any portion of their bodies place their hands on the corresponding part of an effigy, and afterwards rub the part affected, with great hope of relief. Their credulity is marvellous.

Christian denominations have always taken exception to those sects having images in their temples, charging them with worshipping the inanimate effigies. Most sects disclaim the accusation, saying that those figures are never more than symbols; nothing more than reminders. We wish here to mention facts that have presented themselves to us, through personal observation, which should fully and finally settle the

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Screen-picture

question. In Japan especially, the Buddhist women become so enamoured of the bronze figures of Jiso, Binzuru, and other gods, that they prepare comforts for them in every temple. Though a very hot country, there are periods when the temperature falls considerably; to protect their favorite gods, these women supply scarfs and capes, which are hung up in wardrobes, and with which, in case of a cold spell, the priests cover the deities. This proves that these effigies are looked upon [redacted] more than symbols, and that they *do* receive adoration.

In their offerings to the gods the women give conscientiously. They carry to the temple the best rice, the finest fruits, and the most lovely flowers. Even if they cannot afford such luxuries themselves, they will make some personal sacrifice and procure them for the altar.

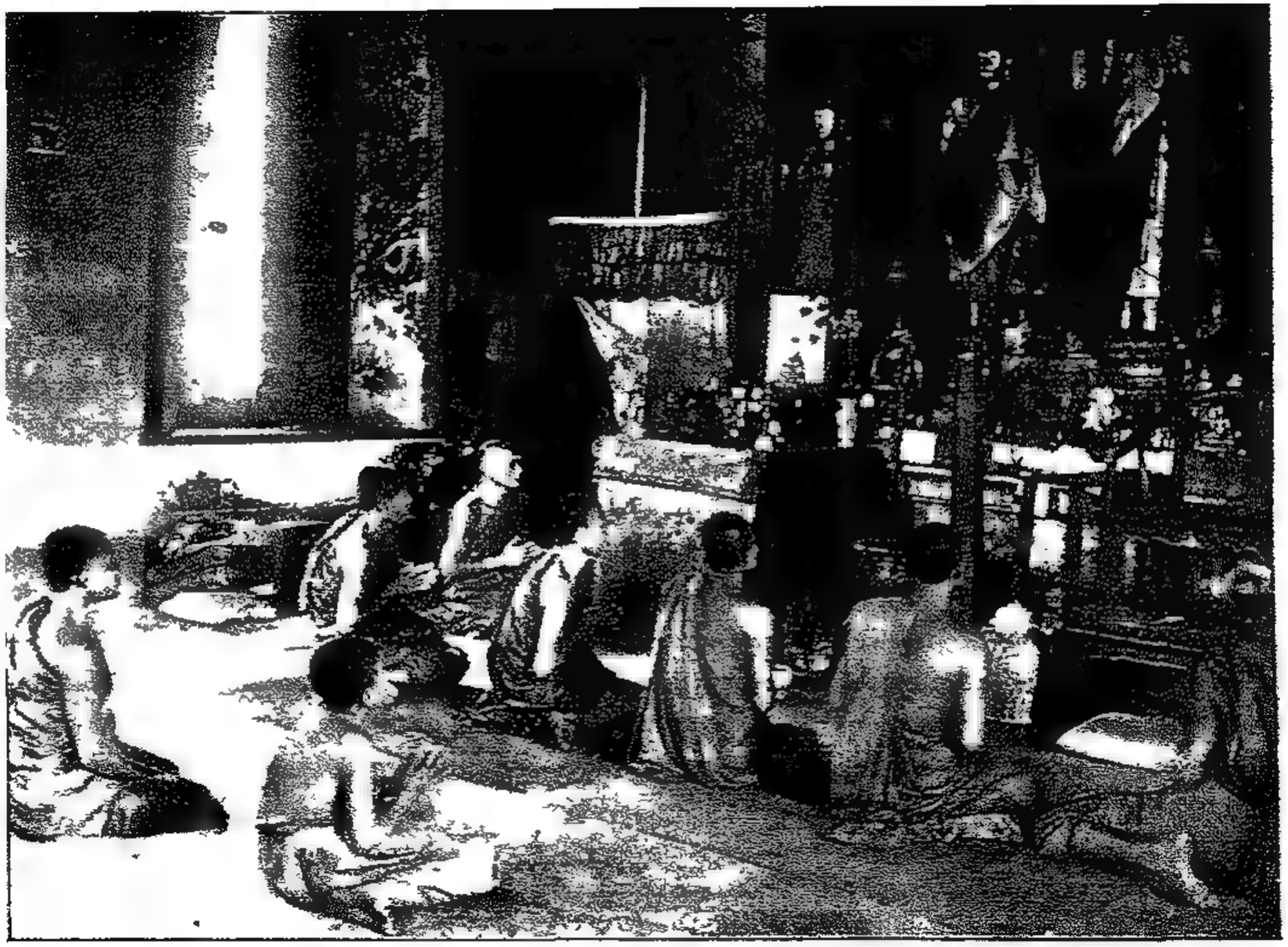
A great part of the day the bonze is squatting on the floor within the chancel-rail. On his little prayer-table before him are books, an incense burner, [redacted] bronze stork bearing a candle in his bill, and two upright tablets, one in gilt, the other in black lacquer, to remind him of the dead. Besides the loose flowers, removed from their stems, which are strewn on the altar, the chancel is dressed with branches of plum and cherry blossoms, azaleas, and the flowers of many other plants in their season.

The offerings of the worshippers, consisting of beans, rice, cooked bamboo, dried fruits, etc., are presented

and blessed. Above the chancel are embroidered hangings, draped from numerous cameos of heavily gilt brass with ornamentation in relief, which all bear significant relations to the holiness of the place. One is a pine,—a gilded representation of that perennial tree, emblematic of the fervor which should pervade the life of a Buddhist. Another is a group of bamboos, suggestive of the constantly increasing force and strength developed by it as it progresses in age. A third is a plum-tree, symbolic of constancy; no matter what the temperature or weather may be, faithful to its period of blooming, it puts on its garment of beauty and of fragrance to delight the world.

Then the bonze applies himself to reiterating "Namu-Amie-Dabutt, Namu-Amie-Dabutt, Namu-Amie-Dabutt," and sways his body backward and forward, monotonously repeating hymns and prayers, in Pali, from palm-leaf books. (Some of them understand about as much concerning the subject as a mocking-bird does of its senseless prattle.) He is constantly keeping time by beating on a sonorous wooden block, occasionally striking a deep-toned bell, and at other moments a large gilded parchment drum.

Such men are to be found in every profession; men who mechanically perform the duties of, but whose minds are not seriously interested in, their pursuit. There are some among these bonzes, however, who are always intensely absorbed in their devotions, and who feelingly repeat the sacred invocations. When such



PRAYING PRIESTS

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bonze engages in prayer, he lifts himself spiritually from the world about him. The postulants vanish from his sight; he becomes oblivious to surrounding influences, and gradually inclines more and more towards the bronze Buddha through which he is supplicating the throne. His eyes, at moments closed, imply that his spirit is with the beloved object whose protection he implores. Again, looking over and beyond the sacred book from which he is chanting, his eyes regard the adored effigy in a manner so absorbing that their earnestness gives a depth of expression to his countenance, as though he really were in the presence of Gautama in the mysterious beyond. That beyond has engaged his every thought. He has spiritually succeeded in the struggle with that power which guards the portal of the realm, which must be unbarred ere prayer can enter.

Much of the time the people chat with one another, or look around listlessly, seeming to say, "He [the bonze] is attending to it for us; that's all right."

The bonze's work is mediatorial; his duty is to intercede; his disciples and the devout people congregated in the temples recognize his authority to relieve them of this religious labor. The sum of their devotions is prostration before the deities and expressions which simply imply, "Dear Buddha, the bonze has said enough, and more than we can say. These, O Gautama! are our sentiments." This is what their worship actually amounts to.

In glancing for a few moments at the religion of the Siamese people, we naturally turn principally to the Buddha whom we suppose is worshipped by them and by the people of several other Oriental countries. However, we must not ignore the fact that, according to tradition, Dipamkara (Source of Light) was really the first Buddha. He must have appeared many, many centuries before Christ. He was succeeded by more than twenty principal Buddhas, all of whom preceded Gautama Buddha. Ancient writers of Ceylon, India, Burmah, China, Japan, etc., agree in giving the place of birth of Gautama Buddha as Kapila-vastu, about ninety-five miles northwest of Benares. He was born about 500 B.C. He was of a Säkyas family named Gautama, and his father was the chief Suddhodana.

When the son Gautama, by self-denial and rigorous asceticism, had attained that perfect piety which he innately craved, he assumed the name of Buddha. Whatever has been interpolated or changed in his biography, he is accepted by his followers as Buddha, "The Enlightened One." They all believe that, by transmigration of soul, Gautama Buddha, in the form of a white elephant, was conceived by his mother, and born in the presence of a Hindu deity. Biographical incidents and legends that have been accepted, and which are given in the sacred books of all the countries where Buddhism prevails, vary considerably. Yet their principal narratives, those

intended as exponents of doctrine, are seldom so materially different as to affect the faith of the priests of different nationalities, who are sure to meet with them in their patient researches. All Buddhists have also preserved, with but little deviation from the main facts, the important legend accounting for Buddha's conversion, or his conviction that to live for this life alone and this world is worse than folly.

It is the treasured legend of Gautama's encounter with the old man; the dissertation on the universal law of decay; his meeting a pale man enfeebled by pain and suffering; his reflections caused by that incident; the procession of survivors bearing the cold, stiffened form to its last home, done with kindred, friends, hope, and life. Finally, he interviews the man devoted to charitable works, blind to the allurements of a false world, and with senses keenly alive to the suffering humanity he sees in all his walks abroad. Gautama is said to have profited by these object lessons, and, quitting worldly, transitory things, to have become a recluse. These and many other incidents illustrating the fundamental principles of his religion are to be found in the sacred books of the temples wherever Buddhism exists. In all such places Gautama Buddha is known by innumerable significant titles; space cannot be given here for a tithe of them. He is registered as "Kinsman of the Sun," "The Blessed Lord," "The Great Hero," "The Teacher," "He who in coming has conquered," "The

Honored One of the Universe," "The Shepherd of the Flock," "The Universal Monarch," etc.

Thus far Buddhists agree in their traditions, but, unlike the Book of the divine religion of Christ, Buddhistic writings in every country have been adapted to the people thereof. Each nationality has interpolated its own legends, and even romances; so that the chief feature in which one temple resembles another is the collection of images which they have from other countries. There is a passion among the priests of all Oriental lands to collect ancient Buddhas, and those are most acceptable which are from other countries than their own.

There are all sorts of extravagant legends in regard to Buddha's stature, his form, and the significant marks that, tradition asserts, indicated him to have been sent into this world to be the mentor, guide, and supreme ruler of men. Not as a temporal ruler, but as a spiritual father and counsellor, whose holy errand was to teach men to shun evil, and so live in this probationary sphere that they might, through the regeneration of their souls, after many transmigrations, eventually enjoy the future and better existence in Nirvana.

How great is the contrast between these Buddhistic writings and the Book containing the story of the religion of Christ in all its simplicity! Our Mediator is known wherever the Christian religion is professed; His biography is read in about three hundred lan-

guages and dialects, and is known in almost all countries; it is always related in the very same words, ever repeating the one beautiful story: the nativity, the cradle in the manger, the flight into Egypt, His argument with the doctors, His miracles, His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, the Last Supper, the Garden of Gethsemane, the betrayal, the trial, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the crucifixion, burial, resurrection, and ascension. This Emmanuel is our trust. We believe that we can go to the right hand of our God only by accepting the plan of salvation and the conditions He has offered to us. We look forward to a future state, which will be eternity, where we shall be with and enjoy the society of those who have clung simply to the Redeemer's Cross and have believed in Him.

Yet we may with profit investigate this Oriental religion of millions of earnest people, who, through their Buddhistic instruction and observance of the golden rule, put many of us to shame.

The paramount principles pervading the entire system of the Buddhist religion is self-abnegation, meditation, and obedience to a code which any Christian might endorse: a code of morals which, if strictly observed in Christian countries, would elevate society to a higher standard than has been reached under all our boasted religious culture. That code is a garden of spiritual flowers whose odor is the beauty of holiness, and from which we will cull only so many as will give a fair idea of the chaste, honest, ennobling

sentiments which are, and have been for centuries, instilled into the hearts and minds of a people whom American Christians designate [redacted] heathen.

CODE OF PRECEPTS

We will consider a few of the rules of the Buddhist code. Let us remember that, notwithstanding the multitude of bonzes in Siam, a large proportion live up strictly to the rigid principles of their religion. Pious Christians, after years of intimate acquaintance with some of them, have testified to the holiness of their lives and to their absolute purity of character. The truth is, many Christians regard the Buddhist religion with antagonism, without ever having been in its temples, or inquired into the tenets of its creed, or acquainted themselves with its code, from which the following few examples [redacted] taken;

Forget the world.

Speak not slightingly of the sovereign, rather have [redacted] sword through thy mouth

Work not for money.

Reverence old age and the oppressed

Be not guilty of self-glorification. Say not, I am [redacted] nobleman's son, or am of a rich mother: it is sinful

Use not perfume about thy person.

Keep neither silver nor gold

It [redacted] sin to eat anything which has not been offered with joined hands

It is a sin to covet another man's goods.

It is [redacted] sin to eat anything having life, even such [redacted] seeds which are about to germinate.

Supply the wants of the indigent

To receive alms and give them to another is sinful

It is a sin to sleep after repasts instead of performing religious rites.

When you eat, make not noise like dogs

Keep not the leavings of your meals

It is a sin to eat of the flesh of man, elephant, horse, crocodile, dog cat, tiger, or serpent

Eat no rice after mid day

To eat so that the rice drops from thy mouth is a sin

Eat not to excess

To eat and to talk at the same time is a sin.

Having eaten what has been received in alms, it is sinful either to say that it was good or not good

A bonze sins if he eats without crossing his legs

After eating washing thy mouth, and picking thy teeth, whistle not in the presence of seculars

To slobber from the mouth like a child, while eating, is a sin.

A priest who whistles for his amusement sins

Take no water from a source where worms are engendered.

It is a sin to wash the body in a current of water above the spot where any other priest is washing *

A bonze may not wash himself in the twilight or the dark, lest he should unknowingly kill some insect or other living thing.

Seek not pleasure by looking upon women.

It is a sin for a priest to caress young priests as if they were women

To speak to a woman in a secret place is a sin.

Avoid the sins of the flesh.

Wink not in speaking and look not around in contempt

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* The priest first going into the water would, according to this law, fall into sin as soon as another priest entered the stream below him.—THE AUTHOR.

To sit on the same mat with a woman is a sin

To cough or sneeze in order to win the notice of a group of girls is a sin.

To walk in the streets as though to attract those who are following is a sin

Do not court secular persons for the sake of alms

To ask alms every day in the same place is a sin *

Lend nothing on interest, not even a cowry.

A priest asking alms and taking more than he needs for a day's use is a sinner

Borrow nothing from secular persons.

He that coughs in order to be noticed when he asks alms commits a sin.

It is a sin to cause alarm to any one.

When a bonze is contemplating religious matters and does not clearly understand, he should immediately consult another bonze capable of giving an explanation, it is sinful not to do so.

In walking it is sinful not to be contemplating the Buddhist law.

Respect the religious belief of others

Destroy no tree.

Kill no animal

Drink no intoxicating beverage

Care for the aged and the infirm.

To cut down or tear away anything that has life is sinful.

Steal not

Kill no human being

Speak of nothing but religious matters.

Give no flowers to women

Sleep not much.

Swing not your arms in walking.

Sing no gay songs.

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* It is, at least, not very business-like.—THE AUTHOR.

Judge not your neighbor; say not this is a good or that [illegible] bad man

Mount no tree.

Buy not; sell not

Boast not of your own sanctity.

It is [illegible] sin to walk in the streets without contemplation.

It is a sin to stretch out the feet when sitting.

Have not many garments.

It is a sin to be clothed in costly garments

It is a sin to preach in any but the Pali language.

It is a sin to rub the body against any post or wall

To wear shoes which conceal the toes is [illegible] sin.

It is sinful to think one way and speak another

It is sinful to ornament the head with flowers

In laughing, raise not the voice it is sinful

It is a sin to mourn for dead relatives

Not to put on the garments at break of day is sinful

To look fiercely at other people is a sin.

To mock or rail at another [illegible] sinful

It is a sin to pass judgment on the acts of other men, or to say this is well or that is badly done.

To serve sin is sinful.

A priest going to recite near a dead person should reflect upon death and remind those around him that everybody must die, and should speak of the instability of mortal things, the uncertainty of the life of man.

There are ten qualities which are characteristic of a good mind:

Calmness of mind.	Bashfulness.
Carefulness.	Absence of covetousness.
Confidence.	Absence of anger.
Equanimity.	Desire to comfort others.
Shame.	Effort to do right

'There are six qualities which are the foundations of the baser passions:

Ignorance	Unbelief
Carelessness.	Idleness
Indolence	Arrogance

Then there are the secondary passions, ten in number:

Anger.	Cruelty.
Hypocrisy.	Enmity
Selfishness	Deceit
Envy.	Dishonesty
Vexation.	Vanity

After these follow

Reflection	Greediness
Investigation	Anger
Repentance	Pride
Somnolence.	Doubt.

The self-denial, the self-abnegation, which pervades the creed of this religion is not practised that Buddha may be honored or benefited, but that he may smile with approval on those who deny themselves what he has proscribed.

The longer and fuller we might make this list the more confusing would become the illustration. We have intended merely to elucidate a subject which becomes the more abstruse the deeper one probes into it. Indeed, one who has determined to give himself thoroughly to the investigation and study of the

dogmas of this sect will soon desire rest. It will be well for him should he be born into Mū-sō-kwa, the state promised in the Asamgūika heaven, where he may hope to rest his mental faculties during a hundred periods.

After all, does this system—dare we call it religion?—purify man's nature? Does it enable him to perfectly control his passions, his desires, his naturally sinful thoughts and feelings? Can a Buddhist reasonably hope to become like unto the Divine Power, which in his inmost conviction he must acknowledge to be the Creator of the universe?

This is the aspiration of every devout Christian, and that only under and with the plea that the Divine Son of the Omnipotent Creator suffered and died that he might live. It is his fond hope that, through this propitiation, every truly believing mortal may become one with the Father.

With the Buddhist it is, Rather let me be annihilated than, in the transmigration of my soul, return to this earth in an uncomely beast, or reptile, or woman.

The soul cometh from God. Buddha's intention was, that man should so live and sanctify his soul that it should finally be restored to the Divine Being, or Principal, from which it originally issued.

It can be truly said of every sincere Buddhist, that his heart is Buddha's throne; that he has been enshrined there from childhood.

The ruling thought of most orthodox Buddhists is, this is but a probationary world, to fit them for one that promises to be better. So thoroughly is this idea impressed on their minds that it is said they often envy those who are being cremated, regretting that they have not yet been chosen and called.

The devout Buddhist seems to believe that the power of thought is one of the chief blessings that Buddha has conferred on his people; therefore it is but natural that a sincere worshipper should employ that precious power in sending back to his throne every pious thought. In their religion, communion with Buddha is incontestably the chief joy of all devout men.

Perhaps the most intense love recorded is that of Christians for Jesus; after that comes the love of Israelites for Zion (Jerusalem); and after these the ardent affection of Buddhists for their Gautama.

Although Buddha is represented to be more lovely, more forbearing, more perfect, than any man on earth, yet the King of Siam (an autocrat with almost absolute power over the life of any subject in his realm) is his representative in that country.

This will, in a measure, account for the fealty of his people; they naturally esteem the vicegerent of their spiritual master. In time, those who plod steadily on reach their goal; so the hopes of Gautama Buddha have been realized. When he first turned his back on the vanities of this world, his companions gave them-

selves up to meditation only; they had renounced home and kindred, yet did not endeavor to provide places of shelter in which to assemble for their devotions. They were not evangelists; they did not then seek the welfare of the masses; they started out, at Gautama's suggestion, to free themselves from the bondage, the thraldom, of sinful human nature. Millions to-day, in sumptuous temples, bless his memory for the results of his zeal in propagating his doctrines.

The life of a bonze is one of religious progression. A true, ardent Buddhist emulates greater and more perfect self-abnegation. To attain this goal he must, through sanctification, rise in the estimation of those who are studying under him or who frequent his temple.

When bonzes become aged, and have remained steadfast, they receive the title of *vandya* (Sanscrit, venerable). Among those who observe the code of morals most perfectly, and who by sacrifice become sanctified, some, even in this life, become worthy of adoration, and are considered future Buddhas. The most pious live an anxious life; through their belief in metempsychosis, they are fearful that they may have sinned while on earth in some other form. This dread of punishment embitters many an hour, and they do not attain the perfection of their prototype. Buddha is "The Enlightened One," and his people perceive and adore the serenity of character and the earnestness of intention which are delineated in most

of his representations. With all their charming beauty of countenance, they are typical of the holy man, Gautama Buddha, the indefatigable founder of their faith. He fulfilled the object of his coming! The serene expression of his images appeals to his ingenuous worshippers. The bonze, by his abstinence and persistent appeals to the throne of Buddha, is supposed to obtain blessings and privileges for the devout. All men feel the need of a guiding, ruling power.

Christians crave an infinite One to whom they may look, who, though unseen, they may at least hope to reach, and whose protection they hope to gain by their supplications.

Buddhists adore and fear one whom they believe will, through his intermediation in their future metempsychosis, place their germ of existence in some being in which their renewed life will be ameliorated. Christians may, indeed, rejoice in the simplicity of their faith and the beauty of their hope: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth."

PHYA-RAMA MA-DUA

AN ORIGINAL ROMANCE ILLUSTRATING LIFE IN
SIAM IN THE SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY

THE STORY OF THE FRUIT-GROWERS
OF MUANG PIMAI

AND THE

FABLE OF THE CRIPPLED HARE

THE VICEROY THIYA-RAMA-MA-DU

PHYA-RAMA-MA-DUA

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, the son of a Siamese family of the Northwest, descended from an ancient officer of the court, was educated for the Buddhist priesthood. He was an exceptionally scholarly young man; he understood Sanscrit, Pali, and the cuneiform of the Persians, especially the earlier text.

From the time of his elementary education he received the constant attention of three trusty servants of his father's family; in fact, they were slaves. Their names were Keló, of Laos; the signification of his name in the language of his country being friend. The second, Chondor, of Cambodia, who received this cognomen because he was very tall, that name in his language signifying a ladder. The third, Wando-Ua, Karcen; the signification of his name being gentle. They all spoke the language of their native countries, as well as Siamese. Wando-Ua, the elder, the Karcen, was almost effeminate in the tender attentions he bestowed on his youthful master.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, while yet young, evinced great taste for state and diplomatic affairs. Through family influence he was called to the court at Ayuthia He then turned his back on the service of the church, and

rose in favor by his ability in the discharge of the duties of the royal household.

Among his good qualities, he was of an active temperament; he accomplished more than any of his associates, and found, or provided, time for out-door recreation. He would arrange his official business for days in advance, so that those under him, in his department, could attend to their routine of duties while he was in the country. Thus he could absent himself for days together and hunt wild game. The finest skins of the terrors of the jungles he would have carefully prepared, and they all went to his patron, the king. These expeditions were, however, not all for recreation. The great object of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was to study the people; inform himself in regard to their occupations, their products, their supplies, their wants. Thus he developed his executive ability and prepared himself to administer law; to do that well, he wished to know the people.

Each time he returned to the capital, he had labored physically and mentally. Young and vigorous, he found his rest in diversion; he refreshed himself through the recreations of the noble society of which he was an ornament.

In the court circle at Ayuthia there were many social pleasures. The king, Phra Chaò Sŏng tham, was desirous of maintaining peaceful relations with his neighbors. During the dry season of the year he always entertained the noble families of the realms

THE PRINCESS [redacted] LO

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adjoining Siam; among others, the Princess of Cambodia, the ladies of the house of Laos, and his especial friends, the Dowager Queen of the Karéens, Gric Phya Lan, and her daughter, the Princess Chie Lo.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had the *entrée* to all the functions of the court. On many expeditions of pleasure, on sampans, among the islands of the Meinam, he was thrown into the society of the princess.

Among the upper secretaries of the court, quite a number admired her and became enamoured of her. Among others, a secretary, Aj-Ni-Van, who had held a temporary position as viceregal agent in the Northwest.

Aj-Ni-Van was captivated by the charming presence of Chie Lo when he first met her. He profited by every occasion to load her with attentions, and in the course of thirty days he made known his admiration to her. His approaches were received at first with indifference, afterwards with disdain. His suit was repulsed by her mother, Gric Phya Lan, with bitter contempt. The princess could not appear in public without lady attendants or her mother. Even then he continued to annoy her with his attentions and importunities. She repulsed all his advances. When he perceived how graciously Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was received by the dowager, it stung him painfully.

From that time Aj-Ni-Van regarded with disfavor the career of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua. Every advancement of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was a thorn in the flesh

to Aj-Ni-Van, and he applied himself to pull down the diplomatic stairway which Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was ascending.

His sovereign master appreciated Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's energy and his executive ability, and through suggestions from Chan-Phya-Phra-Ko, his chief counsellor, he thought that he might profitably use Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, and at the same time advance and honor him.

There were now continued disturbances at Raheng and Petchaboune, whose allegiance to Siam was not to be relied upon. The inhabitants in some of the most distant, and at times inaccessible, parts of the kingdom were also growing restless. When the waters were low, no ordinary craft of any tonnage could ascend the streams, [redacted] plentiful were the sand-bars. Neither the allegiance nor the taxes of the inhabitants of whole districts in that part of Siam were to be depended on.

The king, weary of these annoyances, decided to make the move he had so long contemplated. He therefore arranged matters by choosing others, whom Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua should instruct during six months, and in another six months make himself acquainted with the duties of a viceroy. The king and his counsellors desired that that year should be one of probation, in which they could further judge of the fitness of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua for the important position, and that they might have time to inform the

people and agents throughout those provinces officially of the coming of the new ruler.

During this period, and long before it had elapsed, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, who had always been a great favorite with the people, rose in the estimation of all. His popularity in Ayuthia was phenomenal; whenever he strolled out of the Ministry of Finance or the palace enclosure he was informally attended by a host of people from the whole country round .

When at last everything was ready for him to start on his expedition, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, the observed of men in every position, went away sincerely loved and really regretted. When on that morning he set foot on a commodious sampan, the best vessel then known on these waters, the air resounded, and the walls of the fortress re-echoed the acclamations of the admiring crowd. As he moved slowly up the stream, one could hear again and again their parting salutations, "*Tgiou di,—Tgiou di,—Tgiou di,*" until that "Continue well" died upon the breeze from the sea.

The royal instructions involved his making quite a circuitous journey. After some days on the Meinam, the viceroy went ashore at Muang Prome, and tarried there a while with the government agent, by whom he was comfortably entertained. When he landed the people already awaited him. Horses were at that time a luxury seldom met with in Siam. When the residents saw him mount the spirited mule they had provided for him, they were convinced that he was fitted

to command from the manner in which he controlled the vicious animal; they said to one another, he means to be obeyed, such a ruler will not forget the necessities of his people!

Some days here gave him an insight into the condition of the arable land, the prices obtained for crops, the prospects of trade, and the general characteristics of the country. At that time the question of education did not receive much consideration. The youths at an early age repaired to the temples, made themselves acquainted with the sacred books, and a small proportion of them learned to read, write, and cipher. Everything that he thought of importance he conscientiously investigated. When Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua felt that he and the people were mutually acquainted, he announced his intention of leaving them. His servants, in the mean time, had occupied themselves with the outfit of his caravan for the overland journey. They had succeeded in securing two good horses and several mules for the transportation of the provisions and camp equipage.

On the morning of his departure from Muang Prome, when the viceroy was again in saddle, early in the day fifty young girls with bamboo rods and cypress blossoms waved their adieus, and cried, "Buddha, give thee speed," which ceased only when the undulating and tortuous way lost him to view.

Thus our viceroy proceeded to the north. At his encampment at Muang Chainat it was found to be

IN BAN KAMPANG

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impossible either to eat or to sleep until his servants secured a quantity of resinous branches, with which they created a barrier of fire.

At Muang Nakon-sawan, a ledge of rocks with a fine lookout on the valley below, and a cool breeze, rendered their stay more agreeable. Both at Muang Ban Pao and Ban Kampang their camping ground was dryer and cooler, but they were annoyed by the growling of hungry leopards attracted by the smell of the horses, so that Chondor, Keló, and Wando-Ua had very little rest, as, by turns, they had to watch the horses all night.

At Ban Tokemai the viceroy found much more comfort and civilization; in fact, he discovered the areca palm industry to be so considerable that he passed a second night there. So that he noted some important statistics.

On the twelfth day he arrived in Raheng on his way to the northern provinces and his prospective seat of government at Petchaboune. At Raheng, business and inclination detained him during an entire month. Here he found many industries of varied importance, all of which were carefully noted. The third day, at a reception in the garden of the governor's house, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua met Grie Phya Lan, the Dowager Queen of the Kareens, and her daughter, the Princess Chie Lo, whose society he had so much enjoyed more than a year ago at Ayuthia. He now again joined them in parties of pleasure in the beautiful country around Raheng.

In other years Grie Phya Lan had been pleased with Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's courteous manners and brilliant powers of conversation. Now, when she saw him an envoy and ruler, she was charmed with his military mien and bearing. Chie Lo seemed entranced whenever he spoke with her. He saw her as frequently as his state duties warranted; his country was always first in his thoughts.

As was the custom in Burmah in those days, two or three times a week, of evenings, wealthy men of the town gave poeys in honor of the viceroy. Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and Chie Lo were always there. At first they saw the strange antics of the poey actors and the posers; they laughed heartily and enjoyed themselves thoroughly. They sat under a light peculiar to that country, the entertaining committee having prepared lanterns by hollowing out large specimens of papaya fruit and illuminating them with vegetable oil; yet as the evening advanced they were unconscious of the world around them; the charm of the moment was not in that divertisement; they became in a measure blind to the antics of those droll people. As though dazed, they listlessly turned their eyes from time to time on the grimaces of the players; they were now too much absorbed in each other to heed the merriment.

Strange coincidence: after twenty days of these diverting festivals, it entered into the hearts of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and the Princess Chie Lo to seal their

bliss by arranging with each other and the dowager to enter into matrimony.

Naturally, in Siam, young men and women, succumbing to the inveterate law of nature, become fond of one another. This fondness often results in a desire to pass life together. In that country it is customary, at such a time, for the man enamoured of a woman to employ some of his relatives or friends to negotiate with the parents, to intercede and arrange matters for him.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was not a man to be entirely restrained by conventionalities. He had ascertained that Chie Lo reciprocated his affection for her; he felt assured that it was mutual. Being a diplomat, he felt he was capable of negotiating this proposition of marriage with the mother, Grie Phya Lan. She, long since aware of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's admiration of her daughter, was very happy to treat directly with the interested principal.

The dowager was so devoid of prejudice that she was not influenced by the superstition and ordinary usages of her country; she did not demand the horoscope of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua; he might have been born in the year of the lion; she knew that Chie Lo was born in the year of the sheep; she saw that they were fitted for each other. She rendered her own verdict, and that favorable to the union. The conference was short, amicable, and satisfactory to all concerned. The gallant and wise Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua

assured the dowager that he had no idea of separating Chie Lo from her mother. On the contrary, he foresaw the wisdom of the dowager remaining with his prospective wife, as he, through the peculiar duties of his position, would often be required to make fatiguing journeys throughout the provinces under his charge.

The dowager, however, stipulated that he should accompany them on the long journey to Putakai, on a visit to her brother, the Governor of the Kareens, and that there, in his mansion and in the presence of her friends and relations, the wedding should be celebrated.

As soon as the dowager had had a perfect understanding with Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, she dispatched a messenger to her brother, the Governor of the Kareens, at Putakai, to announce the engagement and approaching nuptials of Chie Lo, and with instructions to prepare for the ceremonies and festivities.

As Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had already announced his approaching departure, the people of the district had arranged a reception and evening entertainment under a wide-spreading banyan-tree, whose branches were gayly illuminated with many-colored lanterns. By a mechanical arrangement, water was conducted into the trees beyond the space occupied by the guests. Constantly dropping like spray from the branches of the trees, it refreshed the sultry atmosphere.

Among other amusing features were characteristic dances by the voluptuous girls of the Siamese theatre,

The viceroy and Chie Lo enjoyed every moment of that festive night; the dowager, Grie Phya Lan, stood by looking at them, and said to herself, "I am glad to see this;" and her uppermost thought was, *we* must reign. She was accustomed to reign, but this time Grie Phya Lan reckoned without her host. Her prospective son-in-law, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, proved himself every inch a nomadic king. When he was ready, he moved from one province to another and he could not always wait for the dowager to accompany and advise him.

At the expiration of a month he was ready to quit Raheng; so, with his delightful enchantress, Chie Lo, and the dowager, he again took to horse. Through the circumstances just narrated his simple riding party now became more of a caravan, and, with three women added to it, entailed considerable additional incumbrance.

On arriving at Raheng, he had entered that city with two horses and four mules; the mules for his three servants, his baggage, etc. Now it was necessary to add to these three horses, two for the ladies, one for their maid, and three mules for the travelling servants and luggage.

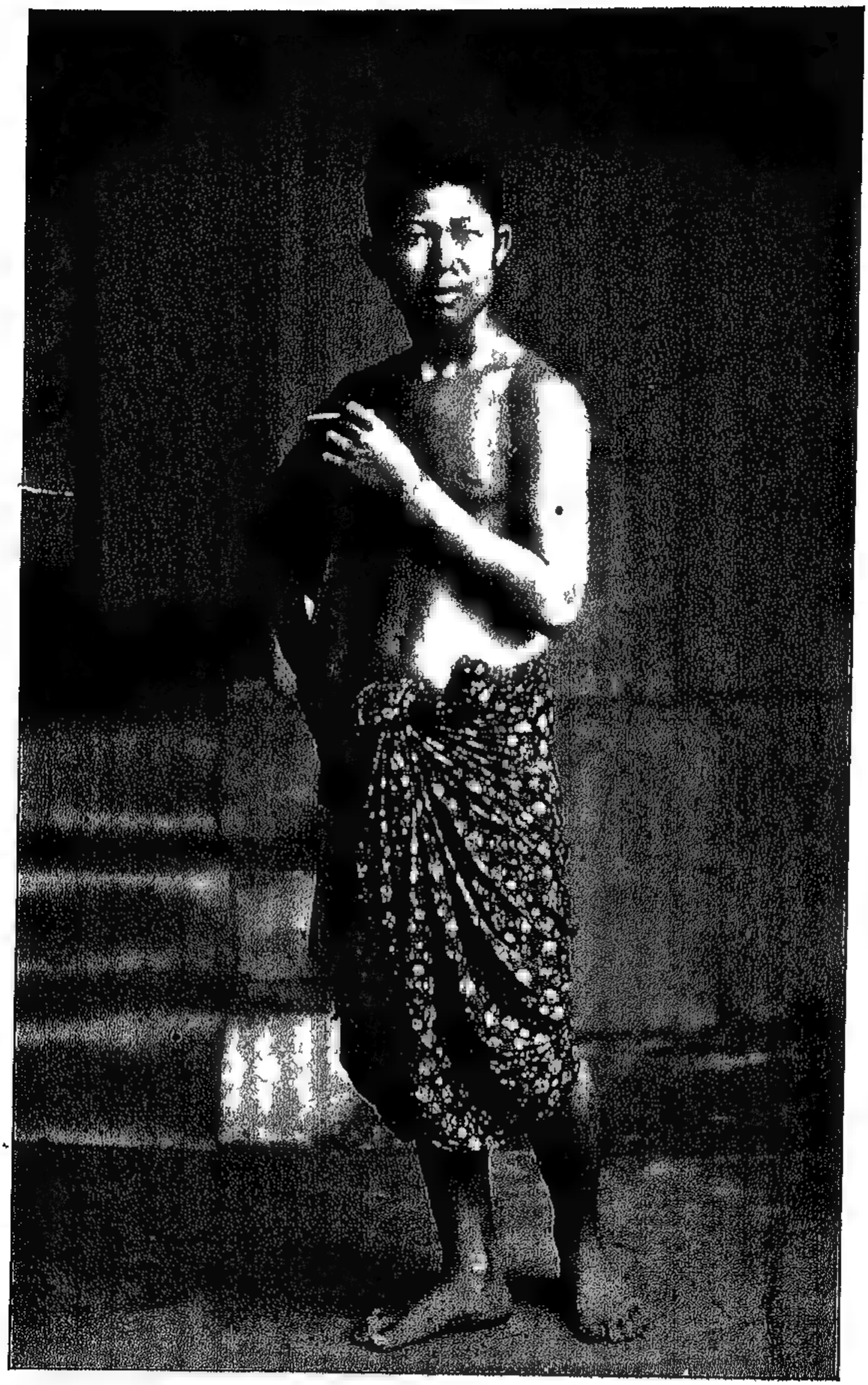
They were all ready early in the morning, but there was the inevitable send-off. The fact that their charming friend, Chie Lo, was going away as a *fiancée* also brought many women to increase the kindly human barricade that barred the avenue of departure.

Finally, after a full hour's ceremony, during which both men and women had doubled themselves almost into balls, like tumble-bugs, the caravan moved; turning their unwilling backs on Raheng, followed by greetings and blessings, they proceeded by easy stages along the roughest and wildest route the viceroy had yet journeyed.

To reach Pha-ka-cha, their way lay through a forest, whose density produced a shade very agreeable at mid-day, but weird, damp, and deleterious at night. During this journey, on more than one occasion they were compelled to encamp in very uninviting humidity and obscurity, where they were made conscious that they were unwelcome guests by the presence of noxious reptiles, pestiferous insects, and vampires.

During this long journey in the saddle, every attention was paid to the special provision of shelter for the ladies. Their sex and noble condition were respected, and Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's orders were that every other consideration should give way to their absolute comfort.

Before starting out, a set of cane and bamboo screens had been prepared in sections, so that they could be quickly fitted together each evening and form a commodious cabin with three sleeping places. These sections were easily carried *en route* on the sides of the mules; fortunately, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had procured an extra servant and pack-mule, with provisions, before he left Raheng. For, with the exception of Layhko, Tapapolon, Matohim, Mysong, and Muythong, there



CHIEF MAN-SERVANT OF THE VICEROY AT PUTAKAI

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were no other towns where any nourishment could be had, either for man or beast, throughout the route.

Neither Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, Chie Lo, nor the dowager seemed concerned or fearful, but the three personal servants and the three horsemen evidently dreaded the approach of night. Each evening they installed a rough frame, covered with leaves, which afforded their master a cabin for the night. The moment they had arranged the ladies' comfortable sectional cabin, they would lay up a few flat stones against the base of the nearest *ayha*, or iron-wood tree. They then hurriedly kindled a fire, spread out the plates and provisions, bowed before a Buddha which they had attached to the tree, struck vigorously upon a small gong to call the god's attention, and proceeded to burn, each evening, a portion of their stock of prayers, previously prepared by their priests on long strips of gilded and colored paper.

At such times Chie Lo, woman-like, found one consolation: that was in her mystic mirror ring. It was, as the name implies, a diminutive mirror of polished metal set into a gold ring. It really seemed to solace her, not only to get a peep at her own beauty, but also to ascertain how her features and complexion had supported the fatigues of the day.

Always, on leaving an encampment in the forest in the morning, they hastily constructed an improvised shrine, with a ledge or sill of broad bamboo, on which they deposited rude votive offerings which they sup-

posed would protect them during the day. Although they felt themselves equal to the day's work only when they had fortified themselves with the religious ceremony, they were brave and untiring when once they turned their backs on their good work.

In these desolate bridle-paths they met daily numerous caravans of cattle-dealers; the frequent deaths among those powerful beasts gave another evidence of the insalubrity of the climate. From every herd some animals were killed at night by the wild beasts which infested the low country through which they were being driven.

However, on several succeeding days their road led them up among the hills, where brighter, fairer vegetation, purer air, and sweet water refreshed them and prepared them for their arrival at Putakai, in the country of the Kareens. Twice after they reached this more healthy country they were joined in their encampment by caravans from Persia.

Among the travellers on these occasions were several antiquaries *en route* for Hong-Kong. Some of them had interesting gems and cylinders, the inscriptions on which were not sealed books to Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua.

Around the camp-fires, of an evening, the viceroy and his family examined these Persian antiquities with the interest of savants. Among them was a Persian cylinder with a representation of Bel Merodach, the god of war, in a position signifying that he was being adored; on the same cylinder was a carefully cut in-

scription or legend in Babylonian cuneiform characters. Also a Gnostic gem, oval in form, cut on a chalcedony onyx, representing a man blindfolded and pinioned to a column on which the Mithraic winged Gryphon was rampant. On the reverse was a figure which, by reason of the inscription surrounding it, appeared to be a female; the words were *Nicandra—Sosandra* ("Catch husband—Keep husband"); probably a love-token. There were many cabalistic stones.

One Assyrian gem, signifying the divine origin of kings, so accorded with the taste and temper of the dowager that she bargained for it and obtained it. From that moment that ring was always on the forefinger of her left hand, and many a time when Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was temporizing with his people, she regarded that talisman and then gave the viceroy a look that implied, "Exert the power that is divinely yours." At such moments she was stern, yet she was always a mother.

The caravan now reached a stretch of the jungle of Northwestern Siam, in the lowlands lying beneath the cliffs of the Burmese frontier. They were unwilling to encamp on account of the cool dampness, but it was necessary to wait until the next daylight. Everything was therefore arranged inside a barrier of wood fire.

Occasionally, in this part of the way, during two days of the route, the footing is too insecure for the small feet of horses or mules, when laden. The proprie-

tors of elephants are always near at hand. The horses and mules, relieved of their burthens, are tethered together in single file, and must be started from fifteen to thirty minutes in advance, as the elephants cannot endure the odor of cattle or the sound of their steps behind them,—a fact which the author has experienced to his inconvenience.

There was nothing new to the viceroy or his companions in this mode of transportation; they had been accustomed to it from childhood. The change, however, was very agreeable. As they mounted and sat in *howdahs* (double baskets laid astride the elephants' broad backs), there was a sense of security to the travellers as the ponderous, careful beasts slowly felt their way through wet places, removing the entangled vines from overhead with their powerful trunks or skilfully balancing themselves as they accomplished steep ascents or narrow descents.

When all were through safely, the elephants, like children, began to give vent to their satisfaction by uttering a series of shrill cries; they pulled at their masters' arms with their trunks, and sniffed and snorted at the odor of the water of the lake, which there intervened between the jungle and the route beyond, which ascended to the higher lands on the frontier.

This lake is really a great pool in the Salween River. The attendants of the elephants understood their wishes, and led them in to bathe. When the horses

and mules arrived, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and his party were transferred to a large flat-boat and slowly paddled to the other side. There, near the landing, at a village of some importance, they procured a repast of broiled fish and fruit. The animals and all were now refreshed, and, after a mile on the river bank, they commenced the ascent.

Five hours later they were compelled to encamp for the night on a broad ledge of rocks on the side of the precipitous mountain

The next day, at about eleven A.M., the little party, after toiling by a circuitous route, arrived on the highest plateau and accomplished the last ascent between them and Putakai. In fact, that city was now in view below them.

They were agreeably surprised to find a party of men reposing on a little hill to the south of the highway. As soon as the dowager came in sight, the men quickly rose and, bending low, saluted the entire party according to the national custom, repeating their Oriental prostrations a number of times. The governor, the dowager's brother, had sent twenty of these stalwart men with three bamboo dandies, a species of palanquin which is loosely swung on two long poles (the poorer quality has only one pole); they are carried on the shoulders of as many men as the occupant can afford to pay for. In this case, six men were provided for each dandy, two in front, two behind, and two relays for each, with still two more, so that the

men might be replaced as, one after another, they needed rest.

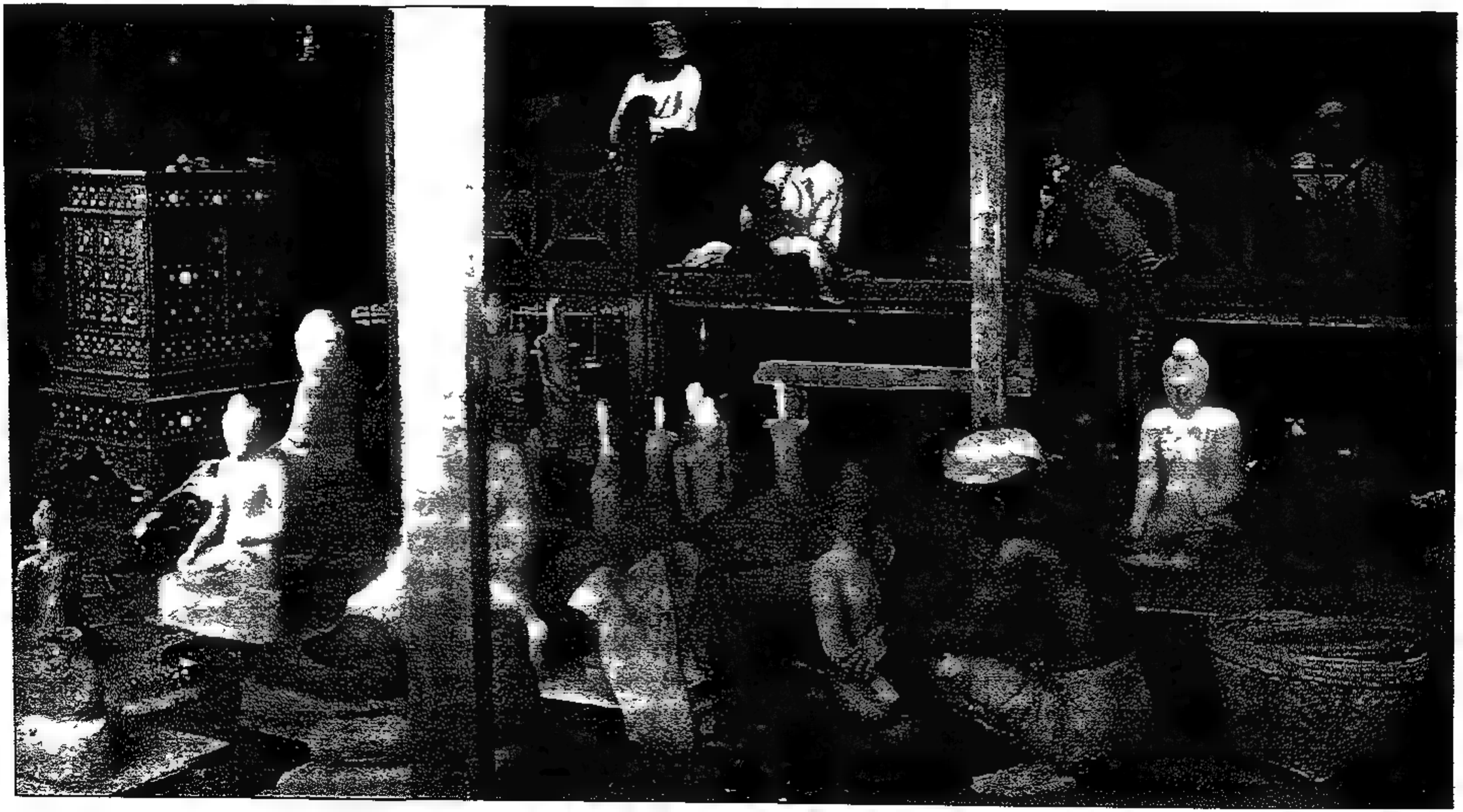
To give some idea of the manner of distributing the labor, it may be well to explain: on starting out, the two in front bear the poles on their left shoulders, close up to the neck, while the two in the rear of each dandy bear the load on their right shoulders in the same way. These positions are changed about every fifteen minutes or five or six times an hour.

After an improvised *tiffin* (lunch), the trappings and belongings of all being rearranged, the party started off to accomplish the easier remaining part of the route to Putakai.

When they went into the town, the dowager and the princess, respecting the custom of the country, rode immediately to their private cottage, from which they had been absent about three months. It was situated about one hundred rods beyond the governor's house.

Her brother meanwhile conducted the viceroy to the gubernatorial mansion, where a well-appointed, cool apartment had been reserved for him.

After the manner of the country, the viceroy's servants unrolled his bedding and arranged it on the floor for the night. The governor had received all the party with Oriental courtesy. Rest was the first necessity of the servants as well as their master. He provided them with comfortable mattresses of the silk-cotton-tree, and throughout their stay with him cared for them hospitably.



GOD MAKERS (PLATE I)

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Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua remained quietly at home several days, during which time he gave his horses well-earned repose.

Immediately on receiving Grie Phya Lan's message from Raheng, the governor decided that as soon as possible after the viceroy's arrival he would inform him in regard to his experience with the agent, Aj-Ni-Van Therefore, after learning Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's plans, he took an early opportunity to speak to the viceroy about that adventurer, whose unenviable fame not only had reached him, but whom he had personally known.

"Now, viceroy," the governor said to him one day, 'I want you to beware of a man named Aj-Ni-Van, recently a temporary viceregal agent in the northwest of Siam. He tried to convey the contents of my treasure to his own, and that is what he has been doing for several years in Siam, instead of sending the revenues of the provinces under his care to the viceroy at Petchaboune. I know him also as a troublesome suitor for the hand of my niece, which may interest you fully as much as his national financial relations."

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua assured the governor that he fully understood Aj-Ni-Van, and related to him his experience with that adventurer.

After thorough repose, the viceroy accompanied the governor on several long expeditions throughout his provinces. One day to Hpazaung and Leiktho, other days to Sawlon and Banong, or to the southeast at Bowgale.

The principal industry of this section was the manufacture of deities and the supplying of decorations for the temples. Many of the villages had such workshops, especially those of Banong and Yua-thit, where many artists were employed modelling gods or deities. On one of these rides the governor encountered at Banong a company of straggling jesters, contortionists, and poey actors. They were *en route* for Putakai, where he promised to employ them. Indeed, the governor ransacked the country, seeking every entertainment possible for the approaching marriage; the paramount subject in all his thoughts at this time was the success of that marriage.

Marriage is neither a sacrament nor a ceremony of the Buddhist religion, especially among the Kareens. Every boy, as a novitiate in the service of the temple, is taught the importance of celibacy in a holy life. It is those only who, finding that doctrine repugnant, break the bonds and return to the world that are left to pursue the indispensable occupations of mercantile life, and but few of them marry. Still, the Hpoon-jyees * recognize the importance of the institution, and the people are glad to receive a blessing from the temple officials, whom they revere.

The viceroy, the governor, and the dowager now assembled and had an understanding about the financial settlement. This was all satisfactorily arranged.

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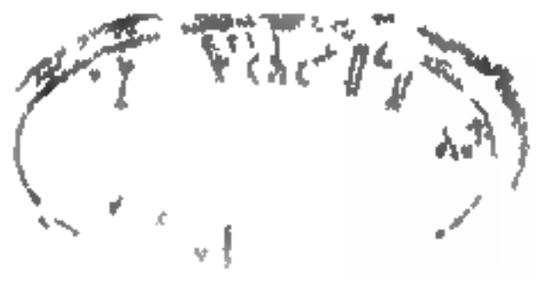
* As the priests are called in the land of the Kareens.

GOD-MAKERS (PLATE II)



Then Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and the Princess Chic Lo stood before them and plighted their troth, the governor having invited the chief Hpoonjyee to attend as a witness.

The viceroy being a stranger among the Kareens, the arrangement for the wedding devolved on the governor. The governor's relations and the *attachés* of his little court were to be the guests to assist in the ceremonies.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, before he started on his rides in the country, went daily in the early morning to pray in the Buddhist temple, and always had long interviews with the chief Hpoonjyee.

After three weeks all the preliminaries were arranged, and the twentieth of the month *Méao Thom* (January) was decided on for the wedding to take place. In that country, in January, every day was fair, so they were sure of having propitious weather.

The governor's grounds were exceptionally well situated; the entrance to the buildings faced the east, looking through a garden to the public street. The other façade, facing the west, was the most pretentious. Its broad and commodious veranda, constructed of bamboo and vine-wood, looked out upon the real beauties and comforts of the estate. Just beyond a green lawn, surrounded by different varieties of aloes and myrtles, nature had provided a cool, shady retreat in a forest extending from the banks of the river Salween a half-mile to the east, and covering three

miles north and south. At its outskirts, on the governor's property, were grand old trees, whose gnarled branches reached out more than half the twenty feet which separated their trunks. Rattans of long growth had so entwined their fibrous forms about the upper branches of the trees and the *agila*, or eagle-wood, that they completed a canopy almost impervious to every ray of sunlight. The fragrant eagle-wood is precious; it is burnt as incense, and is profitably exported.

Just back of the lawn, on the edge of the forest, about forty feet apart, stood two large water-wheels, constructed of light wood and teak, whose endless chains of bamboo buckets continually emptied their precious contents into two stone troughs, through which the water flowed, cooling the sultry atmosphere and passing on to a point near to the house, where, through numerous conduits, it was distributed throughout the garden, refreshing and sustaining many plants and vegetables. This water was brought through large bamboo pipes to a descending grade from the river Salween, the pipes suspended by withes of rattan to the branches of the trees throughout the descent. The earth at the back of the garden, under massive trees and between the water-wheels, was freshly covered with the cinnamon-colored fibres of resinous trees growing among the rocks on the north.

As the chief feature in a Kareen wedding is the music and the entertainment by lamp and torchlight, on that day the guests did not assemble until five P.M.

GOD-MAKERS (PLATE III)

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During an hour before that time they were arriving from every direction; those of the governor's immediate family and his official staff were received on the capacious veranda. The dowager and the princess were early there, also the high Hpoonjyee and three others; the governor and the viceroy were busy receiving. The other guests, through courtesy and the custom of the country, came bearing in their hands offerings of branches of little speckled plantains, papayas, mangoes, custard-apples, and many other fruits. These were considered offerings, but nothing perishable or to be eaten, or that, when consumed, could leave no reminder, was esteemed as a wedding souvenir. This was Oriental, practical wisdom. Ordinary gifts, among most of the people, consisted of utensils useful in the prospective household. In the case of the Princess Chie Lo, who was going far away, such things were not available. Gifts which the bride could, in after-years, employ to decorate herself, and on which she could look as mementos of the friends and donors, were carried in on trays, each guest presenting her own.

This attended to, they arranged themselves in little coteries on the ground, the women by themselves and the men on the opposite side.

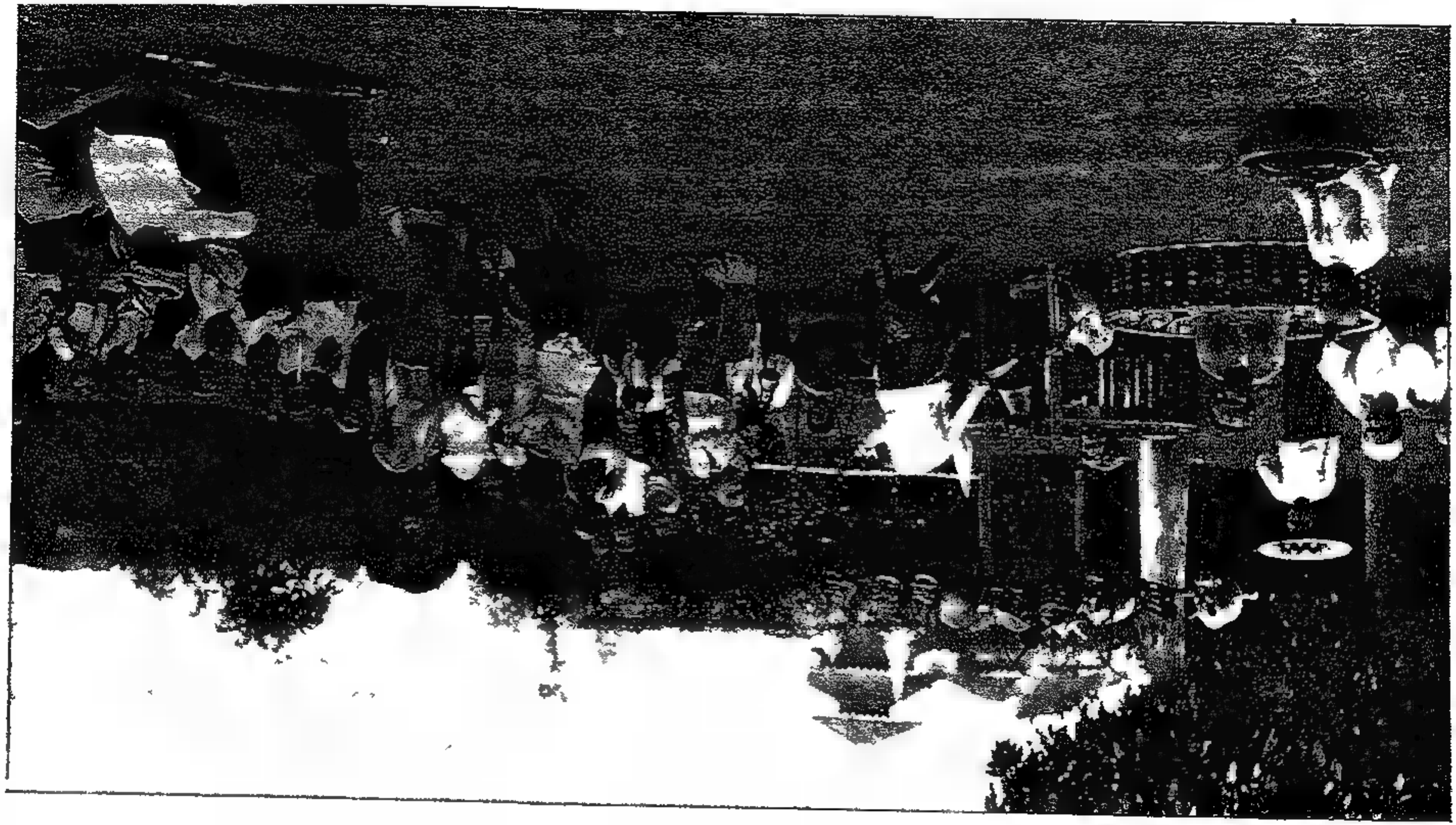
When the music commenced, the governor and all the honored guests descended from the veranda; their servants quickly spread on the ground under the trees cool rush and rattan mats. The family and their

escort observed the same rule as the people in placing themselves.

During this ceremony Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and Chie Lo were separated according to Kareen rule. Then, in the presence of all assembled, the two principals in this important event stood up and renewed their plighted troth. Their relations and immediate friends pressed their hands in congratulation and the chief Hpoonjyee gave them his blessing. All this while the guests had quit their places that they might avail themselves of the best points of observation; this actually completed the marriage ceremony, but not the entertainment. When all were comfortably settled, the musicians piped their best and picked from their stringed instruments their shrillest tones; nor were their efforts lost: the governor responded with appreciative applause.

A Shan showman now came on the scene with a large cane cage, from which his arms and shoulders were soon covered with tamed young parrots, which he distributed principally among the ladies, after performing very skilfully with them, instructing them how to feed and care for the birds.

While all were interested in these beautiful parrots, other employees arranged a place on the ground to serve as a stage; it was placed in the centre between the lawn and the gnarled trees. The scene was prepared for the company of jesters, acrobats, and poey actors which had been some days previously engaged at



A POEY AMONG KAREENS

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Banong. At one side, a little to the front, stakes were driven into the ground in a circle seven feet in diameter and three feet in height; this was partly covered in with painted canvas; on a cushion in the centre sat one of the troupe, cross-legged. As soon as the players stepped forward, the man in the canvas pen began to strike out vigorously with both arms, beating in every direction on flat bells, shallow drums, and hollow bamboo tubes, which were hung up around him. Quite a variety show was now presented, three of the men impersonating women, the intonations of all their voices being in the scope of felines on a wall. The actors played with enthusiasm; they seemed to enjoy it as much as the wedding party did.

At ten o'clock all took a little rest; however, there was really very little intermission, for soon moving lights could be seen approaching, and the beating of tom-toms announced big beasts to be coming. Soon a great throng from the temple drew near, bright flambeaus in hand, guiding two elephants, which entered through the great double gate at the south; they were bound together, and bore on a platform saddle a large sitting Buddha, twenty feet high, made by expert workmen in token of affection for the Princess Chie Lo. It was modelled of coarse paper saturated with glue, and gilded. Elephants do not often hurry without being driven, so they moved very slowly; when they came to one of the water-ways in the garden, they felt their way over it suspiciously. After that they were soon

led to the base of the veranda steps, where the Buddha was set up. The benevolent countenance of the tinselled deity looked down on the newly wedded as though blessing them. The whole assembly involuntarily bowed low their heads to the east and to the Buddha, while the Hpoonjyees chanted lines from their inseparable companions,—their sacred books.

With feasting that knew no inebriating beverage, with music lacking melody, with magic surpassing nature, with glances conquering maidens' hearts, the night grew old. Soon after midnight Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and the princess retired to the cottage, the dowager taking the apartment vacated by the viceroy.

Before the dawn of day the merriment of the players and the force of the musicians subsided. With the light of the rising sun the gilded Buddha seemed less adorable; that mattered not, for they who had bowed to him by night were gone; that assemblage had gone to dream of celibacy, or of conjugal bliss, or of the vicissitudes of life; to them that effigy would always remain in their recollection as the beautiful, beneficent Buddha.

By the following morning Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and Chie-Lo-Ma-Dua were thoroughly refreshed. At eleven, fortunately, they were ready and sitting under the banyan-tree, some of whose branches touched the veranda.

Certain customs had to be observed and respected. There came the multitude again, in groups of twenty

COMING TO THE [redacted] OF THE VICEROY

and thirty together, the people of the governor's town, with fair flowers and sincere congratulations. All were courteously received. The servants of the princess had prepared the repast,—potted spiced eggs, luscious pickles, cooling fruits, and, for women as well as men, large green cigars. This repast over, they paraded through the town, and, after a lantern *fête* at night, they all pronounced it done, and cheerfully returned to their labor.

With the pleasures of the preceding night the governor's celebration of his niece's* wedding ended, though the people went away to prepare, by repose, for the greater *fêtes* which they knew would be a sequence of such an important event. Besides, many of them were to take part in the subsequent manifestations of rejoicing. The entire population had taken part in the functions, all needed rest. With mutual consent or inclination it was resolved that the world might revolve without their aid. There were no public bakers, no butchers, no milkmen."

To the few whom necessity called to go abroad during that twenty-four hours of oblivion it seemed that all nature slept and that they were the monarchs.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, as in all things, had now the noble desire to repay some of the attentions shown him by the governor, the dowager, and the people. He

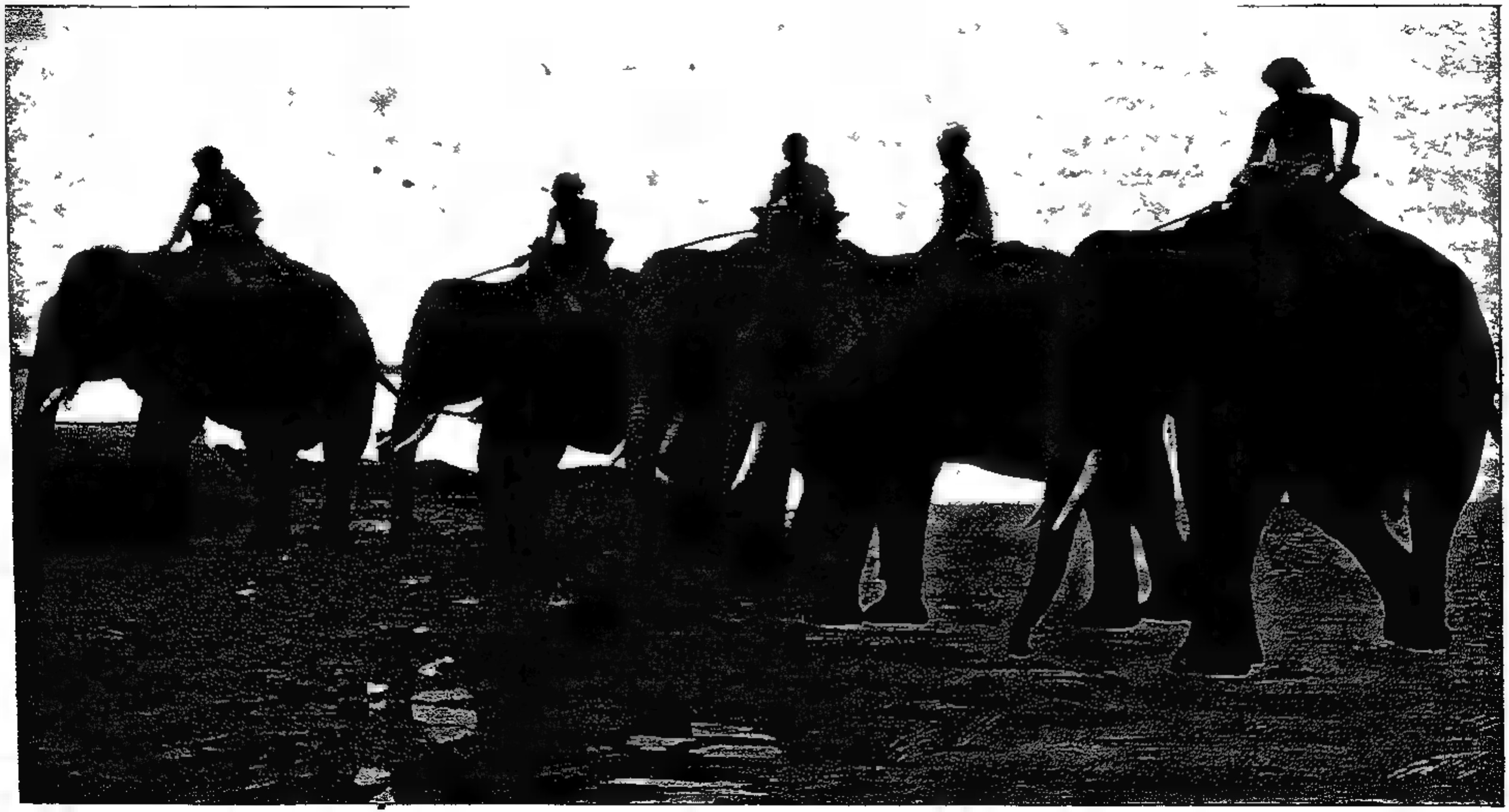
* They were all Buddhists, and therefore did not need bread, meat, or milk.

had therefore prepared an entertainment consisting of contests of strength, speed, equilibrium, and national sports. Soon after his arrival at Putakai he had made arrangements with agents, who had sent emissaries out in every direction to bring in elephants with their keepers. They procured one hundred and seven.

As announced, the entertainment began at five A.M. on the third day after the marriage. The arena was prepared facing the forest, a little to the south of the wedding-ground. It was expressly made one hundred metres in diameter and three hundred and fifty metres in circumference, so that the people could constantly observe the sports. They led off with a trot of twenty-five elephants; they were four or five rows deep, and ran twice only around the course, merely to open the performances of the day At a point three hundred feet beyond the course a painted wooden target, padded with straw, was set up, with a centre of two feet in diameter, and five bands, each of two feet in breadth. Forty chosen archers stood forth, close to the audience, and discharged their numbered arrows in a volley. The stewards then registered the shots and sent the result to the family stand; this was repeated five times.

At eight A.M. breakfast was served on trays to all who were ready for it, and from that time on, all day, food, fruits, sweetmeats, fresh palm-juice,* and water were to be had on demand.

* When not fresh, it is intoxicating.



ELEPHANTS AT [redacted] FÊTE [redacted] PHYA RAMA MA DUA

During all these performances a band of musicians, fifty in number, played such strains [redacted] the people were accustomed to. Among the instruments used were ten *ra-nats*, long, thin wooden boxes, over which wooden tongues rested on a solid horizontal pivot; on being beaten, they gave sonorous and melodious notes; ten *khong-bongs*, a larger and more noisy instrument, in the centre of which the performer sits and plays with two beaters; ten *na-kes*, round, thin boxes covered with the skins of large serpents, which reverberated the sound from the wire cords above them; ten *ka-japes*, a sort of guitar; and ten *rumánes*, or drums.

At noon, and until two P.M., all reposed.

A grand kite contest now ensued there were about sixty of them. The best and winning players were those who first succeeded in raising their kites to a great height and then plunged them onto the strings of those below, which they entangled and made prisoners.

Now the stewards presented a spirited race of fifty elephants, all with riders. It was exciting when a lively fellow would rush up from behind, overtake the leaders, and slip through to the front with a wild break. The getting these cumbrous animals into line was a troublesome manœuvre; they sometimes had to start them a number of times. Although not going speedily all the time, it was very amusing to witness the spasmodic efforts of some of the beasts to leave their lag-behind positions and go suddenly to the front.

These were followed by a series of wrestling matches. Powerful professionals of great muscular development, from Central Burmah, were the contestants. A number of them were so evenly matched that it was some time before any of them were thrown. The young women were interested; for, although they dared not choose their own husbands, many a woman saw her beau-ideal in the form of one of these gladiators.

Now twenty young men entered the runway. Each was given a bowl, made out of a gourd, filled with water to within an inch of the top, which he was required to carry on the palm of one hand. At a given signal all started; he who came in first at the goal, having made the turn without spilling a drop, was declared the winner. All along the route watchers were stationed to see that no water was spilled.

Again elephants were introduced, this time in the central arena; their keepers then exasperated the beasts until they fought one another viciously in an all-around fight. The keepers who sat upon them and goaded them all the while seemed to take more interest in the result than did the elephants; they were a class of men trained from boyhood to enjoy peril.

And now a strange performance was introduced. Forty young men were arranged in four lines on the course, those having the longest legs being placed in the hinder row. To each was given a long torch, supplied with resinous and fatty ingredients. A hundred paces beyond the starting-point were many piles

HILL PEOPLE WHO [redacted] TO [redacted] WEDDING

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of embers of samay-wood, which, the reader will remember, has the quality of burning until every atom is consumed. Immediately on arriving at these heaps of fire, each man fell on his knees and hastened to blow up a flame with which to light his torch As soon as that was accomplished, and not before, the man could continue his course. It required a great deal of management: if the man ran too rapidly, out would go the flame and he would have to return to the embers, without he was too far away and there remained no hope. Often he who went the most moderately came in at the goal first with the blazing brand.

The elephants in the scenes that day were not highly educated, so that all their antics were natural; they were raced at intervals throughout the day, and the various performers reappeared until by evening all were either exhausted or satiated.

A great beating of *khong-bongs* then announced the close, after which all present filed respectfully before the viceroy and the princess, whose *fête* it was, and then betook themselves anew to the ordinary occupations of life.

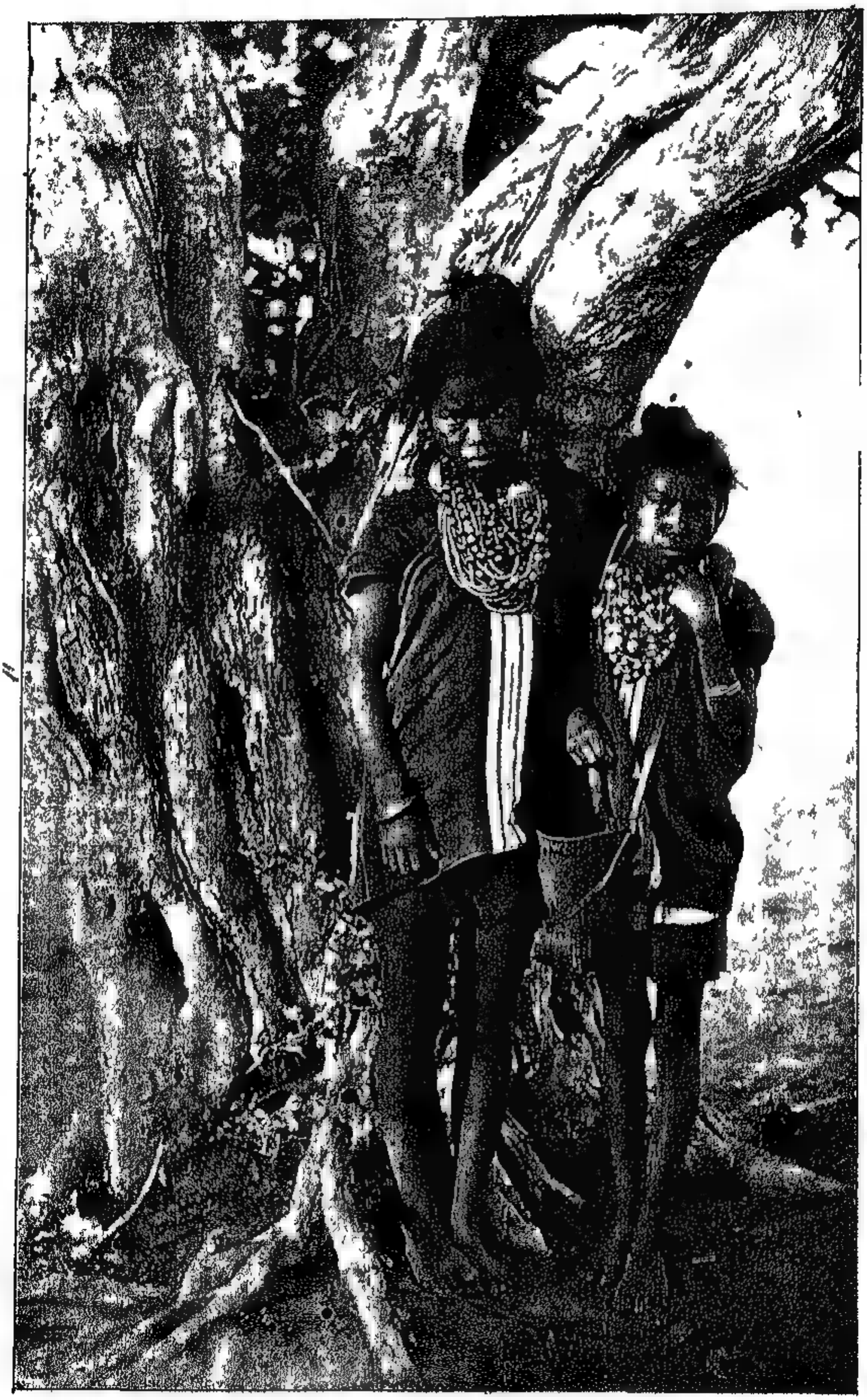
Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua and Chie-Lo-Ma-Dua were now married; the festive ceremonies were concluded, but they had not yet commenced their wedded life. The object of their journey to Putakai was accomplished. The bride occupied herself with packing what properties could possibly be carried on five extra pack-mules. After four days of ceremonial visits and

final arrangements, early on the morning of the thirty-first day after their arrival, at six A.M., Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, his family and train, rode out of Putakai amidst the earnest salutations and adieus of the multitude. Their journey was very much of the same character as in coming northwest, only that for some days the route descended, which, although more rapidly accomplished, was more fatiguing for man and beast. The first night they stopped at Muang Chey; the second in a rest-house at Wat Nirva. They encamped at Muang Pon to the east, and south and east of that at Ban Pe, Muang Tern, Muang Sakotai, Ban Kien, and then southeast to Klong Twin, at the confluence of the Nam-Pat and Mei-nam-Yome Rivers.

The curious and beautiful animals they met at times on this journey gave them very little inquietude. There were gazelles, porcupines, and roebucks, also occasional wild animals, which might have proved troublesome at night but for the protecting fires built by the servants. Chendor, Keló, and Wando-Ua, in turns, kept watch at night. Occasionally, in the daytime, the trailing party would see a rhinoceros; it is an animal that will not attack man unless molested.

From Klong Twin the route lay to the northeast, through valleys winding through the mountains on the west of the Nam Sak River. The last encampment was at Ban Kote.

On the seventeenth day after quitting Putakai, Phya-



GIRLS OF KAREEN WHO ATTENDED THE FÊTE (CHIN GIRLS)

IMPERIAL

Rama-Ma-Dua and his family rode into Petchaboune and established themselves in the mansion that had been prepared for them.

Petchaboune was beautifully situated on the river Nam Sak, at its confluence with the Klong Nong Kow. The Nam Sak, at certain seasons of the year, became an impetuous torrent, conveying boats, when skilfully handled, rapidly to the Meinam. The return journey, even in the wet season, was very difficult on this swift water. The shores of the river at Petchaboune were shaded with many trees; among others the graceful tamarinds, whose arched branches added beauty to the avenues.

Once they were thoroughly installed in Petchaboune, the viceroy and the princess attracted an agreeable circle of society around them. Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was very hospitable, and entertained beautifully. Many of his dinners were supplied with game shot by his own hands, for he was still fond of the chase. He hunted whenever his state duties permitted; the forests and even the tilled lands, where he had full rights, were rich with game, and his fine vision and correct aim brought down a fair supply.

For transportation of many things, and for promenades, the viceroy procured three elephants, two adapted to the service required of them by a private household, and a young one, forty-five inches in height, which soon became the especial pet of the princess. The servants of the viceroy looked after the beasts, and

could have supplied them with all necessary food; but the people, grateful for lenient and just government, sought every means of expressing their appreciation. Women and children would call daily at the manor and deposit their offerings of tufts of new grass and bunches of wild, succulent plants, which they knew would be toothsome for the elephants. Such manifestations of respect and regard from the people were very gratifying, especially to Chie Lo.

Among other parties of pleasure were visits to the gold-mines at Koy-Kaholay; to see the yellow nuggets brought to the surface was always interesting. It was a wild route, and only accessible by elephants. On such occasions they took Toto, the baby elephant, along. His only burthen was to carry the wraps and the refreshments.

In his frequent evening entertainments at Petchaboune the viceroy profited by the sweet sentimental songs of the young women of Laos. Their voices and their long bamboo instruments produced music both sympathetic and harmonious. They danced, waving wands or garlands of flowers, and posed, almost without effort, in a series of graceful attitudes.

The most remarkable feature was the motion of their supple arms, now and again protruding the elbow of the right arm in a most bewitching way, as though intending to charge on the audience with the arm in that position.

The customs of the country were always respected

and observed; many of the entertainments at night partook of the fairy-like nature of the *fêtes* of Aladdin.

Now that the Princess Chie Lo was thoroughly rested from the fatigues of the overland journey, she appeared at her ease, displaying her graces; she became more beautiful every day. So she appeared in everybody's opinion, and especially in her husband's eyes. She received the admiration, not only of their immediate circle, but of all the people, who saw her frequently in her daily promenades. She had the wonderful faculty of treating all courteously, and commanding their respect by her natural and perfect dignity.

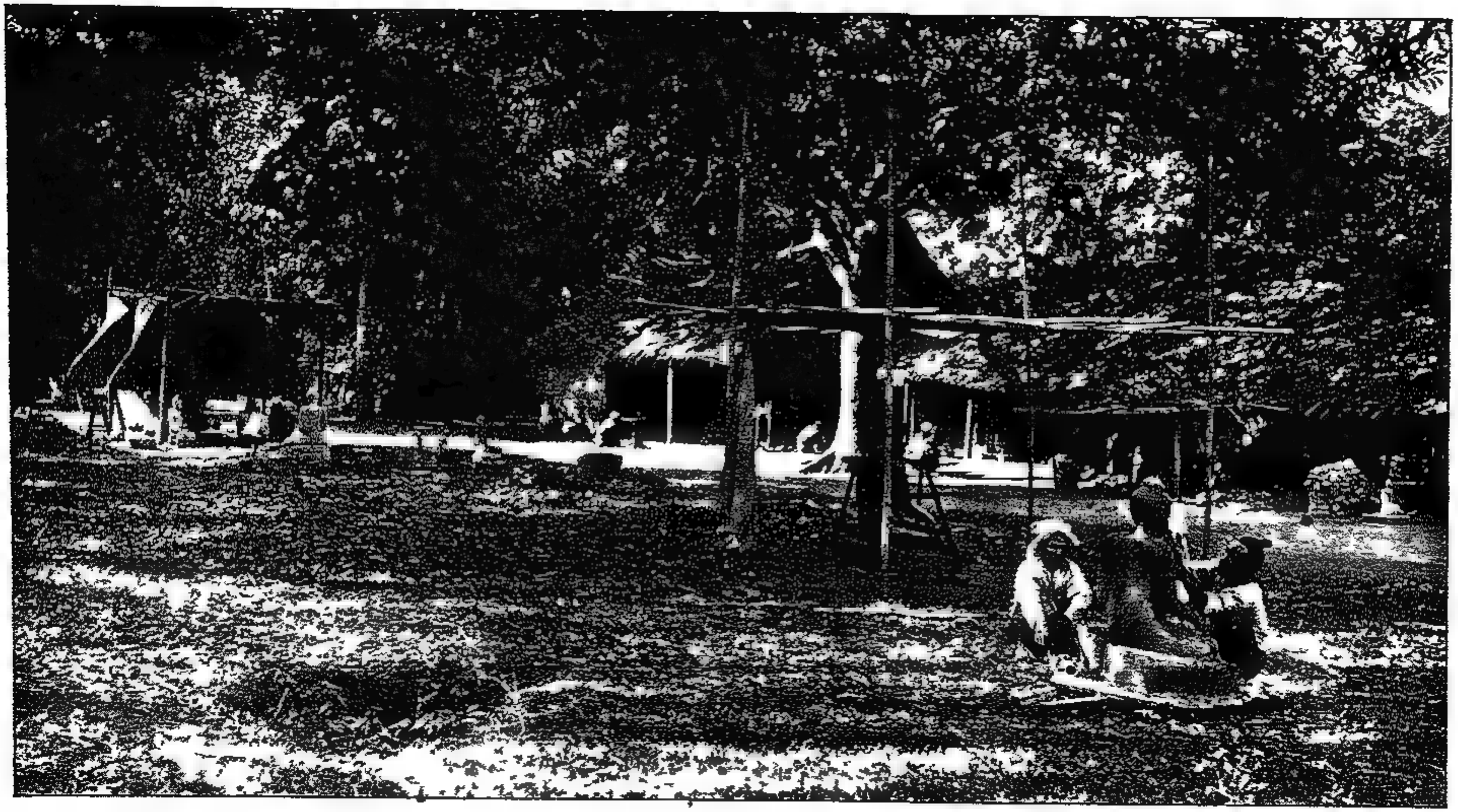
Through his appointment, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was to govern these northern provinces of Siam and certain districts on the frontier of Laos, which he was expected to hold in subjection to the Siamese sovereign, and to whom they were to be required to pay tribute. In those days, in Eastern nations, the people on the frontiers intermarried, and frequently entire districts rendered their allegiance to the more powerful neighbor. In this way the influence of the Siamese government became extended in Laos, as it did in several other frontier provinces.

There was nothing remarkable in the imposition of tribute on the frontier provinces really outside of Siam, for at that epoch certain Malays, Peguans, people of Triganu and Calantans, also of Perak and Quedah, all intermarried with the Siamese, were com-

pelled to pay tribute to the representatives of the king of Siam.

The viceroy, throughout the journey, had on every side inspected the plantations, the condition of the people, and their average ability to aid in the support of the government. He discovered that it would be almost impossible for some agriculturists to pay their tithes in money. He therefore created a new system. He established dépôts at every market town. Every man within reach of these stations was required to deposit his proportion of rice, beans, plantains, dye-stuffs, areca-nuts, or whatever his harvest might be. Tobacco was largely grown, and was the most profitable commodity with which the people traded at Pakprain and Ayuthia. These deposits often accumulated, and had to be disposed of at public sale to the highest bidder. This system proved advantageous to all; it paid the imposts and it readily provided a stock of grain or material to dealers who, had it not been for this convenience, would have had to go to a distance in search of it. Although the storage and commissions on sales amounted to something, there was a large profit account. Much of it would otherwise never have been collected. There was also a direct advantage to the people who depended on the bazaars for their daily supplies.

When an opportunity had been given to the people to judge of the administration of their provinces by Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, they soon felt that they know



GOD MAKERS' VILLAGE (PLATE IV)

him. They met one another on the banks of the Nam Sak, where of afternoons they walked and rested in the shade of the tamarinds There they freely discussed his merits; happily, the majority spoke of him with admiration; some thought he looked like a king. "We will stand by him," said the multitude.

The viceroy ruled these provinces well, and remitted the balance of revenues to the government at Ayuthia. His first thought and care was always for the people. They appreciated it so sincerely that their relations with him were as children to a parent. They often said, "Come what will, we will remain devoted to our viceroy."

Being himself a Buddhist, he readily complied with all requests throughout his provinces to aid the temples by supplying them with effigies in wood and stucco, which he obtained from the manufacturers in the villages of Banong and Yuathit, in the land of the Kareens. He even contributed quantities of gold-leaf with which to restore many of the screens and altars in the temple at Potchabonne. Such liberality also endeared him to his subjects.

He was firm with his chancellors, so that they, in their turn, held strictly to account all the officers of the subordinate departments of finance. All went well for several years, yet the result of his great regard for the people was a constant augmentation of expenses. He gradually became convinced that the tributes were inadequate to support the necessary expenses of the

provincial government, satisfy the demands of the loyal people, and yet continue to make handsome returns to Ayuthia, as he would have liked to have done. In his sound judgment he saw that present concessions to the people would place them in a financial position which in a few years would enable them to bear far greater imposts, and that in that way the government at Ayuthia would be largely benefited. The viceroy had wisely and justly estimated the productions and the value of the products in every province; his decisions were valuable and correct.

When Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua commenced his reign at Petchaboune he made a thorough investigation of the entire management of the affairs of the government officers.

Among other matters which did not seem proper, was an arrangement which had been made some five years before by Rai-Gre-Ino, a former governor of a frontier province, who was afterwards deposed. Rai-Gre-Ino had given to Aj-Ni-Van a roving commission which was no sinecure; he had been instructed to visit every village of the department to ascertain for the home office the amount of taxable harvests, but with no further power.

Phya Rama Ma-Dua suspected that Aj-Ni Van had been in the habit of exceeding his authority, and upon information received from towns in every direction, he ascertained that Aj-Ni-Van had in many villages and towns compromised here and there with certain fam-

ilies, and had given them receipts for their imposts, which he had never reported to his superior officer. Aj-Ni-Van had been recalled and discharged by that governor, he fearing that Aj might with his roving commission continue to collect revenues. Rai-Gre-Ino therefore sent him, accompanied by a guard, to Ayuthia. But there Aj-Ni-Van was set free, and Rai-Gre-Ino gave himself no more concern about him.

Aj-Ni-Van forgot nothing. He always remembered Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's early success in the society of the court. He determined within himself that, should life be spared, he would yet be revenged on that rival who was destined eventually to more than supplant him. It cost him several years of manœuvring until he obtained the ear of the king. Gradually he traduced Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua to his royal majesty, till at last the Ayuthian authorities believed themselves aggrieved, particularly as they noticed that the revenues had recently fallen off. They first sent emissaries to demand an explanation, after which they suggested that the viceroy should impose heavier taxes and make better remittances to the royal treasury.

His position with his people was perfectly satisfactory; his family relations were harmonious and happy. The princess reciprocated her husband's admiration and love, but her affection could not change his ideas of government nor restrain his great forbearance with the people. Withal he had a natural nobleness of character; he ruled his subjects rigorously; his considera-

tion of their wants and their rights resembled more the sentiments of a philanthropist than those of a ruler. Their admiration for him amounted to veneration. He gave the people almost everything they reasonably demanded, supported his own establishment, improved the water- and highways, and remitted the balance to the powers at Ayuthia, telling them that the course he was pursuing was the best for the present, and assuring them that his administration would produce better results in the future. His people clamored again and again for public benefactions: bridle-paths and other municipal improvements, freer courses through the shallow streams, etc. He could do no more for them nor for the state; this was the climax.

Aj-Ni-Van was nearing the consummation of his plans; the king sent men-at-arms, royal emissaries, to Petchaboune to inform themselves whether Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was really pursuing the best course and producing the greatest possible results for the royal treasury. The viceroy received them courteously and aided them in making a thorough investigation of the affairs under his control. In a week's time they had satisfied themselves, and prepared for their journey back to Ayuthia.

All felt a great relief when these inspectors had turned their backs, for the relations between the viceroy and the people of his realm were mutually amicable. He had only to go among them at such times to convince himself of their loyalty and to be assured

that when the crisis arose they would be one with him.

His administration was really for the eventual welfare of the government at Ayuthia. The court was influenced and prejudiced by the jealousies of those in power, seeking advancement, and by the machinations of Aj-Ni Van. It would have been better for the court to have been content with moderate tribute, and to have retained those provinces, upon whose military aid Siam could depend in time of war, than to endanger their renunciation of allegiance and final secession.

All this time the viceroy continued his good works for the people. To the north, and behind the residency, was an elevated plateau with descending slopes flanked by rugged rocks, through whose crevices permeated a bountiful supply of water, which filled a depression below. The viceroy enlarged this sheet of water, forming a serpentine lake, in which he caused thousands of lotus plants to be set out. The delicate fragrance from these flowers came on the air morning and evening to perfume the apartments in the palace. Chie Lo enjoyed all nature, and particularly did she find beauty each morning in those lotus lilies, which in full bloom disclosed their golden hearts, in strong contrast with the pink and red of their petals. Through the attention and culture of his gardeners, these sacred lilies grew and bloomed in abundance, so that he was enabled to supply the pools of temples in almost every village in his realm. It was really

the king's realm, but Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had unwittingly so established himself in the hearts of the people in these northern districts that they no longer knew the king at Ayuthia. The unanimous sentiment was, "Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua is our king;" and he had unintentionally, innocently, taken the place of their sovereign.

This became gradually more and more apparent to the authorities at Ayuthia. They felt that they were aggrieved, and again made remonstrances. They charged Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua with having alienated the loyalty of the inhabitants of the entire northern frontier. Until now, neither the appeals of the court nor its negotiations with Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had resulted in bringing him to a personal interview with the king

The Dowager Grie Phya Lan was a woman of remarkable resolution, and fitted for power; she exerted that power over the viceroy, always forcibly opposing his submission. She said of the king, Phra Chaò Sŏng tham, "He is but a man; are you not a potentate? Do not the people bow down to you? Will you relinquish this power and be compelled to wander in exile?" These feelings of bitterness in her heart for the house of Ayuthia had been instilled into her by her potential parents.

A commission of three courtiers now arrived at Petchaboune, coming not with a command this time, but with a courteous request that Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua

should come into the presence of Phra Chaò Sŏng tham, the king, with the promise that, come what might of the interview, his life should not be jeopardized. After some consultation with the princess and the dowager, this time he consented to submit to the wishes of the king, it being stipulated that he should be accompanied by his wife and Grie Phya Lan and their attendants.

When the inhabitants knew that the viceroy would certainly go to Ayuthia, the news was quickly spread throughout the provinces. Many decided even to precede him, to go by twos and threes in advance, so that they would be ready, in case of emergency, to come to the rescue of their beloved master, should he need their aid.

Some went in small parties all the way overland, a very trying journey; others went by boat; so that before Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua arrived, there were seventeen hundred staunch friends of his cause in the jungle and hidden elsewhere about Ayuthia. The necessary animals were provided for the viceroy.

The first part of the journey was made on mules. In the narrower, more troublesome passes elephants carried them. Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua withal was a Buddhist, and, though on such an important errand, when they arrived in the vicinity of Mount Prabat, he insisted on making a slight détour, and in that way he was enabled to kneel devoutly at the impressions of Buddha's feet on the rocks. This was only three years after they had been discovered by Phra Chaò Sŏng

tham, the king. After accomplishing this act of pious pilgrimage with a feeling of satisfaction, he returned by the most direct route

On the thirteenth day the party reached the river Meinam and embarked on the king's barge, which awaited them at Tarna.

On the seventeenth day Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua stepped out on the quay among the multitude at Ayuthia. At every instant, on either side, he was conscious that the representatives of his subjects already there were pushing their way through the crowds, that they might either give him a look of consolation or offer him refreshing fruit, with which they tried to slip into his hands both paper and metallic talismans intended to protect him during the ordeal through which he was about to pass. He could not speak with them, but to every one he gave his usual kindly smile of recognition. The curiosity of the crowd was not long gratified by his presence, and as he moved away from the river with the guard, the people turned to the mountebanks who had come to Ayuthia, and who now profited by the occasion.

The viceroy was conducted to the rooms on the second floor of the stone shooting-tower on the edge of the forest, where he was under the restraint of a guard of archers. The princess, his wife, and the dowager with hauteur refused the accommodations offered them by the authorities, for reasons which after-events explained.

On the morrow a council was held in the Hall of Justice of the military commandant inside of the fort.

When the king went out in state, his royal palanquin was preceded by two hundred elephants bearing musicians and armed guards. The whole populace, at sight of him, prostrated themselves, many of them praying sincerely for blessings on his head. The court ladies and other nobility followed, also mounted on elephants.

This council was not a festival, but a serious occasion. That day the king was carried in a gilded bamboo chair, on bamboo bars, from the palace to the conference hall, for the examination into the affairs of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua.

The king did not show himself in the ordinary tribunal; he sat in the royal pavilion, some sixty feet to the east and behind the Hall of Justice, to which there was a covered passage way of gilded bamboo. He sat or reclined in a jewelled, gilded cane chair, surrounded by a body-guard of slightly but richly apparelled noblemen. Bearers of large fans and gilded umbrellas intercepted any direct rays of the sun that might have penetrated the latticed arches of the sides of the pavilion.

Before the trial in the tribunal commenced the king sent for Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua. During the audience accorded to him the interview was never for a moment like that of a monarch and his vassal. The king involuntarily evinced respect for the man who had been

represented as a usurper, yet he doubted whether he could, under the circumstances, allow him to remain at Petchabouno. He went so far, when he dismissed the viceroy from his presence, as to say, "We are almost convinced of your indiscretion, and fear that you have been derelict."

Addressing the attendants, he said, "Let the viceroy be conducted before the bar of my councillors, who will decide, after one of our ancient customs, what disposition shall be made of him."

Couriers were also in waiting, who constantly passed back and forth, carrying messages and tidings from the court to the king. These couriers were in turn attended by boys, on whose bare shoulders hung metallic necklaces, badges of their offices.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was quietly and respectfully conducted into the Hall of Justice. The king's officers, chiefs, and a concourse of the *attachés* of the palace were there to gaze on the renowned man who had dared to resist the orders of the king. No measures of force were displayed, no hindrance to the entrance exit of any one.

The military prosecutor of the crown addressed the court. He spoke of the anomalous condition of the northern provinces, until now under the government of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua. There had been no aggression, no murder, but a constantly increasing disregard of the rights of his sovereign master. He did not charge the viceroy with sacrificing the population of

those districts to his own interests, but that, by diverting the allegiance of the people, he, while pandering to the admiration and flattery of his subjects, had gratified his own ambition.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua looked around that tribunal, and there amidst the crowd was the dowager and the princess. Grie Phya Lan regarded him with hauteur. Her look seemed to say, "Why did you ever submit to such indignities?"

Here and there throughout the multitude were the little, muscular men of Laos; they actually seemed more moved than he. The viceroy saw no unfriendly countenance until his eyes met the gaze of Aj-Ni-Van, whose guilty conscience was betrayed by his confused looks and changed color; he saw that he was recognized; he not only looked away, but changed his position, going to walk on the terrace behind the man he had sought to injure.

There was a large bronze Buddha on the platform behind the councillors. Aj-Ni-Van had not the courage to regard that effigy at that time, but kept his face turned away from the very god whose protection he had hitherto always claimed in any enterprise of importance.

No other person appeared with any charge against the viceroy; the councillors of the king, however, could not forget that, through whatever circumstances Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had gained the admiration of the people, he certainly had in a measure supplanted his

royal master. It only remained for the tribunal to decide whether the viceroy should be retained in Siam or subjected to a harder punishment,—that of being exiled to some foreign country.

The ceremony by which these judges were to ascertain which should be the punishment was one of the most ancient, yet simple, of Siamese superstitious rites.

A large lacquered wooden tray, with gilded border, on which were eight melons of the durion fruit, was now placed on a table before the councillors. One of them was then chosen, who, rising before the assembled court, removed one of the eight durions, that, according to their ancient ideas of chance, there should always be an uneven number from which to choose. A second councillor now joined the first and chose a durion from the seven; the remaining six were set aside. A third councillor was called upon to take the knife and cut open the melon. The duty of the fourth councillor was to remove the creamy lobes from the fruit. A fifth took out the oval seeds or stones, one melon usually containing from eighteen to twenty-five stones. A sixth proceeded, in the sight of all the councillors, to gather the seeds on a bronze dish, count, and announce the number. A seventh councillor then reinspected the count, and, finding it correct, confirmed the report. There were twenty-three seeds or stones; the number being odd, the councillors decided that Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua should not be allowed to remain

in the country of Siam, but should be exiled to Singapore Such was their decision.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's old admirer, Chief Councillor Phya-Phra-Ko, sat there silently awaiting results, for in his heart he dissented from the judgment of the majority, who had formed their opinions from the charges brought by Aj-Ni-Van.

Great excitement prevailed among the resident population and the followers of the viceroy that day and night. Few people slept. Notwithstanding the elevated temperature, many groups gathered around fires which were emblematic of the earnest interest they felt in the fate of the viceroy. They also kept near the fire because its smoke defended them in a great measure from the ravages of mosquitoes and other insects. Those that were overcome with sleep had stood until evening in the burning sunlight, waiting for an opportunity to see their brave and beloved viceroy.

In speaking among themselves, they said, "He is our light; without him we shall not penetrate the darkness."

As he descended at dawn, with proud mien, he turned sympathetically to many who thus addressed him, giving them comforting words. He could not stay longer with them, but descended the stone steps of the quay at Ayuthia and busied himself with embarking the dowager, Chie Lo, and a considerable retenue, which he was permitted to take with him, on

sampans, which were to bear him and them down the river to the deeper water, where the junk "Méac Thôm" awaited him.

As soon as he and his company were aboard, that vessel sailed. Thousands of the population crowded the shores, moving down in the direction of the "Méac Thom." Hundreds took to their little boats. The authorities breathed sighs of relief; they felt that this difficulty was happily settled. Towards sunset suddenly great cries from a multitude down the river came back on the evening air. A large body of the viceroy's adherents had concealed themselves on the eastern shore, and an instant after these sounds reached the ears of the authorities who had remained at the city, the great junk was seen quickly to change its course, approaching very near the eastern shore, where Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was lifted into the arms of his adherents and taken quickly to land. In almost as short a space of time as this stratagem was accomplished they all disappeared; the viceroy, taking a southerly direction, recrossed the Meinam and went southeast, while the princess and the dowager and a number of their attendants went directly west into the jungle. Scouting parties were sent out in many directions, but for several months no further tidings could be learned of the vicoregal fugitives, their adherents having previously arranged the whole plan.

After many months of deprivations, hunger and suffering almost brought the women to terms. The

CHIEF MAID SERVANT OF THE [redacted] CHIE LO AT PUPAKAI

(A SHAN GIRL).

Princess Chie Lo induced one of her most faithful female servitors to go in search of nourishment. The latter endeavored to conceal her identity; in trying to reach Koh Yai she met a woman and child, who enabled her to procure as large a bag of rice as she could carry and some fruit for immediate refreshment. She returned to her mistress in the jungle, and during several months continued to make the journey and to supply their little camp with necessaries. But the woman who furnished her with the supplies, through curiosity, finally followed her, and thus discovered the hiding-place of the distinguished ladies and their attendants.

The woman, against her own interest, reported it to the authorities.

When nearly a year had elapsed in this way, the whereabouts of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was also discovered.

By the aid of blood-hounds, Aj-Ni-Vanchad already traced the women to their camp. He annoyed them by continued offers of assistance. He reminded Chie Lo that she was now in tribulation; without any idea of honor, he implored her to flee with him, and promised her every luxury and comfort. His villany enraged her; she bitterly repulsed his offers.

Grie Phya Lan, politic even on such an occasion, could barely restrain her daughter from tearing his eyes out.

He was convinced at last that all attempts to con-

ciliate Chie Lo were futile, so he turned away, leaving her in the jungle. Just as might be expected of such a character, he loaded her with imprecations and threats of vengeance. Yet neither Grie Phya Lan nor Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua quit their retreats. Enough of their adherents remained with them to obtain supplies; and so the year elapsed

The king was constantly informed of every incident in the peculiar exile of the viceroy, and felt deeply interested. On his visits to the temple, and in his devotions at his private shrine in the palace, he had observed a remarkable change in the countenance of his deity. Buddha smiled not; he saw that frown by day, he saw it in his dreams at night.

The mass of the dissatisfied people had long since returned to their villages and homes. The successor appointed in Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua's place failed to reconcile or to govern the people; he obtained no revenue, commanded no respect. He was peremptorily recalled.

The king learned that the governments of both Laos and Burmah were in intercourse with Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, and there was danger of the viceroy accepting the overtures of the Laotian monarch.

Phra Chaò Sŏng tham, the king, accordingly called a supreme council at Ayuthia, where the critical situation was reconsidered, and without other ceremony, royal emissaries were sent to the frontiers of Cambodia, where it was known that Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua

was being entertained by designing courtiers of the adjoining realm. In five days the commissioners reached the retreat of the viceroy and made known to him the proposition of Phra Chaò Sŏng tham, the king.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua, now the recipient of highly honorable offers of position from other potentates, received them courteously, but demanded time for consideration. Foreseeing the possibility of such a complication, the king had authorized his emissaries, in such an event, to make a still more liberal proposal. That document was written with a stylus on prepared palm-leaves, and conveyed not only the proposed restitution of his office, but conferred on him unusual power.

The entire service demanded of him was, that he should maintain the integrity of the kingdom and guard for Siam the districts on the frontiers of Laos and Cambodia. He was even to employ the revenues, if necessary, to aid in securing that end. The throne only demanded the rendering of whatever balance remained due the royal treasury. This was all and more than Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had ever dreamed of. He, however, with proper dignity, again asked for some days in which to give a final answer.

The Laotians and the Cambodians now renewed their efforts to secure his services, but, through love for his old constituents, he decided to accept the terms offered by Phra Chaò Sŏng tham. As soon, therefore, as the king could send an expedition for him,

the Phaja Vixaien, — they now termed the viceroy, was brought back in honor to Ayuthia.

He landed there once more and ascended the great stone steps of the quay, this time amidst the approved acclamations of the people. A long audience and conference with the king now took place at the palace, where the terms of the reconciliation and of the reinstatement of Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua to power as Phaja Vixaien were fully arranged. The king also ordered his councillors to accord a public reception to the viceroy with the announcement of his restoration to power.

On that day he was publicly rejoined by Grie Phya Lan, the dowager, and the Princess Chie Lo, his wife, bearing a little prince in her arms, which had been born three months after her flight into the jungle. The joy of Chie Lo in presenting the loved heir to her lord and master was exceeded only by the proud pleasure with which Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua received it, and by the fond affection with which he pressed them both in his loving arms.

The princess was a loving wife, but the dowager had done with sentiment. She walked proudly aside from them and cast a look of dissatisfaction on her son-in-law, she was haughty, ambitious; she implied by her look that Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua had compromised his dignity by tamely submitting to the arrest, the arraignment, and the subsequent penalty and suffering they had endured.

Through royal decree, the event was celebrated by an evening *fête*,—processions of boats with many-colored lanterns on the river Meinam,—where a unique contest of ancient Siamese times took place, the royal purse providing the awards.

The contestants, being attached by cords to either end of long bamboo poles, leaped into the river; he who remained last under the surface of the water was declared the purse-winner. The observance of many other ancient customs detained the guests until they were weary.

When he was finally established in a new residency which his people had erected for him, Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua gave them a series of *fêtes* which continued during seven days. The burning of Aj Ni Van in effigy was a contribution of the people. They seemed to enjoy it heartily.

Phya-Rama-Ma-Dua was of too noble a nature to rejoice at the downfall of his enemy, but he appreciated the sympathy of his sincere constituents.

In this season of merry-making there was almost no repose during the seven days, after which it was said, "Rest is in demand; not entertainment."

THE STORY OF THE FRUIT-GROWERS OF MUANG PIMAI

When Ayuthia was in its palmiest days, during the reign of King Phra-Nărèt-suen (1558–93), the purveyors of the markets could not supply the demands of the populace from the sources in the vicinity of that city; nor were sufficient supplies to be found in the provinces adjoining on the north. Agents were, therefore, sent northeast to the frontiers of Laos.

Those people, hearing of this means of disposing of their fruit, commenced its exportation by carrying it a reasonable distance from their villages to agents, who attended to its re-exportation.

In those days there were three agriculturists who were planters south of the village of Muang Pimai, on the river To-Leron, about two days' journey from Korat. Two of them, Banie Sokie and Na-Kao, had married sisters of Nong-Boa. Banie Sokie took Kia and Na-Kao wedded Nira.

In time the brother-in-law, Nong-Boa, with the aid of the monkeys of the neighborhood, became their judge, for they could not live amicably together.

Banie Sokie was upright and amiable, while Na-Kao was ill-natured and tricky. Banie Sokie grew twenty acres of pineapples and peppers; his land was pro-

VILLAGE ON THE RIVER, FRUIT-GROWERS

IMPERIAL
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tected from the encroachment of the river To-Leron by a carefully built dike, which he had constructed with great labor only on the river side.

Na-Kao raised pineapples and melons on his land of twelve acres in extent, also on the river side, a little lower down; he had surrounded it with a mud wall, which became baked in the sun.

During the time of the high water, twice a year, they both descended the stream—about a two days' journey—with large supplies of pineapples, which they offered at the same annual fair.

Banie Sokie had naturally a large supply, and his boats were better managed; he generally reached Korat first, and remained in the market several days after his brother-in-law arrived.

When the fair closed, Na-Kao had still five hundred pineapples and many melons unsold, while Banie Sokie was ready to return with his ticals in his pouch.

They toiled up the river on their return; Banie Sokie forgot his success, yet contributed generously to the wants of his less successful neighbors.

Na-Kao could not forget his lack of good fortune; it rankled in his breast; he sought to be revenged, as though Banie Sokie had injured him.

Finally, one night when the water was high, Na-Kao, prompted by bitter jealousy, woke his wife Nira and ordered her to accompany him; for when there was any hard work to be done in that country, it always devolved on the women of the family. So

they set out stealthily and climbed to the dike on the river side, where, during several hours, they worked industriously with pick and pike until they broke through Banie Sokie's dike and let the heavy, muddy water of the To-Leron run into the twenty-acre enclosure. The new crop of plants was young; the other sides of the field being free from barricades, the influx of water distributed its alluvial deposit and flowed on into the back country.

Na-Kao thought they were all alone and unobserved, but, unknown to them, the neighboring monkeys had kept watch, for this was one of their sporting grounds at night.

No sooner was Na-Kao gone than the monkeys applied themselves to repair the breach to the extent of their ability. The large ones brought branches of trees, others threw in stones, others brought rushes, and the silver-faces, the wiseacres of the race, brushed in the earth, so that long before daylight the breach was closed and the flow of water was stopped.

This was an act of gratitude, for Banie Sokie had always used the monkeys kindly; he had daily, when at home, saved all the kernels of the *ca-noûn*, or jac melon, roasted them, and, going out towards the trees, he had called the monkeys and given them these large seeds, which are as delicious as chestnuts. And that was why the *Simiadæ* closed the breach for Banie Sokie.

When he awoke next morning and looked out on

his plantation, Banie was disheartened; everywhere around him was water, water, water; he at first hesitated to descend his ladder, not knowing what might be the depth; but observing the pineapple plants, whose tops barely emerged from the water, he estimated it to be not deeper than two feet.

Seeing that the flood was rapidly subsiding, he was impatient to go out without longer awaiting developments; but Kia, his loving wife, compelled him to remain in the cabin until the water had subsided. Two hours later he could see the dark-brown deposit of the water on the leaves and stalks of the pineapple plants. He then discovered the monkeys on the dike (it was already nearly nine A M.); they were chattering in an unusual manner, and seemed to be calling his attention to the dike. Not realizing anything, he said to himself, "The poor fellows are hungry; I may be ruined to-day, but I'll not forget my friends." So he placed in a pouch part of his stock of roasted kernels. The water had now become shallow, so that he plodded though it to the dike; then he comprehended the situation.

The monkeys almost spoke, for by their gesticulations they made him understand that they had temporarily repaired the dike. Banie Sokie gave them the roasted kernels; never had he fed them with gratitude before. They were soon satisfied and scampered away to the woods.

His neighbors soon perceived the state of affairs and

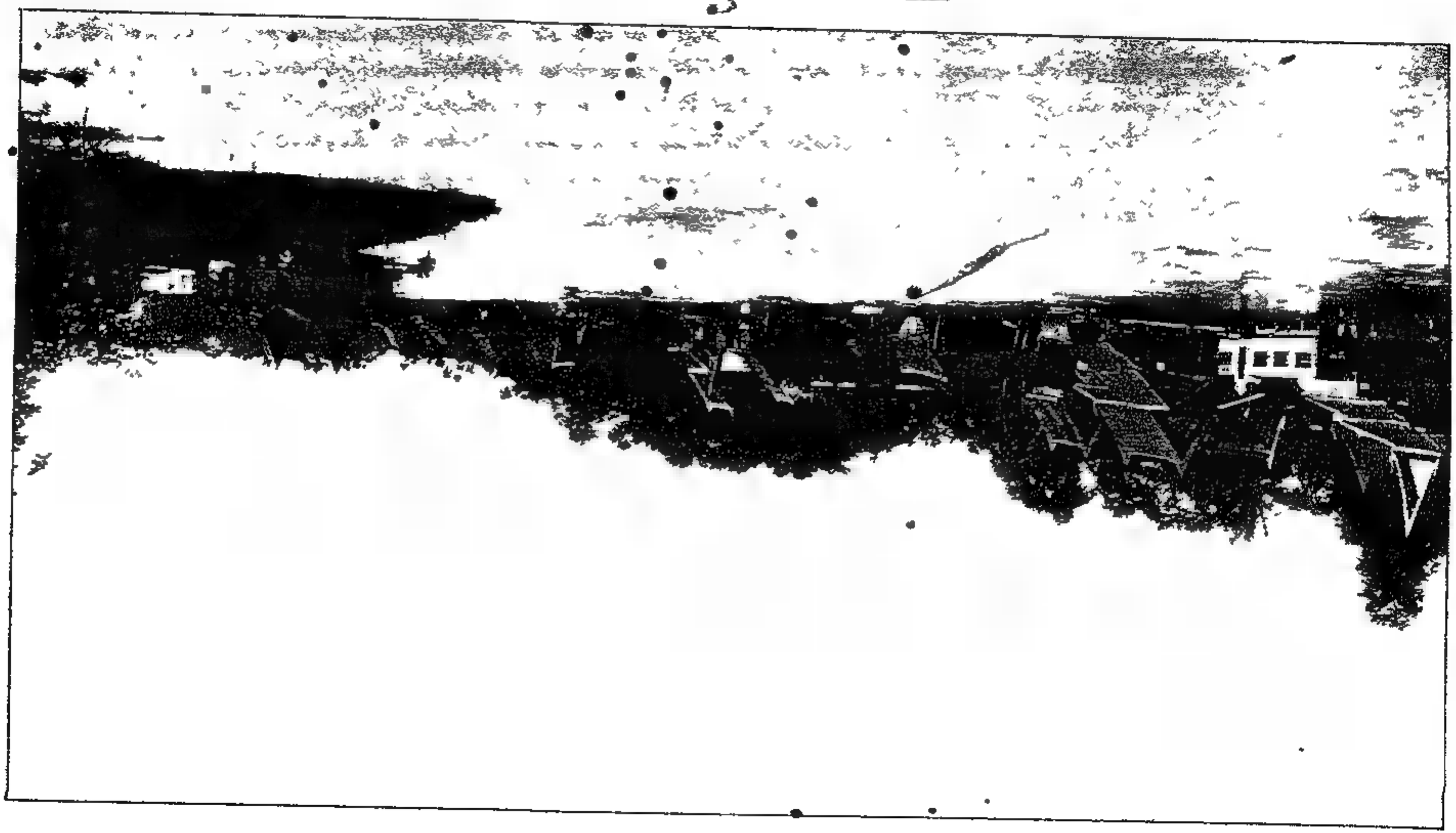
came to Banie's relief,—that is, to effectually repair the dike; others came more out of curiosity, and among the latter Na-Kao, who listened to the learned opinions as to the result of this supposed misfortune; greatly to his astonishment, the consentaneity of all their opinions was, that not only would the crop be saved, but that the plants already gave promise of an improved harvest.

Na-Kao, hearing this, was again stung with envious regret. Home he went, and said, "Unfortunate being that I am! I thought that for once Banie Sokie would be checked in his phenomenal success, and now it seems that what I have done is really the best course to adopt if one would have luscious fruit. Hang that Banie Sokie for his good luck, and I shall soon wish to hang myself. I will be even with him yet. If it is such a good rule, I'll try it myself to-night."

That night the monkeys were again on guard, and they had a surprise greater than that of the preceding night.

Na-Kao and Nira came down to the water, but farther down, at a bend where the river came straight in the direction of the bank; there he and Nira stood for a few minutes, as if in reflection; then they began in earnest on their own sun-baked clay dike; they made the fissure larger than that of Banie Sokie's. The water rushed in, and they hurried to their ladder, that they might get to bed before it reached that point.

Then the monkeys held a consultation, and a big



FRUIT GROWERS OF MUANG PIMAI

silver-face remarked, "If that's your game, Na-Kao, we'll help you. On your plantation we have not been tolerated; you have driven us cruelly away; we shall soon have some melons if the water does its work." So they were quickly on the spot after he was abed; they enlarged the opening and then went to their haunts to await results.

What was Na-Kao's consternation when he awoke and looked out! The plants were all entirely submerged; there was six feet of water and he was only four in stature. He and his wife had to remain isolated in their cabin during three days, and each day the monkeys came and sat on the dike and laughed at Na-Kao, their enemy.

The fourth day a neighbor, passing with an ox-cart, saw the distant expanse of water, went that way, made up a raft, and succored Na-Kao and his wife, who were pretty well frightened and nearly exhausted. They called in the people of the country, who decided that the only way to improve matters was to break through the baked clay barrier on the side where the escaping water would most benefit the adjoining territory; this they accomplished with much toil and considerable danger.

Na-Kao's entire plantation was covered with a heavy mass of dark slime; there was nothing for him to do but to await the result.

Although it would be six weeks yet before the crops would ripen, it was too late to plant anew. In fact,

from what he had heard the neighbors say, he still hoped that he had done [redacted] good a thing for himself as for the man whom he envied.

The monkeys never came near him, so he had no opportunity to thank them for enlarging the breach in his dike.

Birds that migrate for a few weeks returned; new buds showed themselves on the branches; other blossoms added their fragrance to the air; the fruit in Na-Kao's plantation gave great promise. The pineapples filled up more rapidly than in other years, and the melons grew phenomenally.

The development of the pineapples was extraordinary; so much so that Na-Kao was delighted, and left them on the plants that they might become larger; they certainly had not yet their full age; he exulted within himself when he thought that they would outrival any fruit that Banie Sokie could possibly produce,

All went well with Banie Sokie; his plants had evidently had just enough to stimulate them. When the river raised and it was the proper time, he prepared all his fruit for market Never had he or any one in the country seen such [redacted] harvest. A large proportion of the pineapples of his crop were like the best fruit of Malacca and of the Straits, and in great abundance.

Na-Kao went also to pluck his large fruit; but, too quickly ripe, it had shrunken, shrivelled, and was not marketable. The melons, too, were over-ripe; he threw

them by hundreds, back of the dike, to the monkeys, his first gift for years to them or to any one else.

His brother-in-law Nong-Boa, who had informed himself of all the proceedings, now went to Na-Kao and reasoned with him; showed him the result of the course he had pursued, and besought him to reform.

He reflected; he was desolate; he understood all; he went honestly and penitently to his neighbor and said, "Banie, I am ruined. I have tried to injure you, and in doing so I have ruined myself."

Banie said, "Na, let this be a warning. I will lend you seed and new plants, and all may yet be well."

Na-Kao bowed his head in gratitude, and said, 'Banie, let us not forget Buddha!"

Banie Sokie looked benevolently on him, and said, 'Na, let us not forget the monkeys!"

THE FABLE OF THE CRIPPLED HARE

A FIERCE-LOOKING dog, with heavy eyes and broad brow and jaws, sat in the shadow of a rock on a bridle-path by the outskirts of a jungle north of Ban Lao.

He heard the voices of two animals evidently making their way out of the jungle. In a few moments they came in sight—a monkey and a hare, the latter limping, with one forefoot in air—and stood trembling before the dog, whom they tacitly acknowledged to be their master, and whom they accepted as their judge in the dispute in which they were engaged.

"What are your names?" asked the judge.

The monkey answered, "Simoie, your excellence."

The hare timidly replied, "Tuftie, your worship."

"And where are you going, my querulous friends?" demanded the judge.

The hare, with a wounded spirit, replied, "I am on my way to a durion plantation near Koh Yai to get some of the kernels which abound in that fruit there. This monkey, whom I met in the runway, picked a quarrel with me and rapped me over my front paw because I insisted on my right to go to Koh Yai. Oh, honest judge, shall I not go my way?"

The judge, wishing in his heart that he could devour the hare, made the following decision:

"There are two paths to Koh Yai; the monkey shall take the lower route and the hare the upper one; he who arrives first shall have his fill; he who is the last to reach the plantation shall return immediately to me for the completion of his task."

The hare, realizing the danger he was in and the malicious intention of the judge, quickly resolved on a subterfuge by which he hoped to save his life.

The judge then cried, "Away with you!" feeling assured that the nimble monkey would arrive before the crippled hare.

The hare, remembering that every one of his species resembles another, started away as rapidly as he could with his lame paw.

Meeting one of his race soon after, he was enabled to carry out his plan. He explained to the hare his trouble, and plead with him to save him for the sake of his race. He instructed him to run to the north, always in the direction of Koh Yai, until he should meet another hare, and to transfer his instructions to him, and so on, by relays, until the last hare, before reaching Koh Yai, should be cautioned to impersonate him with a lame front foot, and that, as quickly as he could gather a supply of kernels, he should seat himself, with his lame paw in air, on the border of the plantation, where the monkey would probably come in by the upper way. The genus *Lepus* stood by their brother.

The monkey was astonished, when he came sporting

along, to find his despised comrade the hare sitting with his lame paw in air munching his kernels, and about ready to start on his way back. He did not discover the stratagem, but he moralized with himself, and said in his heart, "We must never be too sure." So the crippled hare saved his life and returned to his little family, where he spent many days in teaching them to beware of controversies.

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